With Fly-Rod and Camera

View on the Little Saguenay River, P. Q.

WITH FLY-ROD AND CAMERA

BY

EDWARD A. SAMUELS

PRESIDENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, AUTHOR OF "THE ORNITHOLOGY AND OÖLOGY OF NEW ENGLAND AND ADJACENT STATES AND PROVINCES," "AMONG THE BIRDS," ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF "THE LIVING WORLD," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY PLATES, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, COPYRIGHT JUL 30 1890 WASHINGTON.

NEW YORK
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.
1890

Copyright, 1890.
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

F1015
.S19

Respectfully Dedicated

to the

Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.

PREFACE.

IN THE preparation of this book I have made no effort to write a technical work, but have aimed rather to produce a volume which would, by the descriptions given of the haunts and habits of a few of our game fish, and of the incidents and methods of their capture, not only entertain and please my brother anglers, but instil in the minds of those who have not yet acquired "the gentle art," a desire to taste the pure and healthful pleasures which it affords.

I know of no other pastime or field sport, a love of which once acquired, that gives such lasting and perfect enjoyment as fly-fishing, and I earnestly hope that a perusal of these pages will do something toward guiding the attention of our young men and women in its direction.

In connection with the pleasure to be derived from the fly-rod, the angler now has an accessory in his outings which will add vastly to his enjoyment, both in the present and years to come. I refer to the camera.

For many years I have worked with the wet plate method, but that, of course, is unwieldy, cumbrous, and requires such an outfit that for distant field work it is well nigh impracticable.

But within a few years the dry plate process has been perfected to such a marvelous degree that one can now take his camera and dry plates, or sensitized paper, or celluloid rolls, and can save for future enjoyment a picture of every delightful thing that meets his vision. I have for several years carried my camera with me over wild and rugged mountains, through many miles of almost unbroken wilderness, down the rapids of rushing streams and across wide stretches of lakes in my frail canoe, and have a treasury of pictures that will hereafter prove of the greatest delight and comfort to me. And it is my great regret that I did not possess such a photographic outfit thirty years ago as I at present have. If I could have saved photographs of all the wonderful scenes and incidents through which I have passed, and many of which are now lost even to the vision of memory, the collection would have been priceless. The angler and tourist, young and old, if he takes my most earnest advice, will procure a photographic outfit, and preserve for his comfort in old age the pictured record of his delightful outings by "flood and field."

As an example of what may be done, I offer the illustrations in this volume, which have been reproduced from some of the photographs in my collection, the negatives of most of which I made myself. Most of the reproductions are satisfactory in the highest degree; others are not quite so perfect. Of course the instantaneous exposures, marked (Inst.) on the plates, which were necessarily made when moving objects were photographed, do not give that completeness of detail that timed ones do, but the average given is, I think, a good one.

While most of the illustrations are from photographs made by myself, my grateful acknowledgments are due to Dr. S. J. Mixter of Boston, Robert L. P. Masson of Providence, R. I.; Dr. C. A. Kingsbury of Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. M. A. Morris of Charlestown, Mass., and others, for the gift or loan of many of the most attractive of the photographs that I have reproduced.

The descriptions of fish and their habits, that I have given, have been purposely veiled by dialogue and narrative, in order that untechnical readers may not be wearied by a perusal of matter which ordinarily has for them but little attraction.

Brother anglers, when you read my book, I hope you will bear with me if my accounts of the pleasures we enjoy lack the poetry and magic eloquence which

others could have given them; remember that the book is not a pretentious one, but is rather an unassuming and humble companion to others that have better shown in sweeter and more symmetrical lines the delights and charms of the angler's life, which, "Exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

CHAPTER I., - - - - - - - 21

OUR FIRST NIGHT ON THE RIVER. · HOW TO SEE A SALMON IN A DEEP POOL. · SPEARING AND GILL-NETTING DISCUSSED AND CONDEMNED. · CAPE BRETON SALMON SPEARING. · HARD LUCK. THE BOY TOLD A STRAIGHT STORY. · DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY SEINING. · A STARTLING SPLASH IN THE POOL. · FLY-FISHING BY MOONLIGHT FOR TROUT AND SALMON. · THE DELIGHTS OF ANGLING. · THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TRUE SPORTSMAN AND THE FISH KILLER. · THE MIRAMICHI AND ITS TRIBUTARIES. SOME FISHERY STATISTICS. · CHANGES IN THE LIFE OF THE SALMON. · DID YOU EVER SEE A FEMALE GRILSE? · HOW TO DRAG A SALMON FLY. · FAVORITE FLIES. · · HABITS OF THE SALMON. KELTS ARE UNFIT FOR FOOD.

CHAPTER II., - - - - - - - 81

AN EARLY CAST. · SILVER DOCTORS. · COVER THE WATER THOROUGHLY. · A BIG SEA TROUT. · LIVELY TIMES. · HOW TO COOK A TROUT. · AN ADMIRABLE CAST. · ANOTHER SALMON HOOKED AND LOST. · "FLY P'ISON" IN DEMAND. · BLACK FLIES ON THE MAGALLOWAY. · A ROUGH EXPERIENCE. · PLAYING A DRIFT TREE TOP. · TWO FISH HOOKED AND BOTH SAVED. · A GREAT STRUGGLE. · THE CUP THAT CHEERS. · WE ASCEND TO THE FIFTH POOL. · QUEER CHARACTERS WHO GO A-FISHING. A MAN WHO WANTED THE EARTH. · JEALOUSY. · LAKE AND SPOTTED OR BROOK TROUT COMPARED. · KILLING A TOGUE ON THE FLY. · SCHOODIC FISHING IN OLD TIMES. · PICTURESQUE SEA COAST OF MAINE. · LAND-LOCKED SALMON. · DUCKS IN ABUNDANCE. · A LIVELY FISH. · HOOKING A PAIR OF LAND-LOCKS. TROLLING FOR SALMON. · PICKEREL FISHING. · HOW TO MAKE A BARK CAMP. · "FISH KILLERS." · INDIAN TRADITIONS. · A PLENTY OF LAND-LOCKS LEFT.

PAGE

CHAPTER III., - - - - - - - 197

A BRIGHT MORNING. · NOTIONS ABOUT FLIES. · A NUISANCE OF SEA TROUT. · ANOTHER SALMON HOOKED. · SPLENDID PLAY. · DISMAY. "CONFOUND THE DRIFT WOOD!" · PHILOSOPHERS. · KILLING THE FISH NOT ALL THERE IS OF FISHING. · KINGFISHERS AND SHELDRAKES AS PESTS ON A SALMON OR TROUT RIVER. · IT'S A WONDER WE HAVE ANY SALMON LEFT. · A SALMON THAT HAS LONG BEEN IN THE RIVER IS SHY OF THE FLY. · THE PHANTOM MINNOW USED IN TROLLING FOR SALMON. · A STRANGE LOT OF FISH. · AGGRAVATING SALMON. · EXCITING TIMES. · WORMS AS BAIT FOR SALMON. · A STRONG FISH, AND A CONTEST LONG TO BE REMEMBERED. · A BAD MESS. · RETRIBUTION. · RISING TO THE FLY IN STILL WATER. · AN EXCITING STRUGGLE. · VICTORY. · FISH IN ABUNDANCE. · OUR PERMANENT CAMP. · SUCH LUCK AS AN AMATEUR SOMETIMES HAS. · SALMON THAT PLAYED ME. · FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

CHAPTER IV., - - - - - - - 250

A CHOICE OF ROUTES TO CAPE BRETON. · PORT MULGRAVE AND THE GUT OF CANSO. · ST. PETER'S CANAL. · THE BEAUTIFUL BRAS D'OR. · ALL ABOUT SYDNEY AND COAL. · THE SUCCESS OF THE SYDNEY FISH HATCHERY. · STATISTICS OF CAPE BRETON SALMON BREEDING. · POOR OLD LOUISBOURG. · BADDECK. · A DELIGHTFUL TRIP TO THE MARGAREE. · EDUCATED TROUT. · SUCCESS IN USING A "GRAY MOUSE." · NORTHEAST MARGAREE. · ABUNDANCE OF SEA TROUT. · THE FISHING STATION OF CHETTICAMP. WORK OF THE FISH COMMISSIONERS AT NORTHEAST MARGAREE. TAKING AND HANDLING SALMON EGGS. · PICTURESQUE SCENERY ON THE MARGAREE. · LAKE AINSLEE. · A CELEBRATED POOL. OUTWITTING EDUCATED FISH. · WHYKOKOMAGH. · A MOST ENJOYABLE SAIL. · ABUNDANCE AND VARIETY OF BIRD LIFE ON CAPE BRETON.

CHAPTER V., - - - - - - - 300

A HEAVY RAIN. · SOUNDS OF THE NIGHT. · FLY-FISHING SOMETIMES GOOD IN A STORM. · A GREAT CATCH. · TROUT, DUCKS AND GREBES EXTERMINATED BY PICKEREL. · OZONE. · ANOTHER SALMON HOOKED. · HOPES AND FEARS. · DISAPPOINTMENT. · HIRAM AS A FLY-CASTER. · MORE ABOUT FAVORITE FLIES. · A HANDSOME TRIO. · HOOKED AND SAVED. · FRERE GETS ANOTHERFISH. HOW THE COUNTRY BOY ANGLES FOR A SALMON. · A SQUIRREL SKIN FLY. · A GREAT CATCH. · THE JACQUET RIVER IN NEW

PAGE

CHAPTER V. (*Continued*) - - - - 300

BRUNSWICK. · BARCLAY'S HOTEL AND THE BEACH ON THE BAIE DES CHALEURS. · GOOD SPORT IN PROSPECT. · A SUMMONS FROM HIRAM. EXCITEMENT. · A LONG STRUGGLE. · CONGRATULATIONS. · A PRETTY STRING OF SEA TROUT. · FRERE ALSO HAS GOOD SUCCESS. SENDING OUT FISH TO FRIENDS. · TROUT FISHING AT THE RANGELEYS. · GREAT SPORT WITH LIGHT TACKLE. · HATCHING SALMON ARTIFICIALLY A GREAT SUCCESS. · THE OPERATIONS AT DIFFERENT HATCHERIES. · WEIR OWNERS GET THE CREAM. · OUR ANGLERS THE FIRST TO URGE THE ARTIFICIAL STOCKING OF RIVERS AND LAKES. STATISTICS OF SALMON FISHERIES. · POACHERS GROWING MORE RECKLESS. · SURFACE FISHING CANNOT EXTERMINATE THE FISH. HABITS OF THE SALMON. · CONJECTURES CONCERNING THE IDENTITY OF THE SEA TROUT. · ALL ABOUT LAKES EDWARD AND ST. JOHN. THE HOME OF THE WINNINISH. · GREAT RIVERS IN THE NORTH. IS THE WINNINISH A LAND-LOCKED SALMON? · DIMENSIONS AND WEIGHT OF SCHOODIC SALMON.

CHAPTER VI., - - - - - - 406

THE LAST DAY IN CAMP. · SPAWNING HABITS OF THE SALMON. SALMON RUNS. · THE SEA TROUT, ITS GAMENESS, ITS IDENTITY. THE WINNINISH. · LAKE EDWARD. · LAKE ST. JOHN AND ITS FISHING. · THE PERIBONCA AND THE ASHUAPMOUCHOUAN RIVERS. THE LAND-LOCKED SALMON.

CHAPTER VII., - - - - - - 438

THE MORNING OF OUR LAST DAY ON THE RIVER. · A RISE IN THE RIVER. · LONG CASTS. · EXCELLENCE OF THE SPLIT-BAMBOO ROD. ABOUT FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENTS. · EXCITEMENT IN RUNNING RAPIDS. · A RISE. · AN EXCITING STRUGGLE. · A STUBBORN SALMON. · LANDED IN A NOVEL MANNER. · GREAT SPORT. CHARMS ATTENDING THE ANGLER'S LIFE. · BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS ON ANGLING BY DIFFERENT AUTHORS. · RETROSPECTIVE ANGLING. AT THE THIRD POOL AGAIN. · A NARROW ESCAPE FROM AN ACCIDENT. · A SOUVENIR. · FRERE RISES A GOOD FISH. · A GRAND BATTLE. · TRIUMPH. · GIVE THE GUIDES A CHANCE. · HIRAM RISES A SALMON AND LANDS IT AFTER A SHORT STRUGGLE. · NOTIONAL PEOPLE ARE GUIDES. · WILLIAM HAS HIS INNING ALSO. VALEDICTORY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page
View of the Little Saguenay River, P. Q.,	*Frontispiece.*
The Third Pool,	23
Salmon,	27
Time for the Landing Net (*Inst.*),	31
Resting a Pool,	35
The Guides Are Ready, the Sportsman, Where is He?	39
In Camp,	45
Mic-Mac Camp,	49
There's Nothing Like It,	55
Lady Macdonald Casting the Fly (*Inst.*),	57
An Embryo Angler (*Inst.*),	61
Isn't She a Beauty!	65
A Dark-Colored Sea Trout,	67
Beauties,	71
Mic-Mac Indians Building a Birch Canoe (*Inst.*),	75
Portaging a Canoe (*Inst.*),	77
Difference Between a Fresh-Run Salmon and a "Slink" or "Kelt,"	79
As Nice a Sea Trout as You Ever Will Take,	87
All Ready, Sir,	93
Casting from a Canoe (*Inst.*),	97
John Danforth's Camp on Lake Parmachene, Me.,	101
A Camp Scene (*Inst.*),	105
Grand Falls and Pool on the Nepisiguit River, N. B.,	109
Pabineau Falls on the Nepisiguit River. Looking Up Stream (*Inst.*)	111

	Page
Pabineau Falls. Looking Down Stream,	113
A Snap Shot at Mic-Macs (*Inst.*),	117
In a Mic-Mac Lodge. Small Mic-Mac Taking a Siesta,	121
View on the Matapedia River, P. Q. Near the Upsalquitch,	125
View of the Matapedia Valley, Looking Up the Stream Across the Restigouche River, N. B.,	127
Valley of the Restigouche River, N. B., Looking Down the Stream—Sugar Loaf Mountains in the Distance,	131
A Bass Relievo,	133
A Lake Trout,	137
A Rangeley Trout. Not Handsome, but it Weighed 11½ lbs.,	141
It's a Good One,	145
Pioneer Steamer on the Schoodic Lakes, Me.,	149
Falls on a Tributary of the Cascapedia River, P. Q.,	151
View on the Cascapedia River,	153
Salmon Falls on the Cascapedia River,	155
Thirty-five Salmon Taken by Four Rods in Three Days on the Cascapedia River,	159
Lord Stanley's Fishing Cottage on the Cascapedia River,	163
Lorne's Fishing Cottage on the Cascapedia River,	167
Good Morning. Camp of Guides to a Salmon Fishing Party,	173
A Rough Camp, Indeed,	181
A Lovely Spot for a Cast (*Inst.*),	187
A Large Fish for a Light Rod,	199
Casting the Fly,	209
Just Up,	215
A Long Cast (*Inst.*),	219
Landing a Salmon (*Inst.*),	225
Big Rock Pool,	227
The Lower Pool,	229
The Upper Pool (*Inst.*),	233
Famous Salmon Pool on the Margaree River, Cape Breton,	239
View of the Upper Margaree, Cape Breton,	243

PAGE

Old Mill Near Port Mulgrave, N. S., - - - - - - 245

Cape Breton Team and Teamster (*Inst.*), - - - - - - 247

Leaving Port Mulgrave, (*Inst. from Moving Steamer*), - - - 249

View of the Strait of Canso from Port Mulgrave, N. S., - - 251

Port Hawksbury, Cape Breton, - - - - - - 253

Steamer Marion Entering the First Locks on St. Peter's Canal (*Inst.*), 255

Passing Through St. Peter's Canal (*Inst. from Moving Steamer*), - 257

Bras D'Or End of St. Peter's Canal (*Inst. from Moving Steamer*), - 259

View of Sydney, Cape Breton, from Cemetery Hill, - 261

Long Pier at Sydney, - - - - - - - - 263

All There is Left of Poor Old Louisbourg, - - - - 265

Main Street of Baddeck, Cape Breton, - - - - 267

The Stone Jail at Baddeck, - - - - - - 269

Approach to Baddeck by Road, - - - - - - 271

Lighthouse on Little Narrows, Lake Bras D'Or, Cape Breton (*Inst.*) 273

"Solomon's Cellar" Pool, Near Ross's Farm, - - - 275

Celebrated Plaster Ledge and Pool on the Margaree River, C. B., 277

Pool on the Middle River, Cape Breton, - - - - 279

The Village of Northeast Margaree, Cape Breton, - - 281

The House that Sheltered us at Northeast Margaree, - - 283

French Fishing Station of Chetticamp, on Gulf Shore, Cape Breton, 285

Landing for Fishing Boats, Near Chetticamp, - - - - 287

Reflections Spring Near Ross's House, Northeast Margaree, - 289

Enough for Breakfast, Anyway (*Inst.*), - - - - - 291

Whykokomagh from the Steamboat Wharf, - - - 293

Bay View Hotel at Whykokomagh, Cape Breton, - - 295

Falls Two Hundred Feet in Height on the Margaree River, 297

Falls on the Margaree Below Cape Clear, - - 299

Cape Clear on Margaree River, - - - - - - 301

Eel Weirs at Outlet of Lake Ainslee (*Inst. from Moving Wagon*), 303

"Below this Bridge is a Large Deep Pool," - - - - 305

Flat Rock Pool on the Jacquet River, N. B. - - - - 307

Ward's Pool on the Jacquet River, - - - - - 309

	Page
Snap Shot at New Brunswick Girls on Cliff Near Jacquet River (*Inst.*),	313
Ledge or Windmill Pool on the Jacquet River,	315
Reflections. Old Bridge and Mill on the Jacquet River,	319
Barclay's Hotel, Near Jacquet River (*Inst.*),	325
Beach and Cliff on Baie des Chaleurs, Near the Jacquet River,	329
Children Playing on the Beach on Baie des Chaleurs, near Jacquet River (*Inst.*),	331
Hell Gate Pool on the Jacquet River,	333
Upper Horse Shoe Pool on the Jacquet River,	337
Taking Solid Comfort,	341
A Hard Pool to Kill a Salmon in,	347
A Comfortable Camping Place,	351
Silvery Beauties,	355
A Rangeley Giant, Weight 11¼ lbs.,	361
Fish Traps and Operating Houses at Grand Lake Stream, Me. (*Inst.*),	363
Fish Hatchery at Grand Lake Stream,	365
Taking Spawn and Milt Simultaneously at Grand Lake Stream (*Inst.*),	367
Taking the Eggs from a Salmon (*Inst.*),	369
Restigouche Fish Hatchery at Deerside, P. Q.,	371
Fertile and Infertile Salmon Eggs,	373
Female Schoodic Salmon, After Spawning,	375
Don't You Wish You Had Been There?	377
A Forty-Eight Pounder,	379
Striped Bass,	381
Landing a Sea Trout,	383
A "Lean-to" Camp, Built of Logs,	385
A String of Trout,	387
Mending the Birch,	389
Flat Lands, Restigouche Valley,	391
A Handsome String of Sea Trout,	393
A Three-Pound Sea Trout,	395
Heads of Sea Trout,	397
View of Quebec from Levis,	399

	Page
View of Quebec from St. Charles River,	401
Fishing Party on Lake Edward, P. Q., (*Inst.*),	403
Outlet of Lake Edward—Head of Jeannot River,	405
On the Jeannot River Near Lake Edward,	407
Pioneer Steamer Peribonca on Lake St. John, P. Q.,	409
A Pair Worth Weighing,	411
Winninish,	413
A Winninish,	415
Winninish, Great and Small,	417
The Winninish Landed (*Inst.*),	419
The Montagnais Indians, Lake St. John, P. Q.,	421
View of Lake St. John from Point aux Trembles,	423
Playing a Winninish on Lake St. John (*Inst.*),	425
Ouiatchouan Falls, Near Lake St. John,	427
"A Trophy, This"—Rangeley Trout,	429
R. C. Leonard at New York Tournament Casting for Distance with Salmon Rod,	431
James L. Breese at New York Tournament Casting for Accuracy with Single-Handed Fly-Rod,	433
W. A. Blackford at New York Tournament Casting for Distance with Single-Handed Fly-Rod,	435
R. B. Lawrence at New York Tournament Casting for Distance with Single-Handed Fly-Rod,	437
Descending Rapids in a Birch (*Inst.*),	439
The River Was Very High,	441
Metabetchouan River Below the Falls,	443
Metabetchouan Falls, P. Q.,	445
Navigating Rough Waters in a Dugout (*Inst.*),	447
Red Ledge Pool,	451
View on Lake Edward, P. Q.,	453
Captain Burchell's Treasures (*Inst.*)	461
Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John, P. Q.,	467

With Fly-Rod and Camera.

CHAPTER I.

Our First Night on the River. · How to See a Salmon in a Deep Pool. Spearing and Gill-Netting Discussed and Condemned. · Cape Breton Salmon Spearing. · Hard Luck. · The Boy Told a Straight Story. Destruction Caused by Seining. · A Startling Splash in the Pool. Fly-Fishing by Moonlight for Trout and Salmon. · The Delights of Angling. · The Difference Between the True Sportsman and the Fish Killer. · The Miramichi and its Tributaries. · Some Fishery Statistics. · Changes in the Life of the Salmon. · Did you ever See a Female Grilse? · How to Drag a Salmon Fly. · Favorite Flies. Habits of the Salmon. · Kelts are Unfit for Food.

ANOTHER year had passed away, and again we were encamped by the side of one of the most picturesque rivers in Canada. Our tent was pitched near the "third pool," and was pleasantly located in a grove of firs, hemlocks and maples, on a little knoll a few feet from the eastern shore of the river, and but two or three rods from the rapids which form the head of the pool.

It was the evening of our first day on the river, and a hearty supper, such as only a fisherman knows how

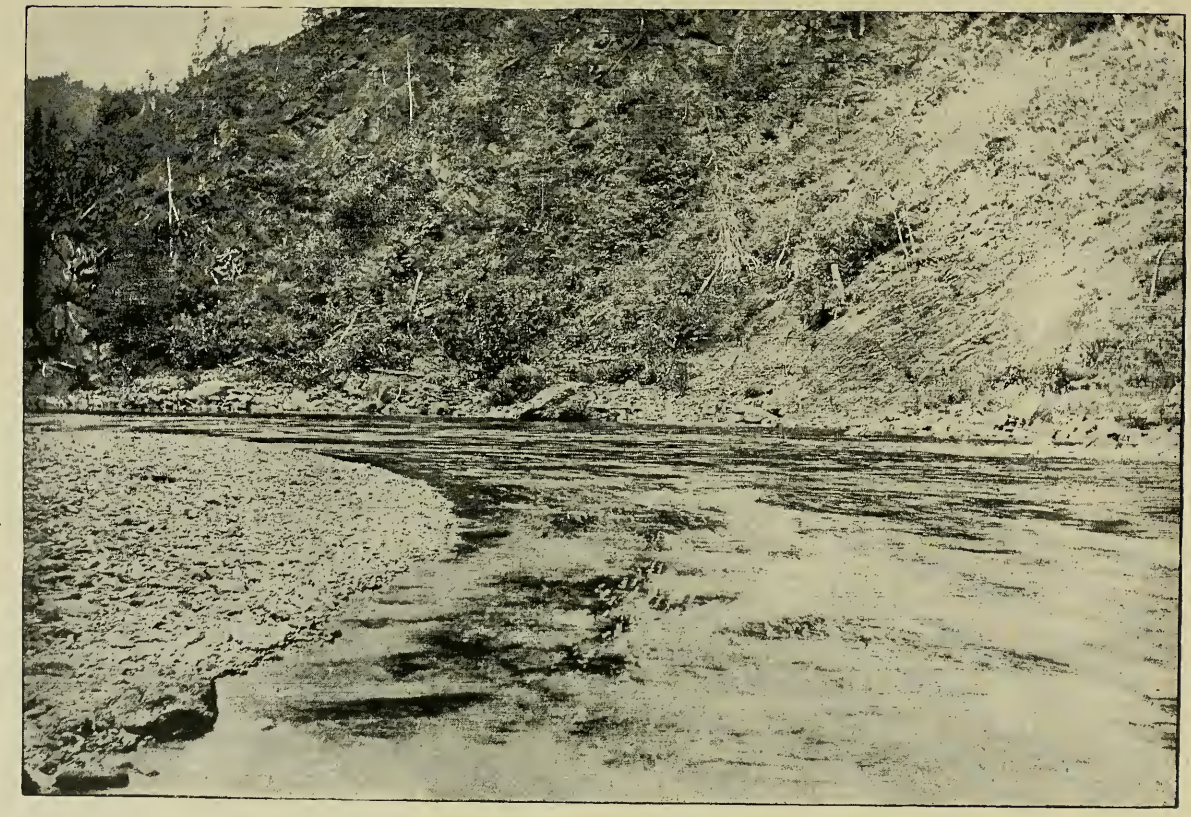
to enjoy, had been disposed of, and we were indulging in that supreme enjoyment which a good cigar, a perfect digestion and such surroundings could give.

We had had a hard day's work in ascending the river, and had found but small sport with the fly, for there are but few good pools below the third, two of them only being considered of enough importance to be named. We had found the water low and clear, and the day was bright; but in spite of these drawbacks we had made a score of fifteen or twenty nice sea trout and a grilse.

Frere, my comrade on this occasion, was a sportsman in the best sense of the word, a student and lover of nature also, and a scholarly man besides.

He had been with me before on more than one outing, and was a most agreeable and altogether enjoyable companion. We had found the river so low, that in many places our canoe could not possibly be poled up the rapids, loaded as she was so heavily with us, our stores, and our two canoemen or guides, and we had waded a good part of the day.

Of course wading is expected by every fisherman, and in fact it would be a tame day indeed, if a good part of the time were not spent in two feet, more or less, of water.



The Third Pool.

But after the day's work is done, and the wet clothes are doffed, and warm, dry ones put on for the night, what a feeling of intense satisfaction and rest and utter comfort one enjoys, as he stretches himself out on his thick bed of hemlock boughs, as we did after enjoying our evening meal.

It is my invariable rule on my fishing trips to have a warm, dry change of clothes, in which to pass the night. No matter how much wading one does in the cold, almost icy cold water of the mountain stream, if the change of clothes is at hand, no discomfort follows the exposure.

And after the dry woolens are donned, how one's skin glows, and what a sense of satisfaction is felt as the comrades repose before the camp fire, and while watching the blaze curl about the snapping logs, discuss the events of the day, and fight their battles o'er again.

It was under such conditions as I have described that we enjoyed our first night's outing.

Before us, across the river, looming up against the heavens, was a high, steep, rugged cliff; behind and around us on all other sides was the forest, which extended almost unbroken for hundreds of miles.

In front of the camp was the fire, and around it in careless attitudes we reclined, together with our two ca-

noemen. For a while neither of us spoke, but gave ourselves entirely to our thoughts and to the goddess Nicotine.

"It's a great pity I lost that salmon in the second pool," at length exclaimed my friend, who had been busily engaged in drying his wading stockings. "He must have been lightly hooked, for I handled him as carefully as I could."

"Yes," I replied, "the hook came back with a jerk. I should think perhaps it struck the bone of the jaw, and not finding enough to hold it, came away at the first turn of the fish."

"'Twas a right neat cast you made that time," said Hiram, the elder of the guides, joining in the conversation. "I think it was about ninety feet; I saw the fish just fornent the fly, a cast or two before he rose. He made an offer at it, but not in real earnest. 'Twas when the fly went beyant and passed fairly over him that he took it."

"I didn't see him until he rose," replied my friend, "or I should have fished differently."

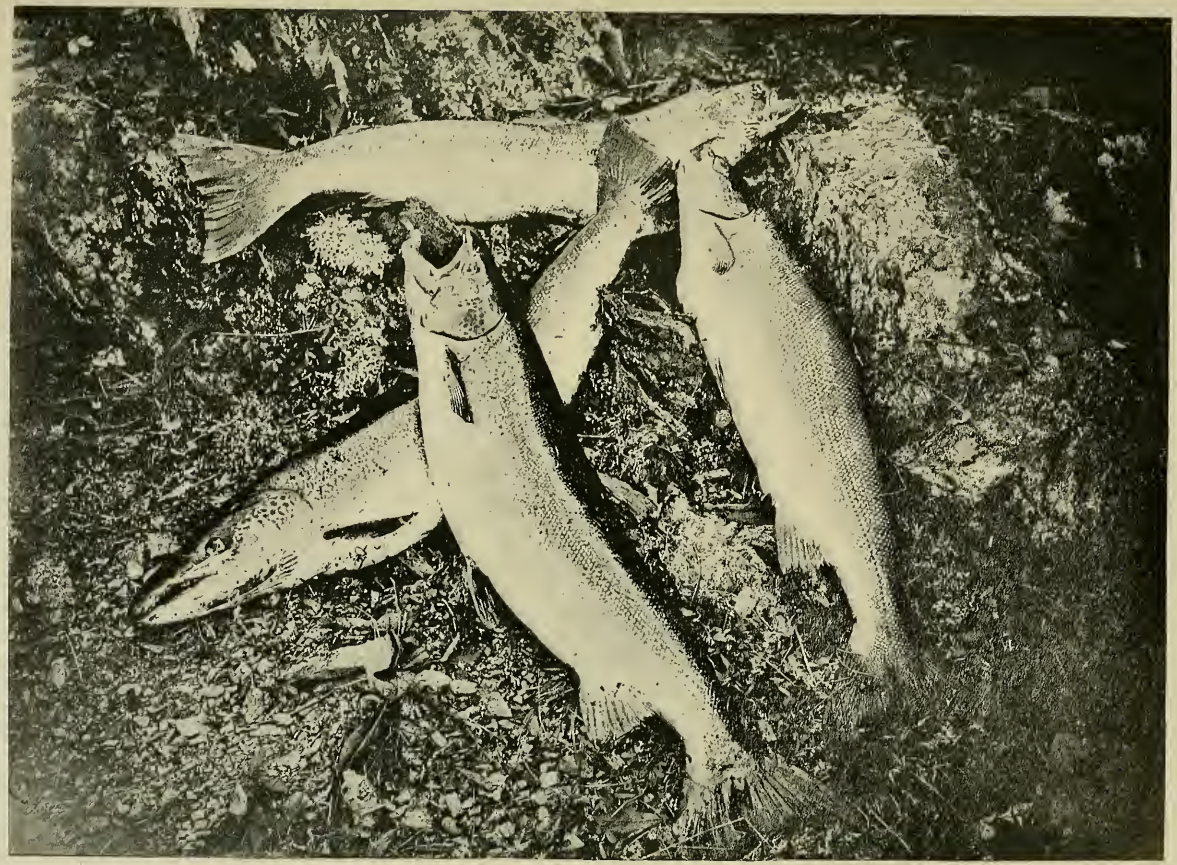
"You wouldn't have done any better, likely as not, if you had seen him," said William, the other guide, "it was a fresh-run fish, and took when a good chance came."

"You say you saw him before he rose, Hiram," I exclaimed, "do you mean that you saw the fish away down in the pool, at that distance?"

"Indeed he did," said William, "and so did I; the fish was lying up against a blue rock in the eddy. Hey, Hiram?"

Such keenness of sight seemed almost incredible, but I had witnessed numerous instances of it before, and I saw no reason to doubt their statement in the present instance. The training of the vision of the guides and river men is something absolutely wonderful. Many and many a time have I stood beside a salmon pool, and had my guide count the fish lying in the water, sometimes a dozen at a time, when I positively could not see a fin. It is only in late years that I have learned how to look for a salmon beneath the surface of the water.

It is an accomplishment difficult to acquire, and hard to describe. In the first place, the uneducated observer looks for something whitish in the water, in searching for a salmon, whereas he should look for a fish grayish in color and with a bluish-green back; for the salmon in its native element almost always shows that color, unless it has been long in the river, and even then it does not lose its bluish back entirely,



SALMON.

although it becomes much darker. Again he looks for a large fish, when if he searched for something near what he would expect to be the dimensions of a good-sized trout, he would come nearer the mark.

I can recall a number of instances of seeing what I supposed to be either a large trout or a grilse, but which, on being killed, proved to be a good-sized salmon.

It is to be remembered that the salmon in the pool is covered generally with more water than the observer dreams of; and I have often found a depth of fifteen feet in a pool where I hardly expected three. Such a depth dwarfs the size of the fish to the eye, and it is only by much practice that one learns to look through the water for the fish for which he is searching.

"Oh, yes, I saw the salmon a good bit of time before he took the fly," said Hiram, cutting up a fresh filling of tobacco for his pipe, and rubbing it fine between his hands, "and three more."

"Is that so?" I exclaimed, "Why didn't you speak at the time?"

"They were away down the pool beyant the fly," said William, "and two of them were scarred on the back. Hey, Hiram?"

His brother was busily engaged in lighting his pipe

with an ember at that moment, and only grunted an assent to William's query; but at length he answered, "Yes, blast the spearers, they're at it again."

"I noticed some burnt remnants of birch bark on the rocks," quietly remarked Frere, who was still engaged with his wet stockings, "and supposed that the spearers were at their old tricks."

"Yes, they're always at it every right night," said William, as he threw a fresh log on the fire, and arranged the others so as to burn to better advantage, "and they can't be stopped neither, unless there's a man always handy to watch the big pools."

"It's a pity they can't be stopped in their work in the lower pools," said I. "If they could be headed off there, they would hardly trouble the fish in the upper pools, they are so difficult of access."

"Sure enough," replied William, "and the two lower pools, if let alone, would be the best salmon pools on the river, but the poachers can reach them in three or four hours from the mouth of the river, and they not only spear in them, but they often set gill-nets, and even sweep the pools with seines."

"Too bad, too bad, altogether!" exclaimed Hiram, "they'll spile the river entirely."

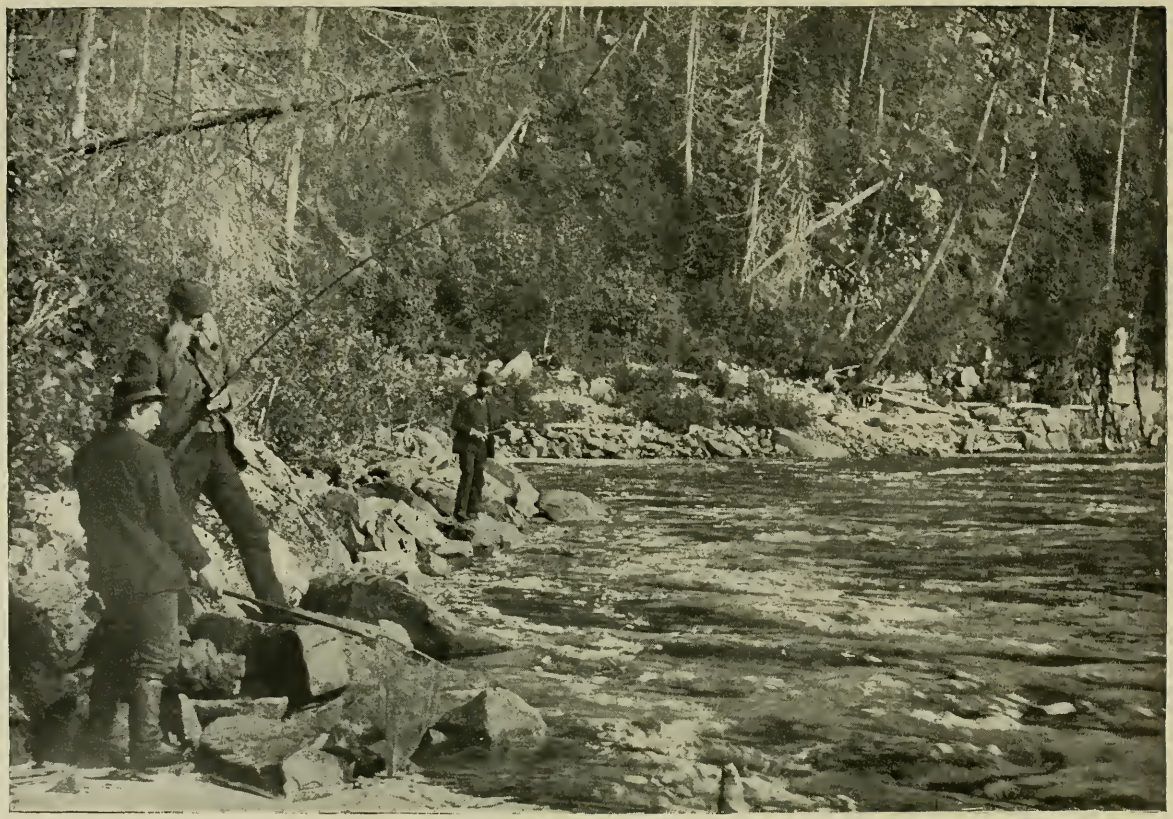
In order that their words may be better under-

stood, I will make a brief explanation. Salmon spearing and netting are the two great causes of depletion of Canadian streams; dipping, that is catching the fish with a large scoop-net in the runs, now being but little practiced. I have visited and fished quite a number of the streams, and found that one, if not both these proscribed methods of capturing the fish, was practiced on almost every one. It is done *sub rosa* of course, but to the educated observer certain "signs" of the marauders are always apparent.

Salmon spearing is practiced in the following manner: The spear is usually a steel lance, sharply pointed, and fixed in the end of a strong pole. At both sides of this lance are pliable wooden springs. When the fish is struck, the steel pierces its back, and at the same time the springs fly open and clasp the fish and hold it firmly. A dark, cloudy night is chosen, and at a time when the moon is not above the horizon.

The spearer, usually in a dugout or a canoe, but sometimes on a rudely constructed catamaran or raft, is paddled or poled silently by a confederate over the pool.

In the bow of the boat, affixed to a staff, or lying in a pan, is a roll of blazing birch bark, and its flame lights up the water brilliantly, wherever the rays of the light penetrate. The fish pay no attention to the blaze,



TIME FOR THE LANDING NET. (Inst.)

or if they do they are attracted by it, for they seem to swim in the circle of light, but not beyond it.

The spearer, standing crouched behind the burning bark, holds his weapon in readiness for a quick thrust, and I am told by those who have seen it done, that the blow is given by a practiced hand with the rapidity of lightning.

The fish is struck, and lifted or flung into the boat with one quick effort, in fact, to use the words of a gentleman who used occasionally to go with the Indians salmon spearing, "The fish was flouncing and flapping in the canoe, even without my seeing the Indians make the blow, so quickly was it struck."

All the fish in a pool may thus be killed by an expert in a short time, and if any by chance escape, as they sometimes do, they are often so cut and gashed by the sharp steel as eventually to die from the injuries received.

After his work is done, the spearer often carelessly throws the scorched remnants of birch bark upon the shore, or casts them into the river, but they are soon landed on a jutting beach, and they appear as a certain evidence of the presence of the despoiler.

"Yes, spearing makes bad work in the river," said William, musingly. "I've often seen fish that had been

cut with the spear but not killed, and it spiles them for breeders." *

"Not only that," added my friend, who was now reclining at his ease beside me, "but the fish that escape are always shy and wild the rest of the season, and they will pay no attention to the fly whatever."

"Yes, it is greatly to be desired that spearing should be stopped," said I, "but the problem is how it can be done; no law can be strictly enforced unless public sentiment is with it. On all the rivers upon which I know that spearing is practiced, the majority of the residents in the different localities do not disapprove of it, and very often many otherwise respectable men take their turns at it. Let me give you a single instance:

"I was fishing the Margaree, that noble salmon river in Cape Breton. I was up the river some twenty or thirty miles from its mouth, and was casting in one of the finest pools I ever saw. At every cast I expected a rise, for the water was right, and the pool looked as if it ought to have at least a dozen fish in it. I worked with the greatest care and patience, and covered the pool in all directions with every variety of fly that I thought ought to move the capricious beauties, but not

* The dialogues, if not conventional, are correct, having been jotted down *verbatim*.—E. A. S.

a rise did I get, except from a few insignificant trout. I could not quite understand it at first, for I knew that the salmon were ascending the river, as they had been taken in a number of the pools below. At length, however, when I went to the foot of the pool and crossed over to the rocks on the other side, I found a number of the tell-tale remnants of burned rolls of birch bark. I returned to my first position at the rapids, at the head, and began casting again, but I had no faith in my work, for I knew that the poacher had forestalled me. Presently I was joined by a man who had been at work in the adjacent hay field, and we soon entered into conversation.

"'Gitting any fish?' he asked.

"'No, nothing but a few sea trout,' I replied, 'it's strange I don't move a salmon; there ought to be some here, but I haven't stirred a fin yet.'

"'Yes, it's about time for um to be running up,' he answered, naively, 'and, in fact, my boys seen some here a day or two back.'

"'At all events,' I replied, 'there's none here now, and I may as well go to the pools further up.'

"'Perhaps you don't fish right, mister,' he answered, 'or may be your flies ain't just right; you ought to get a salmon in this water, sure.' All this quite innocently.

Resting a Pool.

"'Well, I cannot say about the way I fish, whether it is right or not,' I said, 'but the flies are all right, and I have tried every kind I have. It seems to me there must have been spearing going on here lately,' I added, looking him in the eye, and at the same time handing him a cigar, 'there are certainly quite a number of birch bark embers lying on the rocks yonder.'

"'Spearing! Oh, no, mister; there ain't no spearing done around here,' he exclaimed in a tone that ought to have convinced me. 'Why, look, up yonder lives one of the river wardens,' and he pointed to a cottage an eighth of a mile from the pool. 'Oh, no, we don't have no spearing in this pool, not much. Well, I must be getting to work again,' he said, after watching me a short time in my efforts to rise a fish. 'Cast away into the eddy, the other side of the rapids, mister, and may be you'll rise a salmon yet; you're fishing all right, and the flies are good ones; fish careful! Oh, no, we don't have no spearing in this pool,' he ejaculated, as he disappeared in the bushes behind me.

"Now, for real genuine *finesse* your countryman is not to be outdone by a city dweller, and my man in this instance acted his part perfectly; but he was lying to me all through, as I proved inside of ten minutes.

"I was casting in the eddy below the rapids, and

had hooked a very fine sea trout. Being alone, my friends having left for the pools above, I had considerable difficulty in killing my fish, but was finally assisted by a youngster ten or twelve years of age, who opportunely arrived on the rocks, and taking my net, landed my fish quite skillfully.

"'That's a nice trout, mister,' he exclaimed, as he laid the fish upon the beach, 'how much will he weigh, s'pose?'

"I took out my pocket scales, and found that the trout a little overran three and a half pounds.

"'He isn't quite as big as the one I got yesterday, though,' said the lad. 'I got him right there in the bend, 'side of that rock.' And he pointed into the pool as he spoke.

"'How did you get him, my boy?' I asked, quite innocently. 'I should think a large fish would be too much for you.' And I began casting again, awaiting his reply.

"'Oh, I got him just the way I get a good many more. I snared him!'

"'Snared him!' I exclaimed, 'how under the sun could you snare a trout?'

"'Ho! easy enough,' he answered, 'all you've got to do is to get some wire, and make a slip-noose on it,

and drop it down in front of the trout, and then slip it over his head, and pull like mighty, and he's caught; no get away from that, sure.'

"'And so you noosed him, hey?' I replied.

"'No, I snared him,' the boy insisted, 'and just at dark, yesterday afternoon, I seen a salmon lying there,' pointing into the pool near where I stood, 'and I struck him with my spear, but he got away.'

"'Oh, so you have a salmon spear, have you?' I replied, carelessly, still busy casting. 'I should think you were not big enough to handle one.'

"'Oh, mine's a trout spear,' he rejoined, 'mine isn't as big as father's, mine's only for trout.'

"'And so you spear the trout, do you, in addition to snaring them,' said I. 'Why, you are quite a smart fisherman; it is not every boy of your age who can catch fish the ways you can.'

"'I guess,' he answered, naively.

"'And what kind of a spear has your father got?'

"'Oh, his is a reg'lar salmon spear, and he knows how to use it, too, I can tell you; why the folks around here say he is the boss spearer.'

"'Is that your father at work there in the meadow yonder?' I asked, pointing to the man who had lately visited me at the pool.

The Guides are Ready, the Sportsman, Where is He?

"'Yes, that's my father,' said the lad, 'he's haying.'

"'And you say he's the champion spearer, is he?' I continued in the same careless tone. 'How many salmon do you suppose he can spear in a night if he has good luck? I once knew an Indian that killed five in one night.'

"'Oh, my pa sometimes gets ten in a night, he's boss.' This with a proud tone.

"'And what do you do with so many? I should think you would get tired of so much salmon all the time.'

"'Oh, ma corns [salts] them for winter. Last week, pa, he speared a big one, the biggest I ever seen in all my life.'

"'Where did he get him?' I asked.

"'Oh, in the pool up there,' and he pointed to a pool up the river, in plain view from the warden's house.

"'What, in that pool! I should think the spearers would be afraid of the warden.'

"'Ho! they ain't afraid of him much.'

"'So!' I exclaimed, carelessly, 'what would they do if he came to the pool when they were at work spearing?'

"'They'd take rocks and stone him out o' that! He'd be glad to let them alone.'

"'Ah, did he ever get stoned away?' I asked.

"'He did that,' was the reply. 'Oh, he won't trouble any one.'

"'So your father killed the big salmon?' I continued.

"'Yes, he was a buster,' replied the boy. 'You see he laid in this pool two or three days, and all the neighbors tried to get him, but he was too big for any spear they had. He was struck hard more than once, and he had a big gash on his back when father got him. They drove him out of this pool, chasing him so much.'

"'What do you mean by saying he was too big for any of the spears?' I asked.

"'Oh, his back was so thick that the tines wouldn't spread enough. Pa got a spear made all iron, and that fetched him pretty quick. He was a big one!'

"'How much did he weigh?' I asked, reeling in my line, and preparing to leave.

"'Thirty-eight pounds, and over,' was the boy's reply.

"'He was a good one,' I exclaimed. 'Well, I think I'll be going now,' I said, gathering up the few trout I had taken.

"'There isn't much fun fishing the way you do, mister,' said the youngster. 'It must be as hard work as chopping wood. A drag-net is the thing to catch a lot of trout with!'

"'Yes,' I replied, quite unembarrassed. 'What a lot of big fish I could sweep out of the pool with a good-sized net!'

"'Well, not so great many to-day, mister,' answered the lad. 'The folks over in that house,' pointing to a farm house across the river, 'have got a large net, big enough to stretch away over the pool, and they catch lots of trout.'

"'Ah,' said I, carelessly, 'when did they sweep the pool last, my boy?'

"'Last night, mister, and they got a pile of big ones! Mister, say, gimme a fly-hook.' I handed the youth tribute in the shape of a gray hackle, and went on my way in a meditative mood.

"As I passed the meadow, I saw the farmer who was still at his work in the hay field, and I almost seemed to hear him muttering to himself, 'Spearing! Oh, no, mister, there ain't no spearing done round here, not much!'"

"Ha, ha, the lad gave it all away," exclaimed Hiram, when I had finished my story.

"Yes, you got it all, straight," added William.

Frere indulged in an amused chuckle at my casting so faithfully in the pool that had been netted the night before, saying, "I wonder how many times you changed your flies over that pool?"

"Times without number," I replied, "the water looked so good, I felt sure there were salmon lying there."

"Well, now, after all's said about spearing," exclaimed William, after a pause, "it destroys no more salmon than sweeping with the seine."

"Yes," assented Hiram, "one's bad as 'tother, and it's mighty hard choosing."

"Seining the pools is not practiced as much as spearing, however," said Frere. "In the first place, the seine is much more expensive than the spear, and is not as easily obtained. Again, there is greater chance for discovery. No. I don't think as much mischief is done with the seine as with the spear, but both implements are bad things on the river."

"There's little choice," I replied, "seining can be done on almost any night, in fact in the day time, while spearing can be carried on only in dark nights."

"After all," I continued, after another pause, "we cannot say that the action of the spearers and netters is entirely unreasonable, looking at it from their standpoint."

"Hey!" exclaimed Frere. "I did not expect that from you, Doctor." Frere always insisted on calling me Doctor, and the title finally became fastened to me among my guides and boatmen.

"Well, now, look at it," I continued. "In the first

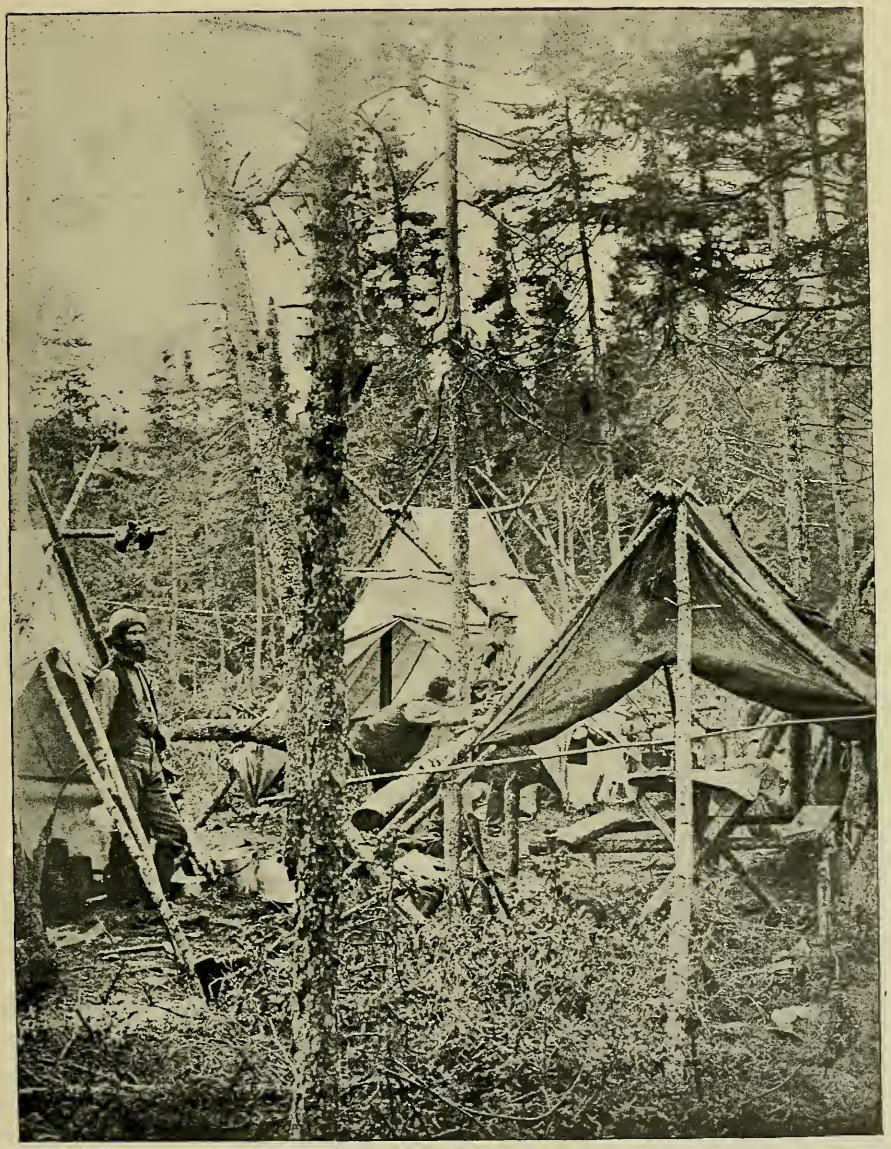
place, for how many months of the open season may gill-netters keep their nets set in tidal waters?"

"From May first to August first in the Province of Quebec, and from March first to August fifteenth in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick," replied Frere.

"Well," I continued, "there are three months at least, during which, under certain small restrictions, people living on the shore may net all the salmon they desire, or can catch, and taking this into consideration, is it to be wondered at that some of those, who living on the river, yet, unfortunately for them, above tide-water, should think it no more than fair that they should get a few of the fish that escape their more fortunate tide-water neighbors who may net them legally?

"Many of these so-called poachers are hard-working farmers, and mighty hard scratching they have for a living, I can attest, who do not taste any fresh meat sometimes for a week or more at a stretch. Now, I can understand just how they feel, for I have talked with many of them, and I tell you, Frere, a good many others would spear and net if they were situated as they are.

"Here is a river running through their farms, we'll say, and salmon passing up nightly. The people about the mouth of the river on the bay shore have a legal right to take the fish with the net, but the moment the



In Camp.

salmon reach the water which passes through the land of these people, the law prohibits the settlers from doing at any time just what their neighbors may do almost without restraint, for three months and over. Now, of course, I am not excusing spearing and seining; not for an instant am I, for I know that if it were permitted in the streams, the salmon would be exterminated. No, I am of the opinion that gill-netting on the shores should be curtailed very greatly, even if it is allowed at all.

"I am, for one, selfish enough to wish that surface fly-fishing alone might be the legal method for taking salmon, but so long as gill-netters and tide-water seiners and weirsmen are allowed to kill without limit, as they are now by law in the open season, the people who live on the rivers are bound to have a share, too."

"The tide-water netters have too great privileges," said Frere, who had been quietly listening to the conversation.

"That is just it," I replied, "cut down the time they may set their nets fully one-half. Prohibit the setting of any salmon net or weir on the shore, within one mile of the mouth of any river frequented by these fish—the legal distance now is two hundred yards—throw open the rivers free to all who fish with the fly, thus doing away with the system of leasing, which I do not believe in, and my

word for it, but few years will elapse before the men who now kill with the spear and net will take to the fly-rod, and there will then be a chance for the rivers; the salmon will multiply and all fly-fishermen will have sport worth striving for. Make fly-fishing possible for all, and spearing will soon become odious to all."*

At that moment we heard a tremendous plunge and splash in the pool before us.

"Ah, ha, my lad!" exclaimed William, "You're a big one!"

At his words we heard two more plunges like the first one, but in different parts of the pool.

"They're running up," exclaimed Hiram, "sure we'll have sport to-morrow altogether."†

Frere and I arose to our feet, and walking down to the edge of the pool, watched and listened. The rustle of the foliage of the trees, and the rattling gurgle of the water in the rapids at the head of the pool, the occasional hooting of the great horned owl, the harsh yet not

* In the report of the Maine Commissioners of Fisheries and Game for 1886, I find the following paragraph: "The testimony of many men can be adduced in Bangor and Calais, who never dreamed of the possibility of taking a salmon with what was termed a 'fish-pole,' who are now converts to the rod and fly, and fierce opponents to any other methods above tide-water. Such is their enthusiasm for the newly experienced delight of killing a salmon in a fair trial of skill."

† Hiram and William, although of English descent, had many unaccountable Irish idioms in their speech, as will be noticed throughout.

unpleasant stridulation of an occasional locust, the droning flight of some great beetle, were all the sounds that broke the stillness of the vast forest around.

Before us, towering up high in the darkness, was the cliff on the further side of the river. In the heavens above the stars were shining with the greatest brilliancy, and as we stood upon the shore, the moon, like an immense silver sphere, suddenly appeared above the edge of the forest in the east; larger it grew until it appeared in the full glory of the planet, and never before had I seen it when it seemed of such enormous dimensions. This was doubtless owing to the clearness of the mountain atmosphere, but it seemed as if it covered a third of the entire opening in the forest, made by the channel of the river. On the water it made a broad pathway of light, and the dew-covered foliage of the trees glistened and glimmered as if made of polished silver.

It was a magnificent scene, weird, yet very beautiful. As I gazed almost entranced, I was startled by a sudden mighty splash close to the shore where I was standing, and in an instant a salmon, leaping at least five feet in the air, fell back into the pool, throwing the water up all around me, and even into my face. Instinctively I stepped back for a moment, for although I knew what had happened, and had even been expecting it, the close prox-

Mic-Mac Camp.

imity of the fish had startled me, just as even the oldest and most experienced sportsman will for an instant recoil, if a grouse jumps up with a thundering whirr from a bush beside him, and flies away into the covert.

"By Jove, Frere!" I exclaimed, "that fish made me jump, I was taken by surprise."

"Yes, it was enough to startle any one," he replied, "to be splashed that way."

As he spoke, another fish in the middle of the pool leaped into the air, glistening in the moonlight like silver. Another and another flung itself from the water, and then all was still again.

"Frere, we are going to have sport to-morrow," I exclaimed, "the pool is full of them."

"Why not to-night?" he asked in a quiet tone, at the same time going to the tent for his rod.

"To-night?" I exclaimed. "What, with the fly?"

"Yes, of course," he replied, removing the fly that was on his line, "it will not be the first time I have fished in the night. Overhaul your flies, please, and see if you have not a nice white moth."

I took out my book, and proceeding in the bright moonlight to examine my stock of flies, soon found some white ones or "millers" which Frere pronounced "capital." The wings and body were entirely white.

I gave him one, and attaching another to my own casting line, or leader, we began to cast, he near the foot of the pool, and I near the rapids at the head. I had made hardly a half dozen casts when I got a rise, and hooked a heavy fish, and, glancing at Frere, I saw that he was equally successful. Shouting to our sleeping guides who had not been awakened by our screaming reels, we were soon joined by them.

"What have you got on?" inquired William, who with gaff in hand came hurriedly to my side.

"I don't know," I replied, slowly, reeling in the line which had been run out across the pool. "I thought when the fish rose that it was a salmon, but it acts like a large trout."

In a short time I was convinced that it was as I had suspected, a heavy, strong sea trout. It made furious runs, and was very powerful, but it did not show the full vigor of the salmon, and did not jump like that fish.

I have killed salmon which did not jump more than once or twice from the time they were hooked until they came to gaff; and have also taken large sea trout that jumped a number of times clear of the water like a grilse; but the "feel" of this fish was of a large trout, and yielding to my heavy rod, and coming to the landing net, it proved to be what I had suspected.

It was a very handsome fish of nearly four pounds weight. Frere soon landed his, which proved to be another of about the same size as mine, and after that we got no more rises, although we cast diligently for upward of half an hour. The fact is, one may take two or three of these large fish out of a pool at night, and then he must stop, for the fish will not rise; wild and shy as they are in the day time, at night they are doubly suspicious, and the least unusual sound will alarm them. This fact has been noticed by more than one observer. I have often asked local fishermen, men who work through the day on their farms, but who at night take their "sapling poles" and try for a few fish for breakfast, "what success" they have had on such occasions.

The reply has been almost invariably, "We got two or three nice ones out of the pool, and that's all; we don't catch many at night." The singular thing about their fishing is, that instead of using bait or the artificial fly, they almost invariably fish with a bit of white cotton or linen rag tied to their hook, this in their experience being more killing than any other lure.

I have repeatedly fished pools on the edge of the evening with flies, using in many cases the "white miller," and have taken but a few small trout, and have been followed an hour or two later by one of these "white rag"

fishermen, who would generally pick out two or three heavy fish. There is no accounting for it, in fact there is no accounting for most of the caprices of the salmon family.

* "It's not often that we do much at saumon [salmon] fishing in the night," said Hiram, as he stood beside us on the beach, "but I have seen it done. I was once fishing this river with a gentleman. We camped on a pool and caught a lot of fine trout, but had got no saumon during the day. After dark the gentleman and I began fishing with a light fly, and we were catching a fine lot of trout, when all of a sudden the gentleman hooked a saumon, and I had to gather brush wood and burn it on the beach, to see how to gaff the fish. In a half hour the gentleman hooked another, and I gaffed that also; but it's rare that we ever take them at night, though we have often two hours of trout fishing with white flies."

"I have heard of taking the salmon with the fly at night," said I, when the guide had finished, "but never have seen it done.

"Well, Frere, haven't you had enough of it?"

"Yes," he replied, and, satisfied that the fish were done, we repaired to our camp, and soon we were again stretched upon our fragrant bed of hemlock boughs.

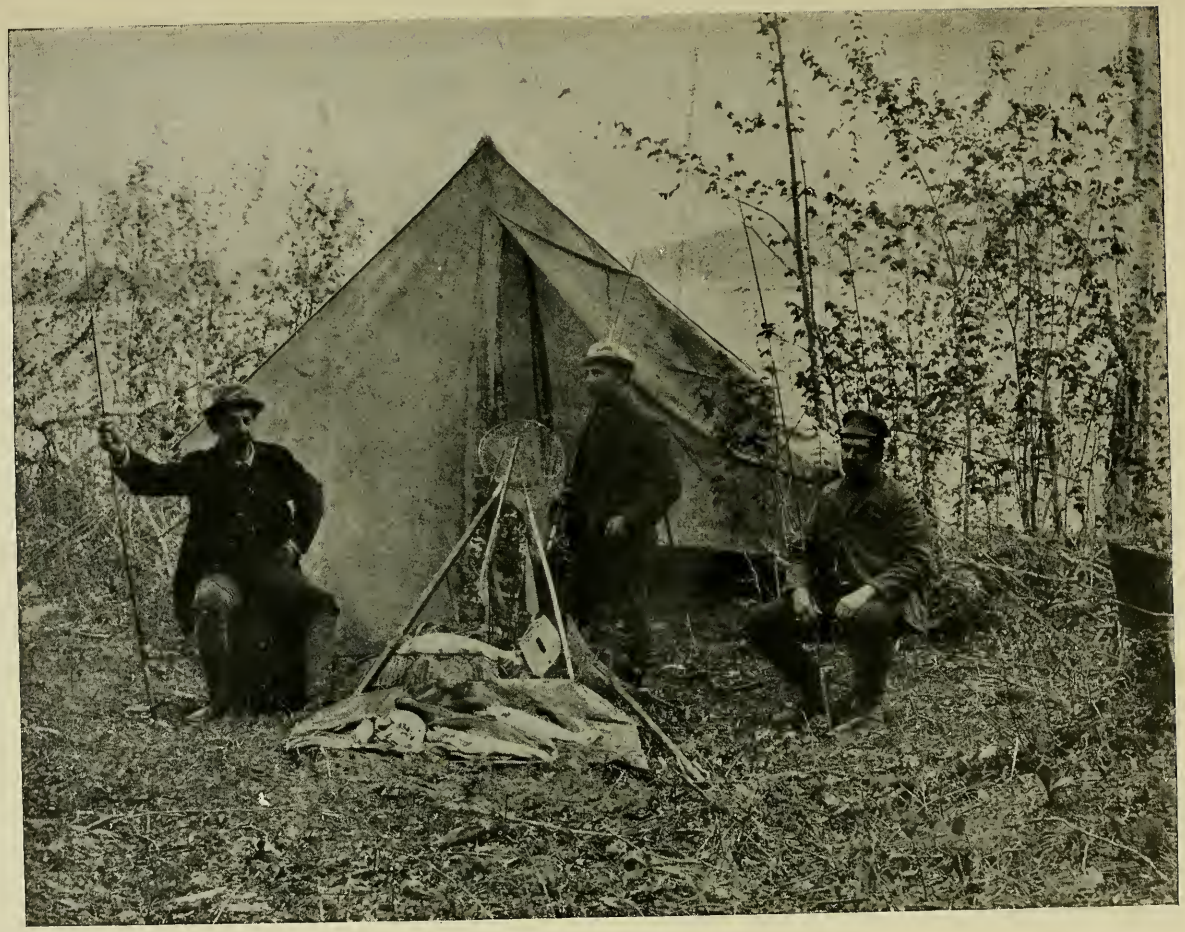
* Literally from my notes on the river.—E. A. S.

The camp fire with ruddy blaze threw a circle of light upon the trees around, and our tent was illumined brightly. The flaps were thrown open sufficiently to give us a good view of the fire, through the smoke of which the mosquitoes did not pass to molest us.

"I don't feel sleepy, notwithstanding the long, hard pull we've had all day," said I. "My first night in the woods is always a wakeful one."

"Yes," replied Frere, "the novelty of the thing drives off sleep, but what a delight it is to get away into the wilderness again, and free from the conventionalities of civilization. I wonder if it is the old savage instinct in our nature asserting itself, that gives us such enjoyment."

"Possibly," I replied, "though I have noticed that the most poetic natures, those of the highest æsthetic culture, enjoy such a life, or rather change of life as this, as fully as the least cultivated. It is difficult to say wherein the charm lies. So far as I am concerned, I enjoy my outings in the wilderness because they minister to all there is of poetry in my nature. Angling, my chief, in fact my almost only recreation, is an art that I love most fervidly. It carries me out as now into the arms of dear Mother Nature. It takes me to the grand old forest primeval, where I may behold the glimmer of the peaceful, beautiful mountain lake.



There's Nothing Like It.

"It carries me where I may inhale the delicious odor of the balsam and the hemlocks; where I may hear the rustle and purl of the foliage-hidden brook. It carries me amidst the boil and roar of rapids in the mighty river. It brings to me the song of forest birds, the whispered fairy stories of shimmering leaves. Yes, it gives me all these sweet, these pure enjoyments, and it is because it gives me them that I love it. My great regret is that more of our young men and young women, too, for that matter, do not take to it. Yes, our young women. Why not? In addition to the pleasure that is derived from the use of the fly-rod, it furnishes the best gymnasium, the best doctor, the best cure for narrow chests, pallid faces, weak nerves and poor digestions to be found; and if our women wish the enjoyment of perfect health, they should give their attention to angling with the fly. I have met quite a number of ladies, ladies of the highest respectability, who could cast the fly gracefully, beautifully; they were adepts at the art, and I would challenge the veriest stoic to gaze upon them unmoved. They were pictures of beauty, grace and vigor, and seeing them, I always wished that the art might be more popularized, even to the height of being recognized as an accomplishment. If it were, what wonders would it bring about in building up con stitutions which would be a glory to future generations."

Lady Macdonald Casting the Fly. (Inst.)

"Ha, ha, Doctor," exclaimed Frere, indulging in a quiet laugh at my fervor, "it is queer how differently things appear to different people. I know of men whose only thought from the time they begin their fishing trips to the end is of the greatest possible number of fish they may capture. The beauties of nature, the opening buds, the lovely flowers, the graceful foliage of trees, the songs of birds, all are unnoticed by them. Their outings are only for fish."

"Yes," I replied, "but they are not, in my opinion, true anglers, for I believe that your fish killer *par excellence* is nothing but a poacher, and thinly disguised at that; he will not stop at methods to make a big score, and if he cannot kill with the fly—and I have noticed he is not particularly enthusiastic in its use—he will employ almost any instrument that will add to his string."

"You're right, there," exclaimed Hiram, who, with his brother, was lying near the fire at the opening of the tent. "I was out with one of the 'fish killers' last year, and when the saumon in the pool wouldn't rise, he was wishing for a jig or a net, and even said he'd give five dollars for powder or dynamite to blow them up with."

"He did that," assented William, "and he got so bad in the end, that we told him he must find other guides, for we must leave him for our haying."

"On what river was that?" asked Frere.

"Oh, it was on one of the rivers over the bay," replied Hiram. "I wouldn't like to say just which, for perhaps you would know the man, and we don't want to 'give him away,' but it is true, and he was not much worse than others we have been out with."

"Right you are, Hiram," said William, "and we guides have had some quare [queer] men on the rivers, and many is the time we have been asked if we couldn't find a sweep-net."

"It's aggravating altogether," replied Hiram, "to see fifty or sixty big fish in a pool, see them swimming about as unconcerned as sticks, taking no notice of your flies, but flapping and jumping about under your nose, and sometimes I've agreed with the fishermen that it's maddening enough for most anything, but it's not often they will not come to their senses in good time."

"It's lucky that all who come on the rivers are not so crazy for fish," said William, "or we guides would go wild. Sometimes we go out with men who will care but little for the fishing, but spend almost all their time hunting wild flowers and plants, and some are after strange rocks and stones, and now and then one is hunting birds' nests and birds. Sometimes we have been out with fishermen who cared for nothing but a 'lay off,' and they

drank much longer than they fished every day. Oh, we've been out with all kinds, on different rivers."

"You don't get much variety on this stream at all events," said Frere, "for all our lessees are much like the Doctor and myself, enthusiastic fishermen, but not crazy fish killers."

"No, this river is lucky, but some of the streams need a good many wardens," replied William.

"Yes," replied Frere, "you are right, and some of the most important ones at that. Take the Miramichi waters, they are all fine salmon streams, but there is a vast deal of poaching and unfair fishing done on them, and the number of wardens or overseers should be trebled at least."

"I have never fished on the Miramichi tributaries," said I, "except during the outing we spent together on them. I hear they are all fine streams."

"They are," said Frere, "and the Southwest, Northwest, Little Southwest and Sevogle are famous. They are early, too, the fish beginning to enter them about May 24, and continuing to pass up until about the last of September,* though very few are found running in August. They do not average as large as the Restigouche fish, some are taken of twenty-five pounds weight,

* Frere for the remainder of this chapter is Philip Cox, Esq., of Newcastle, N. B.

An Embryo Angler. (Inst.)

but the average is put at ten pounds; they are, however, very gamy, and afford the angler excellent sport."

"I suppose there are a good many taken," said Hiram, throwing a fresh log on the fire, and lighting his pipe anew.

"Yes," replied Frere, "the Government statistics are very full, and I believe accurate. Last year, which was but an average one, 18,700 fish were exported from these rivers, which, averaging ten pounds, would give a total of 187,000 pounds. In addition to these, large quantities found a local sale, many others were taken by anglers, and a great many more by poachers, so that the annual catch must be over 20,000 fish."

"About what time does fly-fishing begin?" asked William.

"As soon as the spring freshet subsides, and the water gets clear, which is about the tenth or twelfth of June. The first fish are taken in Big Hole on the North-west, twenty miles above Newcastle, and eight above the head of the tide. This is one of the finest in Canada, and is free to all. You remember, Doctor, we fished there a few years ago. All the salmon frequenting the main river and the Sevogle pass through this great basin, and seem to take the fly well after leaving the brackish waters."

"I suppose there are a good many good angling pools on those rivers," said I, when Frere had finished.

"Oh, yes, on the Little Southwest there are Blackmore's Rapids, Blue Stone, North Branch, and Main's Ledges, in all of which more or less salmon are killed each year. Big Hole, Dennis's Pool, Call's Pool, Camp Pool, Ruddick's Pool and Falls Pool, with many others, occur on the main Northwest, but with the exception of the first two, all these fishing privileges are owned by proprietors of the soil.

"The chief pool on the Sevogle is the Square Forks, a most remarkable looking place, well worth a journey to see. The Renous, Dungamon and Southwest have also many fine pools."

"Are all the pools easily reached?"

"Many are, others with more or less difficulty, but all are accessible to the angler by means of canoe or portage wagon."

"Have you had much fly-fishing on those streams?" asked Hiram, quite interested in Frere's account of waters that were comparatively strange to him and his brother.

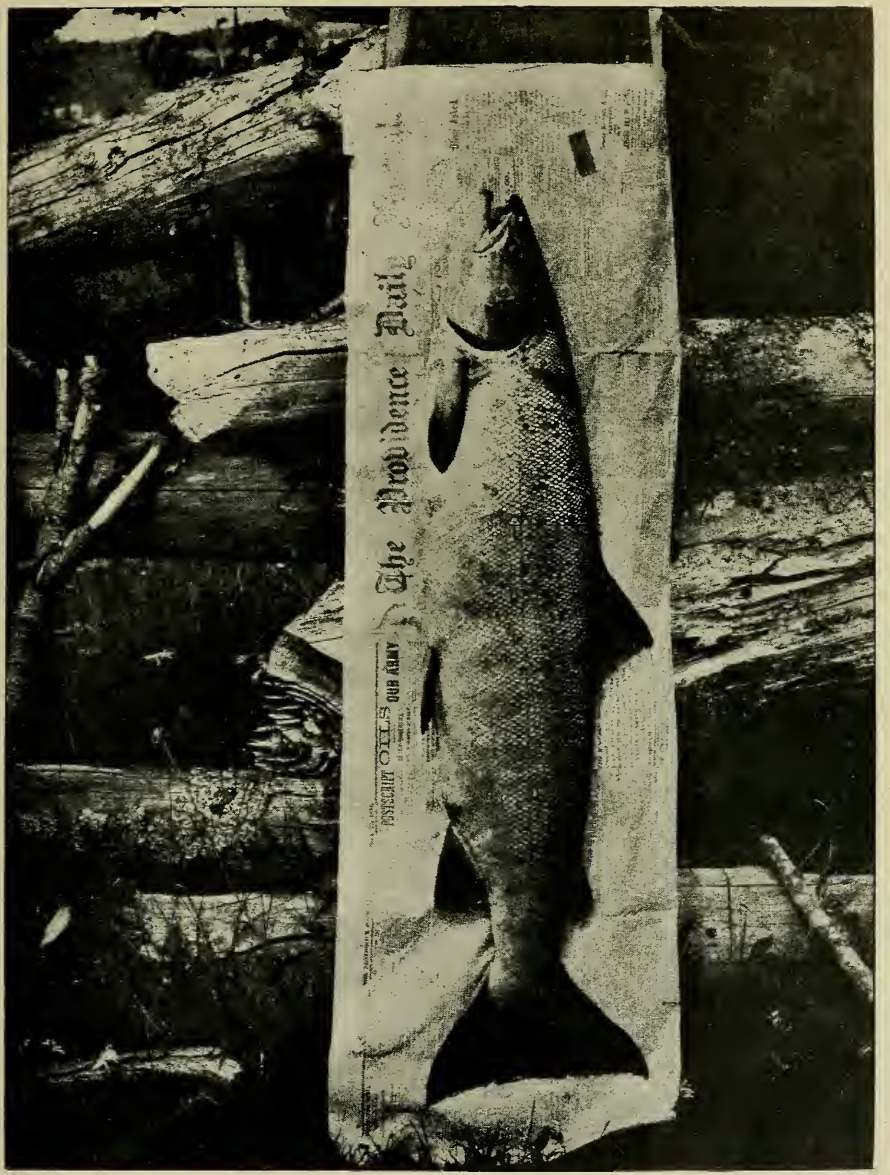
"Yes," replied Frere, "especially on the Northwest and Little Southwest, and some of my most enjoyable outings were spent there. I shall never forget my first trip to the North Branch Pool. It was some years ago,

in company with my friend Barker, and by canoe. The river is very heavy, rough, full of rapids, with an occasional fall, and is seldom ascended by any but Indians. We were young, however, strong, and full of spirit, eager for the sport, and confident we could perform any feat an Indian could. We had no sooner entered the river at Red Bank than a heavy rain set in, and continued with slight intermissions for five or six days, swelling the stream, making every rapid a wild torrent, and every fall a Niagara. Luckily we took along a coil of small rope, which we attached to the bow bar of our bark canoe, and one going ahead, the other guiding the canoe from the shore with a pole which was provided with a hook at the end, we waded and dragged, and tumbled, foot-sore and wet to the skin, for seven days before we reached the pool.

"How delighted we were to see this magnificent basin! We camped by its shore, and for ten days had most excellent sport; and afterward an exciting experience shooting the rapids and falls on our way down. We killed many salmon and grilse on that trip."

"What do you consider to be the age of the grilse?" I asked. "I have had many discussions with fishermen in relation to this point."

"I can only guess as to that," replied Frere, "they



Isn't She a Beauty?

are young salmon, but just how old, I am in doubt. Probably a four-pound grilse is three years of age, but authorities differ on this point; some say two years, some three, and others even four, but I doubt the latter. The smolt descends to the sea, probably when it is about eighteen months to two years old,* but nothing further of its movements seems to be known,† until its return to the river as a grilse.

* W. H. Herbert says: "Smolts, as it now appears, in their second year, of six or seven inches length, and about as many ounces weight, return peal or grilse, varying from two to eight pounds. * * * That the identical smolt of six or seven ounces do return, after two or three months' absence in the sea, as grilse of as many pounds weight, is proved beyond all dispute, smolts innumerable having been taken, marked with numbered tickets of zinc attached to the rays of their dorsal fins, set at liberty, and recaptured grilse, varying from two to eight pounds, in the autumn of the same year. The same experiment with the labels unremoved, shows that the same grilse descending the stream of unincreased magnitude in the spring of his third year, returns in that third autumn a fish of sixteen and upward to twenty-five pounds weight."

† G. Brown Goode says (in the Report of the U. S. Fish Commission, 1884): "In two months the fry has grown to an inch and a half, and begins to assume the vermilion spots and transverse bars or fringe marks which entitle it to be called a 'parr,' and which it retains while remaining in fresh water, sometimes until it is seven or eight inches long. It continues a parr until the second or third spring, when, in preparation for, or perhaps in consequence of, a descent toward the sea, a uniform bright silvery coat is assumed, and the parr becomes a 'smolt.' After remaining from four to twenty-eight months in the salt water, it again seeks its native river, having become either a 'grilse' or a 'salmon.' The grilse is the adolescent salmon. It weighs from two to six pounds, and is more slender and graceful than the mature fish, with smaller head, thinner scales, more forked tail, and spots rounder, more numerous and bluish rather than jetty black. The two may easily be distinguished, even though both should be of the same size, as not infrequently happens. The male grilse is sexually mature, but not the female in America; in Europe the same is claimed for the male parr and the female grilse."

A Dark-Colored Sea-Trout.

"They do not pass the interval in the estuaries and bays, for I have made special inquiry, and could never learn of one having been taken in any of the numerous smelt nets during the winter; nor have I ever heard of one being picked up dead along the seashore. They seem to retire to deep water, probably far from the coast. When they are about three and a half pounds in weight they return to the rivers, and they are then universally known as grilse. As you know, they are long, slender fellows, as bright as silver and very active."

"Did you ever see a female grilse, sir?" asked Hiram.

"No," replied Frere, "the most curious thing is they are all male fish. Thousands have been taken in our rivers, but there is no record of a female."

"So I have heard," said I. "It is very singular. How do you account for it?"

"I cannot," replied Frere, "the males probably mature earlier than the females, for they all contain sperm, and so do the smolt for that matter."

"But where are the females of the same age?"

"Ah, now you have me, I don't know; but little is understood of their habits. They are probably in the sea, but why herring, bass and mackerel nets fail to take one now and then, passes my comprehension, considering the size, depth and abundance of these seines."

"Grilse give capital sport."

"Yes, the little fellows take the fly readily, and for eight or ten minutes are very lively, leaping clear of the water several times in rapid succession, and making long, strong runs."

"When, in your experience, do the salmon take the fly best, Frere?" asked I. "You have had good chances for observation, for you have fished in most of the rivers in this Province."

"Generally when they first enter the river, or reach the pools; after remaining a few weeks in fresh water, they get, as you know, sluggish and shy. They are, however, very capricious, and it is difficult to lay down any general rule."

"I have fished with a good many anglers," said I, "and have noticed that there is a good deal of difference in the way they drag the fly. Have you ever seen them skip the lure lightly on the surface, as if fishing for trout? I have seen it done in some of the Nova Scotia rivers, and successfully.

"Some fish thus, and on a few streams I understand it is the most killing way; but the majority allow their flies to sink a little, and draw them by a series of short, sharp pulls. The longer the fish are in the fresh water the more timid they become, and you will often see them

following your fly from mere curiosity. In such cases, if the lure is drawn rapidly, as if it were acting of its own volition in endeavoring to escape from the fish, the salmon will frequently make a dash at it and hook itself."

"Every angler has his favorite flies," said I, after a short pause, "which do you prefer?"

"A good deal, as you know, depends on the river and season, and the condition of the water," replied Frere. I depend a good deal on the standards, such as the butcher, Durham ranger, Nickerson, Jock Scott, fairy, etc., but they should, late in the season, be of smaller sizes than in the early fishing. I have known of excellent sport being had with a tiny Jock Scott, when a large fly failed to get a rise. I was once on the Jacquet River [N. B.] with my friend F. M. McLeod. We were fishing Franker's [Francois] Pool about the first of August. We had killed some fine fish in the evening, but on the next morning not the least attention was paid to our flies, though fish were rising all over the pool, apparently after small insects which we observed floating on the surface of the water.

"Somewhat disgusted, I betook myself to fly-tying after breakfast, while Mac, who is a most persistent angler, continued to whip away. In about an hour he came to the tent and said, 'Cox, it beats all! They are rising

BEAUTIES.

all around me, flirting their tails, and showing their contempt for my efforts!'

"'Are the little flies still on the water?' I asked.

"'Oh, yes, they are,' he replied, 'don't you think you could make a fly resembling them?'

"'It would be too small, I fear, to kill with, even if a fish should take it; but look here, Mac,' said I, opening the fly-book in which were some tiny English midges, 'are they like any of these?'

"'Here it is,' replied Mac, selecting a specimen not as large as a house fly, 'I'll take down their impudence with this,' and away he went, while I resumed my work. In a few minutes I heard him shout, and hastily running to the pool, I saw a salmon spring into the air, and heard Mac shout, 'I've got him!'

"'With what fly, Mac?'

"'With the midge,' he answered, 'at my first cast.'

"Whir-r-r, went the reel, as the fish dashed toward the head of the pool. How could that tiny hook stand such a strain? Up went the salmon again into the air, his bright sides glistening like silver in the morning sun. How delighted was Mac upon reeling in to find him still fast. Could he land that fish with such delicate tackle, he would perform a feat unparalleled in the annals of angling.

"Whir-r-r, went the reel again, as the fish broke across the current for the rocks on the other side, putting a heavy strain on the line, and just as it was the greatest, the salmon flung himself out of the water. Again Mac reeled in, but, alas! the fine hook gut had parted."

"Salmon soon get acquainted with common flies," said I, "and when the pool is whipped often, will fail to respond."

"Yes," replied Frere, "it is the experience of all fishermen. Let me give you an instance. I was almost out of patience one morning at Blue Stone. I had been casting for over an hour, without getting a rise, though there were many fish in the pool. Big Peter, my Micmac guide, said that if he had a crow wing he could make a fly they'd take. 'See,' he exclaimed, with much emphasis, 'all white men usum flies all same, salmon knowum. New kind he no seeum 'fore, him come lookum over.'

"I was ready for any change, and as I invariably carry my fly-making materials along, and had a few black feathers, I was soon shaping an unsightly monster. At the end of half an hour he was ready, and no sooner did I cast my nigger adrift than there was a great desire manifested by the hitherto careless fish to inspect the odd stranger at close quarters; finally, one, making

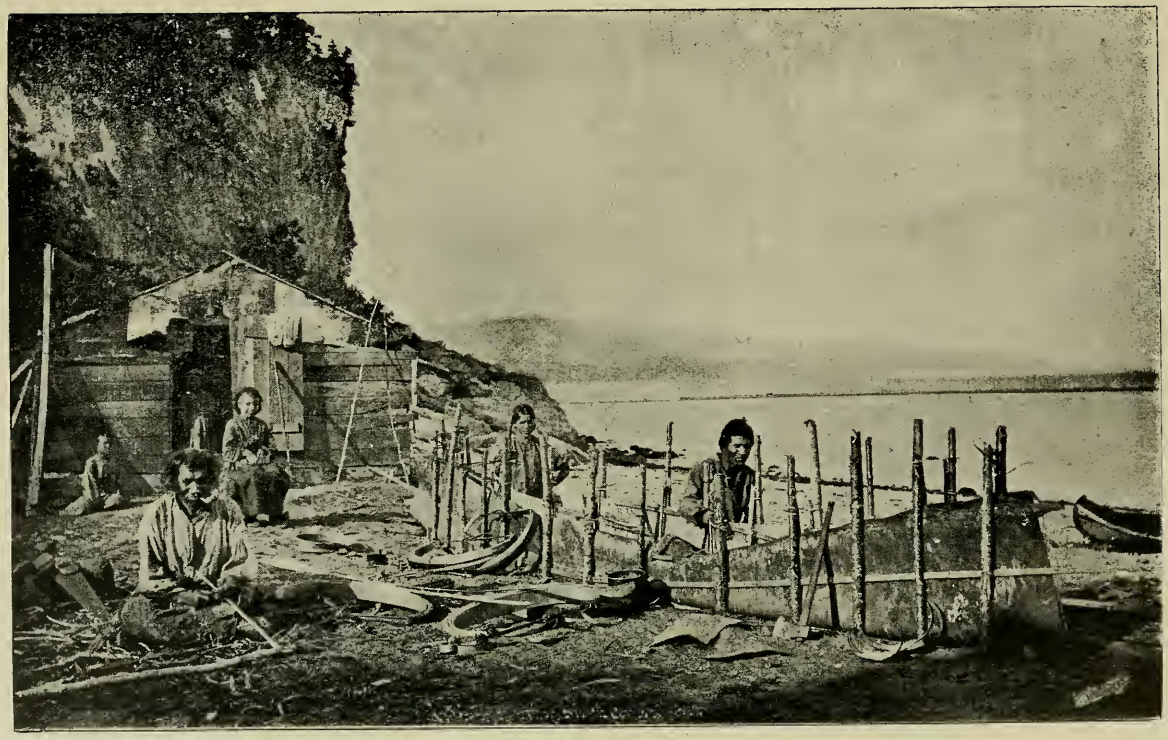
a little too free, was seized by the single tooth of the 'darky,' and the grip was maintained until the fish was brought to gaff. Five successive salmon were hooked and landed by that fly before I stopped, and the invaluable hint I had received from a poor Indian has proved of great service to me on many occasions since I received it."

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed Hiram, who had been listening attentively, "you beat the salmon that time."

"Have you ever noticed any peculiarities of habit in salmon selecting positions in a pool?" I asked, "they seem to be guided by certain preferences, and in certain stages of the water lie almost always in particular spots."

"I can't say I have," replied Frere, "other than that you speak of. They are very capricious, but always sociable; where one settles all settle. As a general thing they prefer the strong water near the head of the pool, especially if there are bottom rocks, forming resting eddies. If these rocks are absent, the fish are often found near the tail of the basin, hardly ever in the very middle of the current, but almost always a little to one side or the other.

"One curious freak of this fish I've observed on many occasions which is worth speaking of, for anglers are not generally aware of it. When salmon meet with a little



Mic-Mac Indians Building a Birch Canoe. (Inst.)

fall, they will frequently lie for some time in the basin before attempting to scale it. If the river is small, they are almost certain to refuse the fly. After scaling the height, the fish for some unexplained reason linger in the swift water on the lip, and often have I raised and hooked them on the rushing incline, so close, indeed, to the fall, that it seemed a mystery how they maintained their position. Here again the social instinct may be the cause, one or more lingering until joined by others."

"It is quite generally believed that salmon never eat anything in fresh water; what is your opinion?"

"I have never found any food in salmon taken with the fly," replied Frere.

"Why, then, do they rise for it?"

"I cannot tell. The idea of many is that they are affected in some strange way by colors, just as we know certain birds and quadrupeds are."

"My idea is that they chase the fly mostly in sport," said I. "I don't believe that generally they seize it for food, although I believe that in the lower pools of rivers, the fish just from the salt water in which they fed eagerly upon shrimp and other crustaceans, will feed upon minnows; and in fact I have heard of cases of the fish having been taken with shrimp, even in pools well up the river, and a fly tied to resemble a shrimp is very killing."

PORTAGING A CANOE. (Inst.)

"Black salmon or kelts, those fish that after spawning remain all winter in the river instead of returning to the sea, will take any bait in the spring," said Frere. "They are lean and lank, and the flesh is quite unfit for food, as it is soft, brittle, entirely devoid of the pinkish color, and when cooked the smell is often repulsive. These fish are as hungry as spring bears, and voracious as vultures; they snap eagerly at anything, from a trout fly to a pork rind, and feed freely on the spring smelt, which are ascending the rivers to spawn, but I do not believe that salmon ordinarily, those which have left the sea, and ascended to the river to spawn, feed while in the fresh water."

"I've been told by fishermen on the coast that the saumon eat small fish when in the salt water," said Hiram.

"I have no doubt they do," replied Frere. "Messrs. Hogan and Wyse, Dominion Fishery Overseers on the Miramichi, have informed me of capelin and sometimes smelt being found in their stomachs when first entering the bay. I think they must be voracious feeders while in the sea, and until the instinct seizes them to ascend the rivers to spawn; after that, like bears in hibernation, they subsist upon their own fat."

"Yes," I replied, "they must be great feeders, for they increase in size and weight wonderfully in a very

The Difference Between a Fresh-Run Salmon and a "Slink" or 'Kelt."

short period, for instance: A kelt weighing ten pounds was marked, and returned to the river, in the lower part of which it was again caught after a lapse of five weeks and two days, and it was found to weigh over twenty pounds. But, Frere, it's growing late, and I propose that the tent be smudged out, and that we turn in."

"Agreed," replied my friend, and in a very short time we were lost in slumber, which comes so easily and so sweetly to the tired fisherman.

CHAPTER II.

An Early Cast. · Silver Doctors. · Cover the Water Thoroughly. · A Big Sea Trout. · Lively Times. · How to Cook a Trout. · An Admirable Cast. · Another Salmon Hooked and Lost. · "Fly P'ison" in Demand. · Black Flies on the Magalloway. · A Rough Experience. · Playing a Drift Tree Top. · Two Fish Hooked and Both Saved. · A Great Struggle. · The Cup that Cheers. · We Ascend to the Fifth Pool. · Queer Characters who Go a-Fishing. · A Man who Wanted the Earth. · Jealousy. · Lake and Spotted or Brook Trout Compared. · Killing a Togue on the Fly. · Schoodic Fishing in Old Times. · Picturesque Sea Coast of Maine. · Land-Locked Salmon. · Ducks in Abundance. · A Lively Fish. · Hooking a Pair of Land-Locks. · Trolling for Salmon. · Pickerel Fishing. · How to Make a Bark Camp. · "Fish Killers." · Indian Traditions. · A Plenty of Land-Locks Left.

THE mellow, flute-like song of the hermit thrush awoke me before sunrise on the following morning. Nudging my friend to arouse him, I stepped outside the tent. The camp fire had burned out, nothing of it remaining but a few black embers. The two guides were sound asleep under their blankets, the heavy covering being pulled up over their heads completely.

Taking our rods, Frere and I stepped past the sleeping men on our way to the pool; they awoke instantly, however, for your bush sleeper is easily awakened. With a big yawn they arose and began to move about their camp duties, the first of which being invariably filling and lighting their pipes.

"What sort of day is it to be?" I asked of Hiram, as I prepared my tackle for a cast at the foot of the pool, Frere having gone to the head.

Hiram gave a look at the mist which completely enveloped the forest about us, and then at the drenched leaves which trembled slightly in the faint breeze.

"Oh, it'll be bright enough by and by," he replied, "the wind is sou'west, and the webs are plenty." As he spoke he pointed to the gossamer webs which had been spun on the bushes and brakes and weeds about us.

It is an almost invariable sign, that if gossamer webs are abundant in the morning, the day will be fair.

"Well, Hiram," said I, "here's for luck," and I began casting above the rapids at the foot of the pool.

"Luck to you!" he replied, and returned to the camp, where his axe was soon heard busy in preparing wood for the breakfast fire.

The morning was dark, and the mist hung so heavy above the pool, that I could but indistinctly see Frere,

who was at work at the upper end. For my own fly I had my favorite, a silver doctor. It is a fly with which I can do better work than with any other, in all waters and with all fish.

Now silver doctors are to be met with in most varied forms. At one time I had upward of four dozen of them in my books, that I had gathered here and there, and hardly two of them were alike. If the body is silver tinsel, it matters but little, in the opinion of many tyers, how the rest of the fly is made, and the result is that when one speaks of this fly he conveys but a vague meaning. I have silver doctors with whole wings and with made wings; with all kinds of hackles and with none at all, and with tails and without.

My favorite style is made with pure silver tinsel body — no other is worth using. The tail consists of two or three webs of a widgeon's or teal's mottled feather, together with the same number of webs of the ruff of the golden pheasant. I like a small hackle on a silver doctor, and if I were to have a dozen tied, should have three each with gray, brown, yellow and black hackles. Not heavy, but nice neat hackles.

Doubtless some one will say, "Ah, but that's not my idea of a silver doctor at all." "All right," I reply, "it's mine; I want a small hackle on it."

Now for wings. I don't like whole wings, that is, wings made of whole feathers, but prefer made ones, those which are made of varied fibers selected from many feathers, among them always a few shreds of the mottled feather of the widgeon or teal, two good feathers from the ruff of the golden pheasant, and over all, two or three good sprays from the crest of the same bird.

Above all, I want the fly tied so hard and firmly that I cannot move it at all on the hook. If it is loosely tied, it soon becomes worthless, in fact it is unsafe, for the hook is likely to pull out with the first fish. I always reject a fly that is not stiff, or which is at all movable on the hook. It is an expensive fly, such as I have described, but it is the most killing in existence. The silver doctor commonly sold is a cheap affair compared with this, but deliver me from such and all other cheap flies. I always prefer to have mine "tied to pattern," and do not accept any which will not stand a rigid scrutiny.

I began casting with a short line, my invariable habit, and worked further and further out into the pool with every few casts. I believe in covering thoroughly every foot of water as I go. Your salmon does not always lie away off in the pool, and it is much better to strike your fish on a short line than a long one, particularly if

you are lifting for a back cast. A single instance will illustrate this. I had been fishing the upper end of a pool, and had worked down to nearly the foot; I had a long line out, so as to reach the further shore, and had carelessly allowed it for a moment to swing in the eddy. As I lifted for another cast, I noticed that my fly was hardly ten feet from me. When I gave the lift the fly swung in, and at that instant a salmon, that had been lying beside a boulder almost at my feet, rose and took the lure.

Of course the tip of my rod went to "smithereens" on the instant, and the salmon "hooked off." Yes, I always cover the water thoroughly as I go, and do not lengthen my line until I have had my fly all over the surface in my reach.

Frere was busy at his end of the pool, but saving a few trout which he shook off his fly without disturbing the water, he had got no rises.

I also got a few trout up, but did not hook them, for we were after salmon, and the flouncing of a few trout on the surface of the water is sufficient, generally, to keep salmon from rising.

It is quite a "knack," that the salmon fisherman acquires, to shake off a trout that has seized his fly, without "stirring up the water," as the expression goes, but it is

a necessary accomplishment. Occasionally one will hook the trout so firmly that it must be landed, and then the better way is to waste no time but to drag it as expeditiously as possible bodily through the water, and up on the beach. The pool is thus disturbed but little, for the fish is landed before it has a chance to flounce about.

I had been casting for fully ten minutes, during which I had successfully shaken off two or three small sea trout, and was just on the point of casting over to an eddy across the pool, below a huge boulder that rose from the depths, when a large sea trout took my fly, and with a splash and a plunge, down he went to the bottom, and into the eddy that I had been essaying to reach.

Away spun the line, my reel shrieking to me discordantly just then, my rod bending in a circle with my efforts to keep the trout from disturbing the salmon.

But in vain! A large sea trout is a very strong fish and active withal, and I could not check mine even with the full strain of my rod. Suddenly, from the depths of the pool where the trout was darting about, out sprang a salmon, a goodly fish, leaping several feet into the air, and falling back with a tremendous splash.

Another near by also sprang out, and the guides who had joined me, and who supposed that the leaping fish was fast to my hook, exclaimed:

As Nice a Sea Trout as You ever Will Take.

"He's a lively fish, sure! Mind, Doctor, or you'll lose him."

Frere, who also came to my side, said, "You are giving him too much strain."

"Giving the Old Harry too much strain," I exclaimed, "I've only got a pesky trout on."

"Oh! that's no trout," said Hiram, flourishing the gaff, "sure we saw him twiste [twice], 'twas a saumon and a good one, too."

"Yes, but he is not hooked, confound him," I replied, reeling in the trout that was now about tired out.

"There he goes again!" shouted William, but this time they plainly saw that the salmon was leaping in fright, and not with my fly in his mouth.

The truth was that the trout in swimming about, had run the casting line against two or three of the salmon, which, doubtless fearing a net, or some other of man's snares, leaped to avoid them. A salmon is as suspicious and as shy as a crow, and the least disturbance or noise or molestation will put it on the *qui vive.*

It is not at all uncommon for the casting line to strike a fish in the pool, when it is fast to another, and I have more than once had my hooked salmon send several into the air by rubbing the line against them.

We landed the trout, and killed it. It was only of

about three pounds weight, but it was very strong for its size.

Of course after such a disturbance we concluded that we had better rest the pool a while, and as breakfast was soon to be ready, we laid aside our rods, and, after a wash, repaired to the camp, at which the guides were busy preparing our morning meal. And such a royal breakfast as it was! and such appetites as we had when we sat down to it! Boiled sea trout, fried grilse, boiled potatoes, pilot bread and butter; listen, fried onions, and coffee with condensed milk.

Boiled sea trout is, gastronomically, in my estimation, the most delicate of all fish. Nothing can compare with its delicacy, yet richness, of flavor. It should be cooked and eaten as soon as possible after it is killed, for it soon deteriorates and becomes insipid.

No other way of cooking than boiling brings the sea trout to the epicure in all its excellence, and in fact this is true of most fish.

A fried sea trout is not nearly as acceptable, and I do not fancy one broiled, although broiling is better than frying. Next in my opinion to the sea trout comes the grilse, and that is also better boiled than fried.

Never shall I forget the exquisite enjoyment with which one of these fish was eaten on a certain occasion.

We had been in the canoe four or five hours in a chilly drizzle of a rain, through which we saw the sun only for a few minutes during the entire day.

We were descending one of the Canadian rivers, our party consisting of one of my friends, myself, and our two guides or canoemen, all in one large canoe.

Tired we were and hungry, for we had been running rapids and fishing the glorious pools that lay between them all the time, and such work gets up a wonderful appetite. At last the "*arret-la*" was spoken, and we came to a landing place. Hauling the canoe upon the pebbly shore, our men soon had a fire started and the tea kettle steaming.

Taking from the canoe a grilse weighing about four pounds, and cutting up the rich blood-red meat, they cooked it in the frying pan, using but very little fat, that contained in the tissues of the fish being sufficient.

The fresh-caught fish thus cooked was of delicious sweetness, and the meat was firm, nutty, and with just the right degree of richness. Yes, that was a fish ever to be remembered; it was eaten with exactly the right sauce, and under the right circumstances. Many a time have I eaten my fresh-caught salmon or trout by the camp fire in the woods, but it seems to me that none other ever tasted like that particular grilse.

Hiram, as an accompaniment to my fish, gave me two boiled potatoes, and such potatoes! Early Rose they were, which had been grown on newly cleared land, called "burned land," because it had been lately burned over. Unless one has eaten such potatoes, he knows nothing of what constitutes a good one. Mealy it is to the extent of almost falling apart in a powder when its "jacket" is removed, and so sweet and delicate! No other potato can compare with the "burned land" potato.

After disposing of our substantial and abundant breakfast, a smoke was of course the first thing to be attended to. Ah! what a comfort one takes with his pipe or cigar after a hearty meal in the woods! Could anything be accepted as a substitute for it? Could anything replace it? I doubt it.

Very soon Frere was busying himself in overhauling his fly-book, and arranging his flies, taking such comfort out of the operation as only your enthusiastic angler can find. At length he arose from his recumbent position, exclaiming, "Well, Doctor, this is not business," and taking his rod he proceeded to the pool, where I soon joined him.

The mists that had hung low above the river had been dispelled, and the sun was shining brightly through the patches of blue which showed now and then through

the golden and roseate clouds which were drifting away to the east.

A light breeze was moving, just strong enough to ripple the surface of the pool to that degree which one so much desires, and the indications were good for a satisfactory day's sport.

Frere began casting about midway from the head of the pool, and getting out a long line was soon reaching well over to the further shore.

I took a seat upon an old log on the crest of the beach and watched my friend at his work; for next to casting the fly myself, I love to see another engaged in the fascinating recreation.

How gracefully, and with what a true and even sweep the line rolled along on the surface of the water, uncoiling itself, as it were, with an uniform motion, the casting line or leader taking up the same sweep, until the fly dropped upon the water as lightly as would the living insect.

It is a great acquirement to cast the fly as Frere did, and I have seen but few who attained to equal proficiency. I have fished with scores of different anglers in my time, and after watching their work, varied as it has been, I have come to the conclusion that adepts at fly-casting with the two-handed rod are "few and far between."

All Ready, Sir.

There is an indescribable motion of the rod, which is made in the forward stroke or delivery, that acts upon the line in such a way that it seems to be but a continuation of the rod itself, and the same bends and curve of the rod are followed by the whole length of the line, which, as it falls upon the water, seems to unroll itself its whole length, permitting the fly to drop softly and noiselessly.

In a number of casts I can get this motion a few times, but I am not always certain of it, and my experience extends over thirty years.

I can get out and handle as good a length of line as the average, and can drop a fairly neat fly, but despair of being an expert in making what I call a rolling cast.* A very great deal depends upon the exact balance of the rod and line.

In every book on fishing that I have read, and I have quite a number of them in my library, are given instructions, more or less elaborate, in casting; but I have never read any yet that supplied information which would enable a novice to become even a passable fisherman.

Practice, much practice, is a requisite, but no practice in my opinion can compare with that which one has on the pool where he knows the fish are lying

* The "Spey" of writers.

Some writers recommend practicing on the lawn, but this is of very little value except in familiarizing one with the action of his rod.

To lay out a line neatly and smoothly on the water and recover it in good style is one thing; it is quite another to do it on a grass plat.

Frere continued at his work, covering all the water as he moved toward the foot of the pool.

Gradually he drew nearer and nearer to the eddy on the other side; that from which the salmon had leaped when my sea trout created such a commotion.

At length his fly dropped in a curl of the water near a rock that showed faintly beneath the surface; motionless it remained an instant, then sinking an inch or two was just on the point of receiving the first motion or drag from the rod, when a swirl, a faint splash, and then the scream of the reel announced that a salmon had been hooked.

Scarcely had the fish felt the barb when, with the speed almost of lightning, he darted to the head of the pool, and then back in an instant to the deep water in the middle, thus securing a dangerous bight in the line, which only the greatest activity at the reel could overcome in time, and Frere but just succeeded in getting his line straightened, before the salmon repeated his per-

formance, this time his run being broken by three leaps in quick succession, all of them being at least three feet in the air.

He then returned to his former position, and Frere began giving him the strain of the rod, for the runs in quick succession and the leaps had sobered the fish, and if the fight were now forced, it was evident it would be a short one. The tactics which the salmon now adopted were such as every one who has been "fast" to one of these noble fish is acquainted with.

Now he was apparently standing on his head in the water, evidently rubbing his nose on the rocks on the bottom of the pool, to free himself from the barbed steel. Finding this unavailing, he would shake his head savagely like a terrier worrying a rat. This also proving ineffectual, he would endeavor to wind the casting line about one of the rocks in the water, by which a purchase could be obtained, so that the hook could be twisted from its hold. All in vain, however, Frere kept his steady strain on the rod, keenly watching every movement of the fish, and meeting, with a sportsman's skill, all its ruses and attempts to escape.

At length the tension of the line proved too great for the fish, and it began to show unmistakable signs of fatigue.

Casting from a Canoe. (Inst.)

Perceiving this, Frere commenced reeling in the line, all the time keeping the strain upon it.

Suddenly, without any warning, the salmon gave a magnificent leap, and then plunging to the bottom, darted to the shoal water down to the foot of the pool.

"Oh, give him the butt, give him the butt!" we all shouted to Frere, but too late, Frere was doing all that the rod could stand, but, passing like a flash down into the stream, running out the line in a way that made the reel wildly whistle, the fish glided between two rocks in the bed of the stream, turned across the shoals, and then sped back up the swift water and around another rock, thus securing leverage, and he was free.

"Too bad, too bad!" I exclaimed. Frere made no reply but began reeling in his line which the fish had carried out to the extent of at least one hundred yards.

"Confound it all," exclaimed Hiram. "He was a wide-awake divil sure!"

"Yes, a fresh-run fish," added William, "and full of life."

"Life! any amount, sure," replied Hiram, who, now that the fight was over, was quietly filling his pipe and preparing for a smoke.

Did you ever notice that your guide, if a smoker, and he almost always is one, invariably lights his pipe

when a big fish is landed or lost? If not, watch him when you are next out. I never knew it fail to happen.

When Frere had reeled in his line so that the leader could be reached, I took it in my hand and examined it. It had parted at one of the knots, and evidently had been carelessly fastened.

"The knot was a poor one," said Frere, examining the gut, "but if it had been perfect it would not have held that fish."

"No, no gut was ever made that would hold him," said Hiram. "Nor line neither," assented William, "unless it was a cod line."

Frere quietly removed the portion of the gut that was left, and placing it in his fly-book, selected another new leader, and putting it in the water and anchoring it with a pebble, left it to soak and become pliable. He bore his disappointment and loss philosophically, and gave no sign that he felt it even as much as we did.

The sun was now shining brightly, the fleecy clouds having been entirely dispelled. The breeze had also subsided, and the surface of the pool was as smooth as glass, save where the ripples and eddies showed the moving current, and flecks or bunches of foam from the rapids floated down on the water, swam about for awhile, and then passed down the river out of sight.

Fishing for the present was useless, even if the pool had not been disturbed, and throwing ourselves among brakes and wild grass in the shade of the trees, we gave ourselves and the pool a short rest.

The black flies and mosquitoes were now putting in their best work, and we were obliged to anoint our exposed skin with our "fly p'ison," as William termed it.

I have seen various preparations for keeping off the insect pests of the northern woods, but of all that I have tried I have found none more efficacious than a liberal proportion of pure Stockholm tar dissolved in sweet oil, one part of tar to two parts of sweet oil, and the flavor heightened with a little oil of pennyroyal or peppermint. Vaseline, thoroughly incorporated with this, gives it a consistency and "wear," and is therefore a valuable addition. The solution of tar cannot be too strong, but too much pennyroyal will cause irritation to the skin and eyes.

Ah! what a paradise would be the northern wilderness in summer if it were not for the voracious insects which abound in myriads and annoy us at every turn. In some localities they render life almost a burden to man and beast, and a favored spot it is, indeed, that is free from them. I have seen the black flies in the valley of the Magalloway River in Maine, in such numbers that the farmers could not work in the fields in the heat of

John Danforth's Camp on Lake Parmachene, Me.

the day unless they had a "smudge" burning near them all the time. Repeatedly have I seen cattle come tearing down the hills as if they were mad, and thrust their heads into the smoke of the "smudge pot" that was kept always burning at every door to drive away their tormentors. I have seen the window panes of a school house in a back settlement so covered with these insects that they appeared almost solid black.

Never shall I forget an experience that I had in the summer of 1860 on the upper waters of the Magalloway. It was a wild country then, and one would not meet a hunter or fisherman for weeks at a stretch. Now it is quite different, and fishermen are numerous, and on an island in Lake Parmachene there is a comfortable house for their accommodation kept by the popular guide John Danforth. On the occasion I refer to, I had with me as canoeman, a son of dear old Captain Wilson, one of the whitest men that God ever created. We were coming down the river on our return from a trip to its head waters, and had just reached "the Meadows," so-called, when young Wilson was taken ill. He seemed in great pain, almost as if dying, and was of course quite helpless. What his sickness was I could not understand, but I did the best I could for him. I laid him in the bottom of the boat on the blankets, and gave him a dose

of Jamaica ginger, which I happened to have among my stores. I felt sure it could not hurt him anyway, and it did in a short time give him relief, for he soon fell asleep. But the black flies! Like a dense cloud they settled upon us, and I was literally streaming with blood. Wilson I had covered with the blanket, and his face was protected by his hat, with a handkerchief thrown over it. But I, while I was tending him, was completely at the mercy of the little pests, and no mercy did they show.

Not a breath was stirring, and the weather was very warm; the perspiration streamed at every pore, and consequently tar ointment would not adhere to my skin. It would have been useless, anyway, against such hordes as pounced upon me.

It took but a short time to convince me that unless I had a smudge in the canoe the situation would be critical, for I had heard of cases of terrible poisoning from black flies, which were followed by insanity and helplessness. Seizing the frying pan and iron pot, I started a fire in each, and when it was fairly burning, I covered it with damp moss, leaves and turf. I placed one in the bow close to Wilson, and the other at my feet, and began my long paddle of, I think, over thirty miles down to Aziscohos Falls.

The river was low, and once or twice I was obliged

to get out of the boat and haul it over bars and windfalls, at which times I was at the mercy of my tormentors.

The load was also heavy for a single paddle, and tired enough I was at nightfall when I landed at an old logging camp on the river side, and got my patient out of the boat and into the camp. However, I started up a big smudge, for although the flies had finished their work for the day, the mosquitoes began to show up in clouds.

I then built a fire and got supper. I contented myself with hard tack, fried bacon and tea. For Wilson I made a dish of flour porridge; and through the evening I laid cloths steeped in hot water across his abdomen, changing them as fast as they cooled off to the temperature of the body.

This treatment seemed to do him good, and glad and thankful enough I was to see the poor chap coming around, for it was a pretty serious matter for me to have a sick man on my hands alone in the wilderness, particularly as I did not know what ailed him, and what the best treatment would be.

At length I smudged out the camp and turned in, leaving a big smoke going outside.

On the following morning Wilson was so far recovered that he could move about without my assistance, and

A Camp Scene. (Inst.)

we got an early start on the river, he, however, still too weak to paddle. The flies, however, soon put in an appearance, and I was obliged to kindle my smudges again. I sped the boat as rapidly as I could, but it was noon when I heard the oh, how welcome roar of the falls, and knew that the end of my journey on the river was at hand.

Wilson, though still feeble, was now able to walk the carry (portage) around the falls with me, although we had to travel slowly; and it was late in the night when we reached his home at Wilson's Mills, and I was relieved of my responsibility and anxiety.

We were both so badly poisoned by the virus from the insects that we were in high fever for a day or two, but good nursing brought us out all right.

My hands were in a terrible state, for, in addition to the soreness from the bites of the flies, they were badly blistered by the hard bout I had had with the paddle.

Yes, that was an experience with black flies never to be forgotten. The region about the Magalloway is one of the favorite haunts of this pestiferous insect, and I do not remember ever seeing it in any other section in anything like the abundance in which it exists there. In old times we used to think that the Schoodic Lake country, particularly about Grand Lake Stream, was bad on account

of these diabolical insects—and I have seen them so thick on the Miramichi that the air was black with them—but I have never anywhere seen anything like the prodigal plenty in which they are found on the Magalloway.

"Pass me the p'ison, please," exclaimed William, after Frere and I had anointed ourselves, "the flies are very cross* to-day."

I handed the tar to him, and he with his brother rubbed in a good coating; both of them had been well punctured, the insects having crawled into their hair and beards and left their scars freely.

Anointing being over we settled down for comfort.

"'Tis a pretty pool, entirely," said Hiram, who was carelessly tying various knots on a piece of string.

"It is that," assented William.

"I wish I had a dollar for every fish that was ever taken from it."

"You'd need a team to carry them if they were our American silver dollars," I added.

"Yes, and a double team at that," said Frere.

"Yes, 'tis a great pool, altogether," answered Hiram, unconsciously repeating his first statement.

"And one of the best to kill a fish in on the river."†

* Hungry or savage.

† These dialogues are literally as jotted down by me on various occasions.—E. A. S.

"True," replied Frere, laughingly, "if you can keep him away from the rocks."

"Oh, there's no trouble* at all," replied William, deprecatingly, "you'll never have one run down there again. This was the first time I ever saw one, and many's the fish I've seen killed here."

"No, they never run there like that," said Hiram, "but you want to mind the head of the pool too, there's an old drift tree there," pointing to a spot just below the upper rapids, "and if you get 'hung up there,' good-by Mr. Salmon."

"Is there really any drift stuff there?" I asked, "if so now is the time to get it out. I don't want to lose any fish on it."

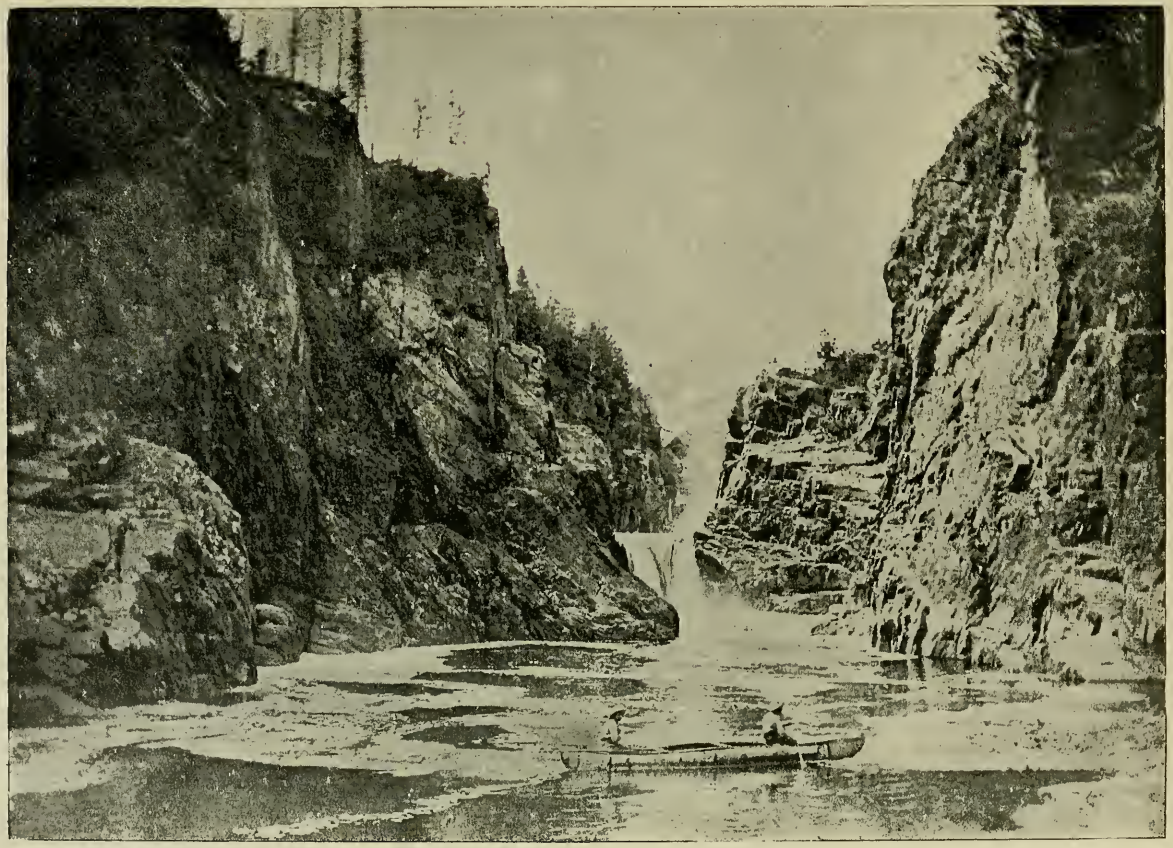
"All right," replied the guide. "Come, William, with the gaff, and we'll clear it out."

The two brothers proceeded to the beach, above the rapids where the canoe was hauled up, and shoving it out into the stream and embarking, they moved slowly down to the place that had been designated.

William held the canoe steadily in place while Hiram began reaching with the gaff down into the water for the drift wood.

"By Jove," I exclaimed, "there's more water there

* Difficulty.



Grand Falls and Pool on the Nepisiguit River, N. B.

than I dreamed of; see! he has the whole length of the gaff under water, and his arms up to the elbows."

"Yes," replied Frere, "there is a sharp pitch there, and quite a deep hole."

In a short time Hiram shouted to William to "push in," and the canoe, impelled by the setting pole, soon touched the beach, Hiram dragging with the gaff what proved to be a large limb of a tree with the branches and twigs on, just as it had floated down the stream and sunk months before.

"That's a dangerous snag out of the way, at all events," said Frere. "What have you found, Hiram?" he exclaimed, as the guide, after hauling the limb up on the beach, proceeded to detach something that was evidently fastened to it.

"'Tis a bit of net that got torn on it," answered the guide, "that snag has done one good job anyway."

"Hallo, here is the rest of your cast, sir," exclaimed William, unwinding something that was also entangled in the twigs.

"What?" ejaculated Frere, "my casting line? Impossible."

"It is, sure enough, and the fly, too, all but the barb of the hook, that's gone."

It proved to be as they had stated; the salmon,

Pabineau Falls on the Nepisiguit River. Looking up the Stream. (Inst.)

after parting the casting line, had purposely entangled it afterward in the drift stuff and, breaking the hook, had freed itself of its unwelcome incumbrance.

"'Twas a crafty lad, altogether," said Hiram, handing the line to Frere, "how well he knew the way to get rid of it!"

"Yes," replied Frere, "I knew he would not carry it around long."

"It was a poor length of gut," I exclaimed, as I examined it. "See, here is at least six inches of it thin and flat."

"Yes," replied Frere, "I see it was weak there, although it would have made no difference if it had been perfect; it is almost impossible to obtain good casting lines nowadays except at fabulous prices, and even then they are likely to have weak places."

"That is true," said I, as we resumed our seats among the brakes, "there is sure to be a weak spot somewhere, and I have for years tied my own, and I use nothing but the best round gut of even and uniform thickness."

"I believe I will try it myself," replied Frere, "there is no great labor required in it, and it is worth something to have a cast on that one may feel absolute confidence in."

Pabineau Falls, Nepisiguit River, N. B. Looking Down the Stream.

"Yes," said Hiram, "the best cast is none too good. I was once out with a man from Montreal. He had a big lot of new casting lines, and they looked all right, but they went to pieces on every fish. He lost a big lot of saumon that trip, something like a dozen or fifteen, I am sure."

"He did so," added William, "he had hard luck, not a cast in the lot wuth tuppence."

"Do you mind, Doctor, how we lost the saumon last year in the White Rapids Pool on the Jacquet?" asked Hiram, addressing me, "Sure he was the wild divil, too."

"Yes, I shall not forget him for a while," I replied, "such a dance as he led us."

"How was it?" inquired Frere.

"Oh, it was only one of the cases of 'lost fish' that every one knows all about," I replied. "I was running down the river with Hiram in the canoe, fishing the pools on the way down. When we reached the White Rapids Hiram landed me on the shore above the pool, and I walked down along the river, casting as I went. When I reached the boil immediately below the rapids I got a rise, and casting again, was fast to a fine fish. He took down into the pool, and, from the way he cavorted around there, one would think he had an electric battery in his tail. Zip! he'd dart up and down the pool like an arrow,

and 'cree-e-e' the old reel sung out in response to his movements."

"Yes, the lad was in the air more of the time than in the water," exclaimed Hiram, "it was jump, jump, jump all over the pool; sure he was a wild divil, altogether."

"Yes," I replied, "he was a lively customer, I never had a fish quite so full of energy. At length he ran down to the foot of the pool, and criss-crossed over among some big boulders there and got the line wound around them. I yelled at the top of my lungs to Hiram to wade out with the gaff and cast off the line, or the fish would part it."

"Sure, I thought he was gone," said the guide. "I saw the line in the rocks and made sure it was broken."

"No," I continued, "he was still on when Hiram went out to him and cast off the line, and whir-r-r, how he made the water fly as he darted to the head of the pool again. Up and down did he continue to race, sometimes in the water, as often in the air, and apparently as fresh as at the start."

"No doubt a fresh-run fish," remarked Frere.

"Ah! yes, he was a bright one," said Hiram.

"At length he gave a big leap and then ran to the boil again, where he settled to the bottom, and stir him I could not. For at least fifteen minutes I tried every

means that I knew of for starting a sulking salmon, but he would not budge. Finally I got impatient and told Hiram to take the canoe and stir him up with the setting pole.

"'Are you sure he's still on?' Hiram called out.

"'On, of course he is,' I replied, 'see the line vibrate as the rascal shakes his head.'

"'Yes, he's trying to shake out the hook,' answered the guide, and he immediately started for the canoe.

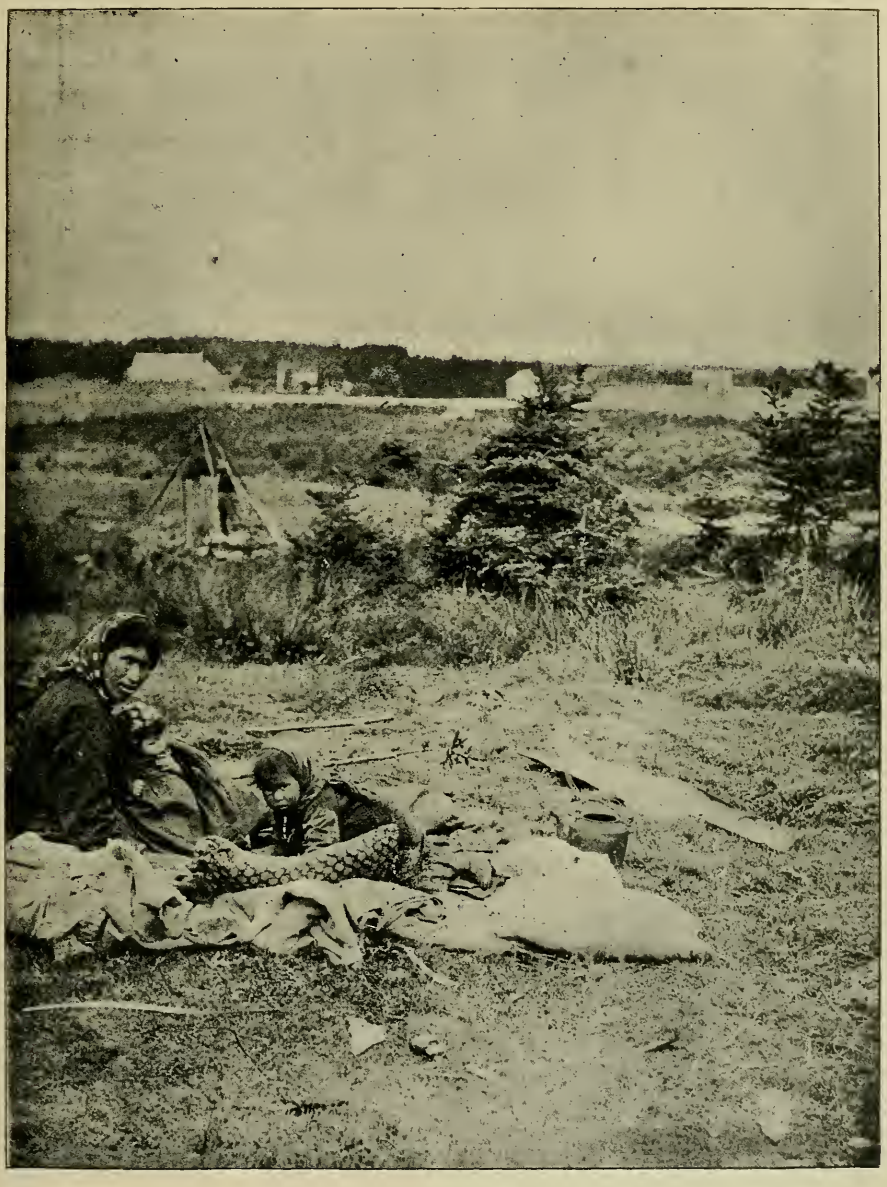
"I had a steady strain on the fish all the time, for all the rod was worth, and I kept it up while Hiram was bringing down the canoe. Now and again I felt a spiteful jerk, as if the fish were shaking the line back and forth. Anon would come a strong steady tug as if he were about to start out again on his wild racings, and then the dead hard resistance would follow.

"Hiram soon had the canoe in the pool, and going up to the head poked down with the setting pole where the salmon was lying, but the fish did not stir. Finally the guide took hold of the line and began lifting it carefully with one hand, underrunning it with the gaff.

"'Sure, the fish is gone!' at last he shouted.

"'No!' I exclaimed, 'impossible!'

"'He is gone, altogether,' replied Hiram, 'and you are fast to a tree at the bottom of the pool.'



A Snap Shot at Mic-Macs (Inst.)

"As he said this he put the gaff down into the water, and hooking it into a branch of sunken drift wood like that just taken out of this pool, he came ashore at my side."

"Ha, ha," exclaimed Frere, "that's a pretty good joke; the idea of playing a piece of drift stuff so long is rich."

"Yes, it was pretty rough on me, I admit," said I, but I'll be blessed if any one could have known it was not a salmon. The scamp no doubt freed himself as soon as he struck the drift stuff, and the line, fastened to the swaying limb, vibrated and pulled according to the strength of the water moving it back and forth. It felt all the time like a large strong fish."

"Tricky divils are salmon," sententiously observed William. "I never feel sure of one until he is high and dry on the shore."

"Yes, the salmon is a good fighter," said Frere, "and the uncertainty of bringing him to grass constitutes nine-tenths of the fascination there is in fishing for him."

"One cannot risk a single chance on him," I replied, "and it is often a little thing that brings the fisherman to grief even with the best of care."

"Sure enough," said Hiram. "Many's the good fish I've seen lost by the best fishermen, and sometimes the oldest hands have the hardest luck. But come, gentle-

men, the pool is well rested now, and there is a beautiful ripple on the water, and see the drift of clouds that is coming over."

Rising from our recumbent positions in the shade at his words, we found that a breeze had sprung up, and taking our rods we prepared for another trial in the pool. The wind was rippling the surface of the water beautifully, and the chances seemed good for a speedy rise. Frere now took a position in the rapids at the head of the pool, wading out to a depth of two or three feet, while I began casting above the eddy, across the pool.

This was a fair "turn and turn about" for us. It was much easier to cast down the pool from the head, but the chance for a salmon was best in the deep water near the foot. Frere had had his opportunity, and it was my turn now. Lengthening my line at every cast, I soon reached the coveted spot, and putting my fly in the curl of the water, I rose and hooked a grilse.

"Cre-e-e!" how the reel sang, as the fish darted up and down the pool, leaping high in the air, sometimes three or four times in succession.

William seized the landing net, the gaff not being needed for a grilse, and stood ready to land my fish.

A shout from Frere, who was standing in the rapids, attracted our attention, and his bent rod indicated that

he, too, had hooked a large fish, which a leap at that instant showed to be a salmon.

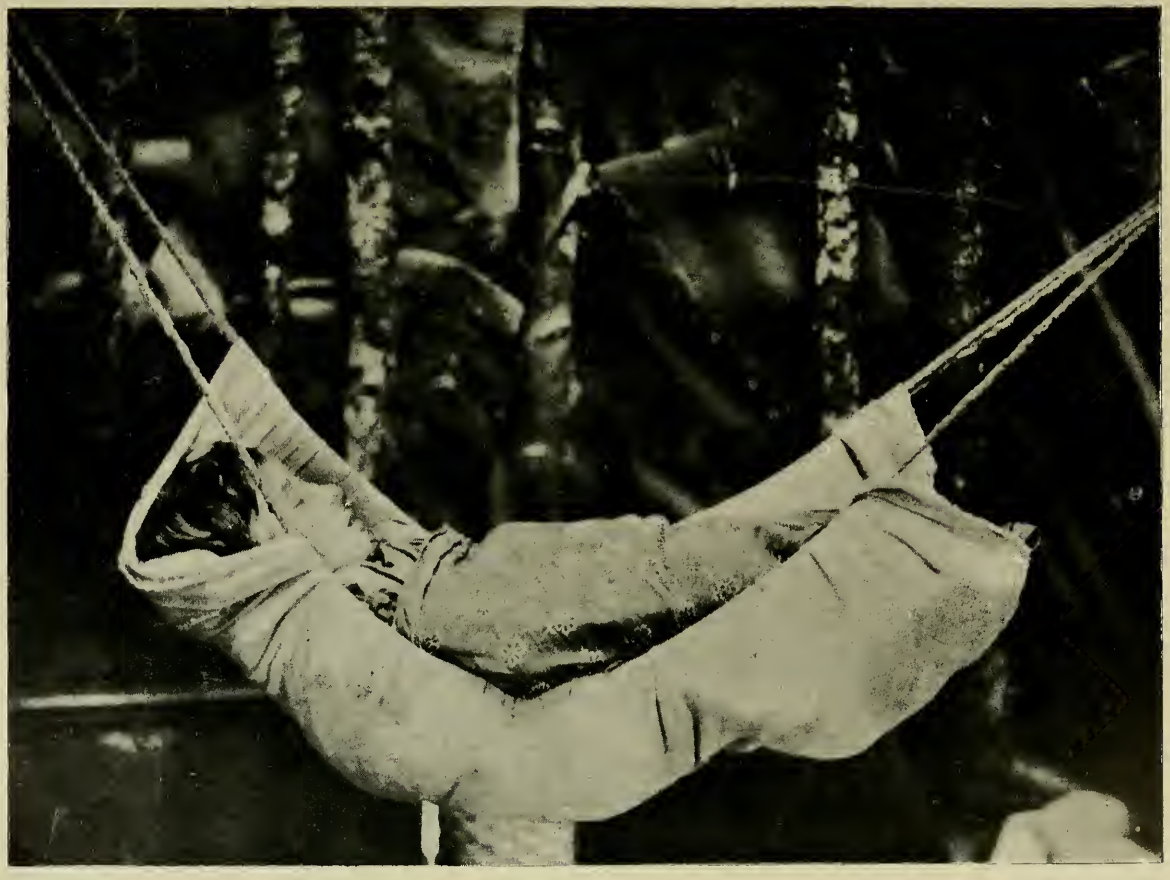
"Don't give the grilse any more time, Doctor," exclaimed William. "We must get him in before that salmon runs down here and crosses your line."

I did not need his counsel to see the urgent need of such action, and in a very short time the landing net passed under the grilse, and he was in the hands of the guide.

Frere was fast to a noble fish, and his heavy rod, bent into an arch, showed that he was endeavoring to keep him up in the pool, away from the dangerous rocks where he had lost the first fish.

It was a grand fight! Frere, immediately on striking the fish, left his position in the rushing water, and took his stand upon the point of the beach near by, thus obtaining a perfect command of the entire length of the pool.

The salmon in the first rush took out at least sixty yards of line without stopping; then, with a mighty leap, sprang into the air, his red eyes gleaming like rubies in their silver casing. Like a rock he struck the water, throwing it up with a heavy splash in all directions. As the fish fell, Frere relinquished his heavy strain upon the rod, dropping the tip a foot or two, in order that the



In a Mic-Mac Lodge. Small Mic-Mac Taking a Siesta.

salmon might not free himself by falling upon a taut casting line.

It was only for an instant, however, that the line was slackened, and the fish had hardly returned to his native element when the drag of the rod was again put upon him. Again and again the salmon leaped high in air four times in rapid succession; but Frere met his every effort with the consummate skill of the perfect angler.

For at least a quarter of an hour did the salmon course up and down the pool, now keeping it in a boil with his gyrations, now swimming deep, and apparently trying to chafe the line against the rocks at the bottom; then darting with the speed of lightning to another part of the basin, where he repeated his maneuvers.

Fortúnately he did not endeavor to reach the rapids below as the other fish had done, but contented himself with the deep water in the middle of the pool.

At length it was evident that the steady strain of the rod was telling upon the fish. His leaps grew less frequent, and his rushes less spiteful. He began swimming in circles, and once or twice almost turned on his side.

"He's done for," shouted William, who, gaff in hand, was following the fish back and forth along the beach.

"Don't be too sure, sir," said Hiram, who had been watching the contest with the keenest interest. "Many's the salmon lost when he keels over on his side."

And Hiram was right; it is often one of the most critical moments when the salmon turns on his side. The fisherman, perhaps in the certainty of his prize, unconsciously relaxes his lift upon the rod; or the fish secures an unexpected buoyancy, and thus attains an unlooked for leverage; or the hook, in his new position, twists out of its fastening, which had been worn wider and wider by the struggles of the fish; either or all of these combined have time and again in my observation turned the exultation of the fisherman to bitter disappointment and chagrin, as the salmon, with no apparent effort, sank back into the water, and the fly "came home."

In Frere, however, the salmon found his conqueror. With superb skill he met every effort of the fish to escape; relaxing not a moment his command of the rod, he kept the same steady strain upon the line; reeling in when the fish yielded a foot, and holding all he gained throughout the struggle.

The salmon, in turning the third time upon his side, gave Frere the opportunity he had desired; without attempting to use the reel, he stepped back quickly away from the pool, the "lift" of the rod dragging the fish

at the same time toward the shore. In a flash the gaff was in the glittering prize, and the fish was borne up high on the beach, away from the dangerous proximity of the water.

"Indeed, but he was well hooked," exclaimed Hiram, as he opened the mouth of the salmon to remove the fly.

"Sure he was so," assented William, as he endeavored to take out the fly. "The hook is clean through the roof of his mouth."

So securely was the hook fastened that it was found necessary to cut it out, the tough skin of the palate holding it with the greatest tenacity.

"Shake, old chap," I said, grasping Frere's hand, as I congratulated him on his first salmon of the season.

Next to killing a good fish myself, I love to see a friend take one, and I can honestly asseverate that I have, time and again, had more pleasure in helping a comrade to a royal fish, than I should have had if it had fallen to my own rod. It is only a "fish hog" who wants it all himself.

It was now high noon, and the guides began preparations for dinner, and before long an abundant meal was spread out upon our rustic table. And such appetites as we had, as we helped ourselves liberally to the delicious viands! The active life, the bracing mountain air, the

View on the Matapedia River, P. Q. Near the Upsalquitch.

excitement altogether, had stirred our blood in such a way that we were absolutely hungry, a condition that the city dweller knows but little of. We had a little more variety than at breakfast, the canned soup, etc., lending assistance, but I contented myself with a third helping of boiled sea trout and potatoes. These are always good enough for me in the woods, if they are flanked with good bread and butter and a good dipper of tea.

Why is it that tea has such a relish on such occasions? Usually I am very abstemious of it, in fact hardly ever using it, but in my outings it is quite different, and coffee, which at home constitutes my regular beverage, loses its relish. And I have noticed time and again that guides and canoemen also prefer tea to coffee, and it is astonishing how much they are dependent on the cup that "cheers but not inebriates." Indians and white guides are the same in this respect, and many a time has my canoeman, without a word from me, glanced up to the noonday sun, pulled silently ashore, and lighted the fire for "b'iling the tea kittle." A pint dipper of strong tea with a biscuit or two has, in a hurried journey, proved sufficient, if followed by the inevitable pipe; and the paddle or setting pole was resumed with renewed vigor.

"Well, Frere," said I, as we arose from our bounti-

View of the Matapedia Valley, Looking up the Stream Across the Restigouche River, N. B.

ful repast, "what shall it be, stay here to-night or move on up the river?"

"It is hard to decide," he replied. "We know there are fish here, and don't know there are any above."

"Oh, plenty above, no trouble," exclaimed the guides with one voice, evidently anxious to be moving; like all guides I have ever met, they were not satisfied to remain long in one place.

"We might, if that is the case," replied Frere, "go on as far as the fifth pool, stop there to-night, and then move on to the upper pools to-morrow. What do you say?" he asked, turning to me.

"All right," I replied, "we are sure to find sport in some of the pools, and even if we don't we have an abundance of food."

"Indeed ye have, and more," exclaimed Hiram, "but I thought if we got up the stream to the farms in the upper settlement, we could send out to the hotel a lot of fish for your folks to eat."

"Well, boys, break camp," said I, "and we will pack and start."

In a short time all our belongings were packed in the canoe, and we were ready to start.

For quite a distance up the river the water was so shoal that all of us had to wade, the canoe barely clear-

ing the rocky bottom, with no other load than our camp equipage and stores. After that there were at intervals stretches of a third to a half mile where there was water sufficient to float us. In fact in many places it was too deep to be waded.

We fished the best pools on the way up, but succeeded in getting only a few sea trout, although we saw many salmon. The sun was too bright and the water too clear for us to expect old *Salar* to come to the fly at that time of day.

Frere and I took our stands upon the rocks by the side of the pool, and cast for at least an hour, but we rose only a few trout, and we responded willingly to the announcement from William that, "Supper's ready, gentlemen."

With rousing appetites we disposed of the feast spread out before us, and then, once more stretched out before the camp fire, we burned our incense in comfort and contentment with all the world.

"After all, Doctor," said Frere, "there is no pleasure like that the sportsman enjoys."

"Right you are," I replied, "and no other sportsman gets the solid satisfaction that the fisherman does."

"I believe you are right," he replied, "there is nothing I enjoy so much as angling."

"No, I've tried almost everything, have shot almost all kinds of game, and have had my share of yachting and hunting, but I find nothing that begins to offer a comparison with salmon fishing."

"No," said Hiram, "it's a king's own sport, altogether."

"It is so," said William, who had been busy at dish washing, but who had now joined our group at the fire, "and it's the thing that proves the nature of a man better than anything else I know of."

"You're right, William," said I. "I want only a few hours on the stream with a man to find out exactly what he is. If he is a gentleman, bred in the bone, he will not fail to show it."

"And if he is the other thing, he cannot hide it, neither," replied William.

"Many's the quare divil we've been out with, and many's the hog we found out among them, hey, Hiram?"

His brother grunted an assent, but made no other reply.

"Yes, there's nothing like a fishing trip with a man to show his true character," said I.

"I remember an incident that will illustrate this. I was once fishing a river in Nova Scotia with a man whom I had always considered a perfect type of a gentleman, but

VALLEY OF THE RESTIGOUCHE. LOOKING DOWN STREAM. SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN IN DISTANCE.

inside of three days he exhibited traits that I would not have supposed he possessed.

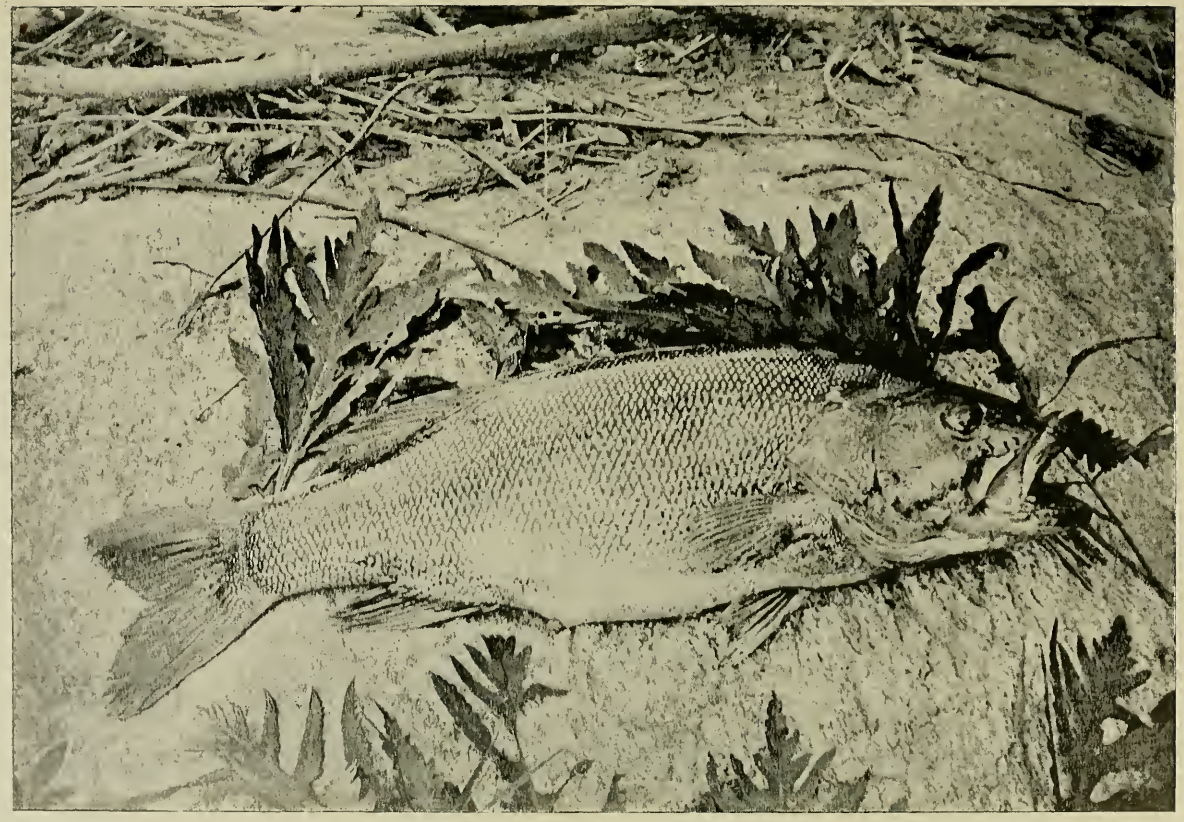
"We were stopping at the same hotel, and had the river all to ourselves. At the beginning we agreed to draw lots for pools, and it being my first choice, I took the first pool from the salt water, he the second, I the third, and so on through the whole five miles of fishing that we had.

"I noticed that his countenance seemed to show dissatisfaction when the choices were made, but as nothing could possibly be fairer than our arrangement, I took no notice of his discomfort. He had fully as good pools as I had, and I could think of no more equitable way of dividing them.

"Well, our first day on the river was one to be remembered. We left the hotel together and walked to the river, a mile or so, chatting pleasantly and enjoying the delightful morning hugely. But when we reached the river, and I began rigging for my first cast in my pool, instead of going along to his own, he sat down on a log and began grumbling like a bear with a sore head.

"'It's just my infernal luck,' he said, 'to have you get this pool. I always liked it, and in fact it's a favorite with me.'"

"That was a good starter," ejaculated Hiram.



A Bass Relievo.

"Yes," I replied.

"'Well," I said to him, 'I don't mind, you take my pools and I'll take yours to-day, and to-morrow we will change.'

"'No,' replied my friend, 'that will give you the fourth pool to-day, and as that is the best pool on the river, and it has not been fished lately, I am sure of a salmon in it.'

"'Very good,' I answered, 'we'll stick to the original programme.'

"By this time I was rigged and ready to begin casting. My friend still sat on his log, although I suggested he had better take advantage of the early fishing.

"I began casting, and rose a beautiful fish at the third cast. I missed him, and then such a growl as my companion uttered would have tried the patience of Job.

"'Just my infernal luck. Oh! what a beautiful fish. If I had had this pool. Cuss the luck,' etc., etc.

"I waited a few minutes and then began casting again, and soon rose and hooked my salmon. It was a bright silvery fish just from the sea.

"Such a look of absolutely green jealousy and envy as I caught on the face of my friend, I had never seen before, and it destroyed all the pleasure I was expecting. However, I played the fish as well as I could, but I felt

nervous, for I had never before had such an experience. Alas, my casting line parted in the middle of one of the furious runs of the salmon, and he was free.

"'Too bad, too bad,' exclaimed my friend, but his countenance belied his words, for if ever I saw a face lighted up with satisfaction his was.

"He took his rod and guide and started off for the second pool.

"After repairing damages—the fault was in the casting line, a flat place only an inch in length in the gut having broken, all the rest of the leader being perfect—I cast in the same pool again for a while, but without any success.

"At length I reeled up, and with my guide moved along up to the third pool, which was my next one. As we passed the second my friend was busy casting, but he had had no rises, as his guide informed us.

"At the third pool at my second cast I hooked and killed a grilse, and soon after rose a fine salmon, hooked and played him, and my guide was just on the point of gaffing the fish when my friend joined us.

"He came down the path with a bound, and as we killed the salmon he burst out with a loud 'I congratulate you; I congratulate you!' but he looked ready to cry.

"All this made me so uncomfortable that I said I would give him the balance of the river for the day, for I had had all the fishing I wanted, and with my guide carrying my salmon and grilse, I returned to the hotel."

"Ha, ha!" shouted Hiram, "that man wanted the earth."

"Well," I continued, "the next day it was the same story, and the next. Nothing would satisfy him, and on the evening of the third day, I told him that on the next morning I was going to another river a few miles away, and he would have this stream all to himself, and even that did not satisfy him, for his last words when I left him on the following day were:

"'Don't kill all the salmon in the river, for I expect to fish it in a few days.'"

"He was a hog clean through," exclaimed Hiram.

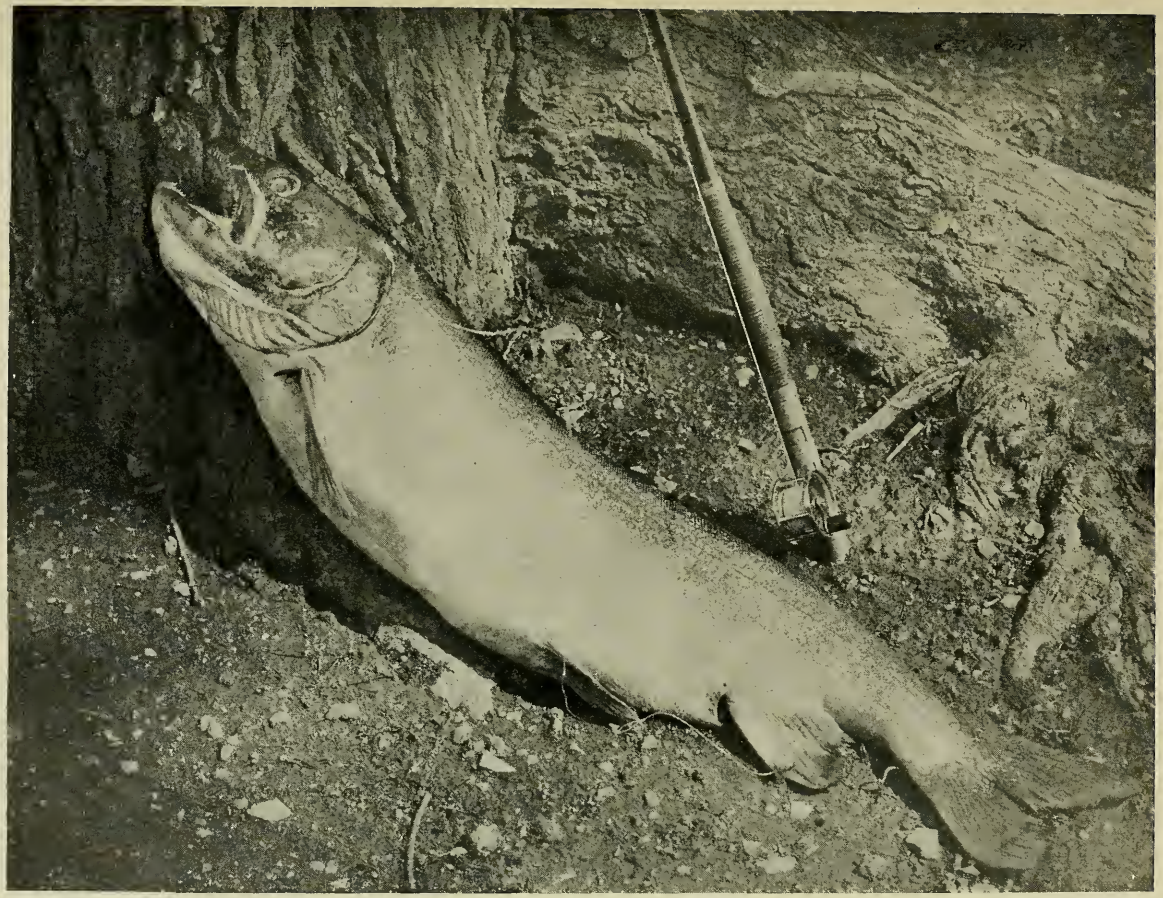
"He was," assented William.

"Yes, there is nothing like going fishing with a man to give one a true insight into his character," said Frere.

"Sure," responded Hiram, "and it don't take a guide long to find him out."

"Right you are, Hiram," said William.

And the brothers were right; no one can size up a fisherman as correctly and quickly as an old guide, and I confess I always make my first casts with that trepi-



A Lake Trout.

dation when I am out with a new man, knowing, as I do, that my every movement is scanned with the keenest scrutiny, and my every word weighed in a balance that is unerring.

"What other fish do you find in the Nova Scotia waters in addition to the sea trout and salmon?" asked Frere, after a short pause.

"About the same variety that we find in the New Brunswick lakes and streams," I replied, "there are almost innumerable lakes in the interior which are full of the spotted trout and other fish. There is capital land-locked salmon fishing in some of the lakes, notably Folly Lake, thirty miles or so from Halifax, although the people there call it grayling fishing; the grayling, however, is quite another fish. In many of the rivers there may be taken sea trout and the spotted trout, side by side, and even with the same cast. I am told that there are huge lake trout in some of the larger bodies of water, but I cannot say with certainty as to the truth of this, as I have never taken any."

"What do you mean by lake trout?" inquired Hiram, adjusting the logs on the fire, "are they anything but overgrown spotted trout?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, "they are quite a different fish, although we occasionally take spotted or brook trout

in some of our Maine lakes that weigh from ten to twelve pounds."

This statement was received by a look of incredulity by the guides.

"Yes. I have heard of the big trout of the Rangeley Lakes," said Frere, and I have long wished for an opportunity to have a cast at them."

"Do you mean that they are the genuine spotted trout?" asked William, still apparently incredulous.

"Certainly," replied Frere, "at least all the scientific men pronounce them to be the Simon-pure brook trout."

"Well, all I can say is," exclaimed Hiram, "I would like to see such a trout; we get them as high as five pounds, or perhaps a little more in some of our back lakes, but ten or twelve pounds, never."

"How do they differ from some of the 'lakers' that we get in the big lakes in the Province of Quebec, those that we call the lunge or tuladi?" asked William.

"Oh, they are quite different," I answered, "although in some seasons and conditions of the water the two varieties might be confounded by an ordinary observer. I have noticed lake trout almost as highly colored as the others, and specimens of both that could hardly be separated. Coloration is no guide, no sure guide to identification, because it is never constant."

"The spotted trout, *fontinalis*, is always square-tailed, Doctor," said Frere.

"Usually, but not always," I replied. "I have seen specimens with distinctly forked tails, in localities where the 'lakers' are unknown, and have called the attention of fishermen to the fact, when I have taken such."

"But you have never seen a 'laker' with a forked tail," added Frere.

"No," I answered, "I cannot say I have, and that characteristic furnishes a constant means of identification of that fish."

"I have heard that the 'lakers' never come to the fly," said Frere, "is that true?"

"Yes," I said, "generally speaking, but they sometimes do take the fly, as I have seen on several occasions, and I have myself twice caught them in this way. Both these fish gave very good sport indeed, and one of them gave me all I wanted to attend to for over half an hour. This was in 1860, on Grand Lake Stream. I was fishing for land-locked salmon, and at that time there was fishing there that *was* fishing. I had cast out across the pool just below the old dam, and the eddy or back water seized my line, and drew the fly in a sweep right across the water below the sluice. I saw a fish rise, and, striking, I found I had something out of the usual

A Rangeley Trout. Not Handsome, but it Weighed 11½ lbs.

run. The fish started at once for the deepest part of the pool, and there he hung. My Indian guide, Etienne Leweys, after a few minutes, began to get excited.

"'What kind salmon you hitched to?' said he. 'He no jump, no run, but just lay still.'

"I waded out into the pool up to my waist, but could not move the fish. Every now and then I could feel his head shake, and the line gave that spasmodic quiver which one always feels when a big fish is hooked; but I could not move him. I gave every ounce of strain that the tackle would stand, and tried all the expedients commonly practiced by fishermen.

"Finding that I could not move the fish, I told the guide to get into the canoe and stir up the rascal with his setting pole. When the canoe approached the fish I could feel that he was growing nervous, and when the Indian thrust down the pole near where he was lying, with one dart he left the pool and made for the rapids.

"If ever a fish pulled, that one did, and if ever one worked hard to stop him, I did. The reel spun out the line, and like an arrow the fish approached the quick water; once in that and no tackle would save him. Suddenly he turned, and making a sweep around the further side of the pool, returned to his original position.

"All this time neither myself nor the Indian had seen

the fish, and we had no idea as to what he was. Reeling in the line again, I gave him all the strain I could, but he was too strong for me. I told Leweys to stir him up again, and the same performance was repeated as at first. Evidently the fish was disinclined to go down the rapids, and that being the case, if we kept him moving in the pool we knew we could in time exhaust him. My wrist and arm began to tire, and the Indian wanted to take the rod, but I had no notion to let him land my fish.

"To make a short story of it, for a half hour we kept that fish on the move. Sometimes he darted for the sluice, and I even almost expected he would ascend to the lake above; then he headed for the rapids, but always lacked the courage or inclination to go into the white water. At length he began to swim in narrower circles, and we then knew that the strain of the rod had conquered him. As we had absolutely no idea as to what the fish was, we were, well, somewhat excited. Salmon he was not, we knew very well, for never did salmon behave as did this fish.

"At length we succeeded in landing him, and then Leweys exclaimed 'Togue!' The weight of the fish was about fifteen pounds.

"There are a good many other instances on record

of the lake trout taking the fly," I continued, "although as a rule he can be taken only with the bait, in still-fishing, or by trolling with the spinning minnow, in deep water." *

* The vagaries and caprices of the *Salmonidæ* in accepting and rejecting the artificial fly are not only well known to fishermen, but they are acknowledged as being no safe thing to reckon on. That is to say, no one can declare positively that a particular variety will take such and such a fly always, and another variety will never take any kind of a fly. So that when we see the statement made in fishing books that lake trout always refuse the fly, we will receive it with many grains of saline allowance. For years I have held the belief that the toag of Grand Lake and some of the other Maine lakes, and the lunge of the Connecticut River lakes, and those in Canada, are identically the same fish, and I find that I am not alone in my opinion.

S. Garman, in his interesting paper on "Salmon and Trout," published in the Massachusetts Fish Commissioners' Report for 1884, groups the lake trout found in "the great lakes, and their tributaries, eastward to the Atlantic and northward to Hudson's Bay," into one species. He excepts only the *Salmo siscowet*, found in Lake Superior, and includes all the other species described by authors as *S. namaycush*, *amethystinus*, *toma*, *confinis* and *symmetrica*, calling them all *S. namaycush*. I do not know that I am prepared to follow him fully, although the series of specimens to which he has access entitles him to consideration. If we have but two species of lake trout in this country, it is very important that fishermen should know it. Of course, color and markings cannot be depended on in establishing species, for these vary greatly. Mr. Garman says, in describing all the fish grouped as *S. namaycush*, that the color is "grayish brown, very light to very dark, with pale spots on the sides and dark marblings on the cheeks," but every fisherman knows that the color will vary even more than from "very light to very dark."

The following description and account of the habits of the togue is from a brochure on this fish, published by A. C. Hamlin, M.D., and reprinted in the second annual report upon the "Natural History and Geology of the State of Maine, 1882." I present it here, because, so far as my own observation goes, it will apply to most of the so-called "lake trout" of the North and East. I omit the purely technical portions of the description.

"The togue, *Salmo toma*, Hamlin. This trout, known among the aborigines

It's a Good One.

"What sort of a fish is the land-locked salmon, that you spoke of?" asked Hiram; "I don't think I ever saw one, altogether."

"Well, Hiram," I replied, "as near as I can describe

as the togue, tuladi, etc., has been classed by some observers as identical with the *Salmo hucho* of the Danube and of the lakes of northern Europe; but in these classifications peculiarities of anatomical structure have been overlooked, and the habits of the two fishes have also been noted as similar, whereas in reality they present great contrasts, for the one, agile and alert, seeks the swift and foaming currents of the clearest streams, and the other, sly and sluggish, haunts always the quiet waters of the deepest lakes. It is mentioned by Mr. Gesner in his report upon New Brunswick, and identified with the *Salmo lacustris* of Lake Geneva; a proper examination of the two fishes, however, will satisfy the naturalist that few positive analogies can be drawn; and again it is identified with the *Salmo ferox* of Loch Arve, in Scotland, in the descriptive catalogue of fishes of New Brunswick, by Mr. Perley, who identifies from the characters drawn by Sir W. Jardine and Mr. Yarrell, some of which would certainly lead the observer, unless minute, into the same error, for it cannot be denied that great similarities are to be observed, but there are also as many with the *S. erythinus* of Siberia.

"There is none among all the *Salmonidæ* which resembles it more in form, color, linear markings, etc., than the *S. stscowet* described by M. Agassiz, and until that eminent naturalist in a momentary examination observed differences, it was regarded as identical with that species.

"In shape it is not so elegant as that of some other species of the *Salmonidæ*, but its whole form indicates great strength and swiftness, although it has the reputation of being slow and sluggish. The female is more perfect in its proportions than the male, not having that gibbous appearance at the nape, where the outlines of the head pass into those of the back, and besides its general contour is more delicate. A rich, pearly lustre covers the ventral regions, deepening into russet toward the lateral line, above which the color appears of a deep mottled gray, still deepening into blue as it approaches the dorsal summit. The same pearly hues, blended and intermingled with gray, are observed upon the opercula. Spots and markings of a light sienna color appear on the sides; these spots are circular, without being ocellate, and appear indistinct and grayish upon the dorsal and upon the commencement of the caudal. All these colors vary according to the seasons and

it, it looks very much like a grilse, but has a wider tail and higher dorsal or back fin."

"They are very gamy, I am told," remarked Frere; "friends of mine who have taken them in the Schoodics describe the land-locks as being full of life and great fighters."

"Yes," I answered, "they resemble a grilse in that respect, they jump high and often, and are very strong for their size. If we had not had so much fish talk to-

local influences, being brighter at the spawning period than at other times. This trout inhabits many of the great lakes and deep mountain tarns of Maine and New Brunswick, but it is believed not to exist in those of eastern New Brunswick, which singular hiatus in its distribution perhaps may be explained by the absence of deep waters in that country. It haunts the deepest waters, where the cold, or the repose to which it leads, favors that development and conservation of fat which is indeed a characteristic, and it steals forth in quiet at the approach of twilight or at early morn to the shoals and the shores in quest of its prey, which consists, for the most part, of the *Lota* and *Cyprinidæ;* but its baffled voracity often contents itself with substances entirely foreign, as its stomach presents sometimes a heterogeneous mass of bones, leaves, twigs and fragments of decayed wood. Its habits vary in some localities; in certain lakes they are bold, and, ranging near the surface, at times may be taken by trolling, but never rising to the fly, while in other lakes they are timid and seek the obscurest recesses; thus, for instance, their existence in the Tunk Lakes was unknown for more than half a century to the inhabitants living near their shores.

"Its mysterious nature has furnished the all-observing Indian with some proper idioms, and it appears again in the vague mythology and wild legends of that almost extinct race. Its names are various among the different tribes, and if the present are not of the half-breed Canadian date they are perhaps of recent origin, since the few remaining dialects have changed greatly within a century past. Considering, then, the uncertainty of its ancient name and the diversity of its synonym, I propose my friend Toma of the Openangos."

night, I would give you an account of one of my trips to the Schoodics in old times; but it is getting late and I think we are all tired enough to go to bed."

"Oh, it's not late yet," exclaimed Frere, looking at his watch, "it's only half-past eight. Fire away, and let's hear about the land-locks."

"Yes," said the guides, "we can't get too many fish stories."

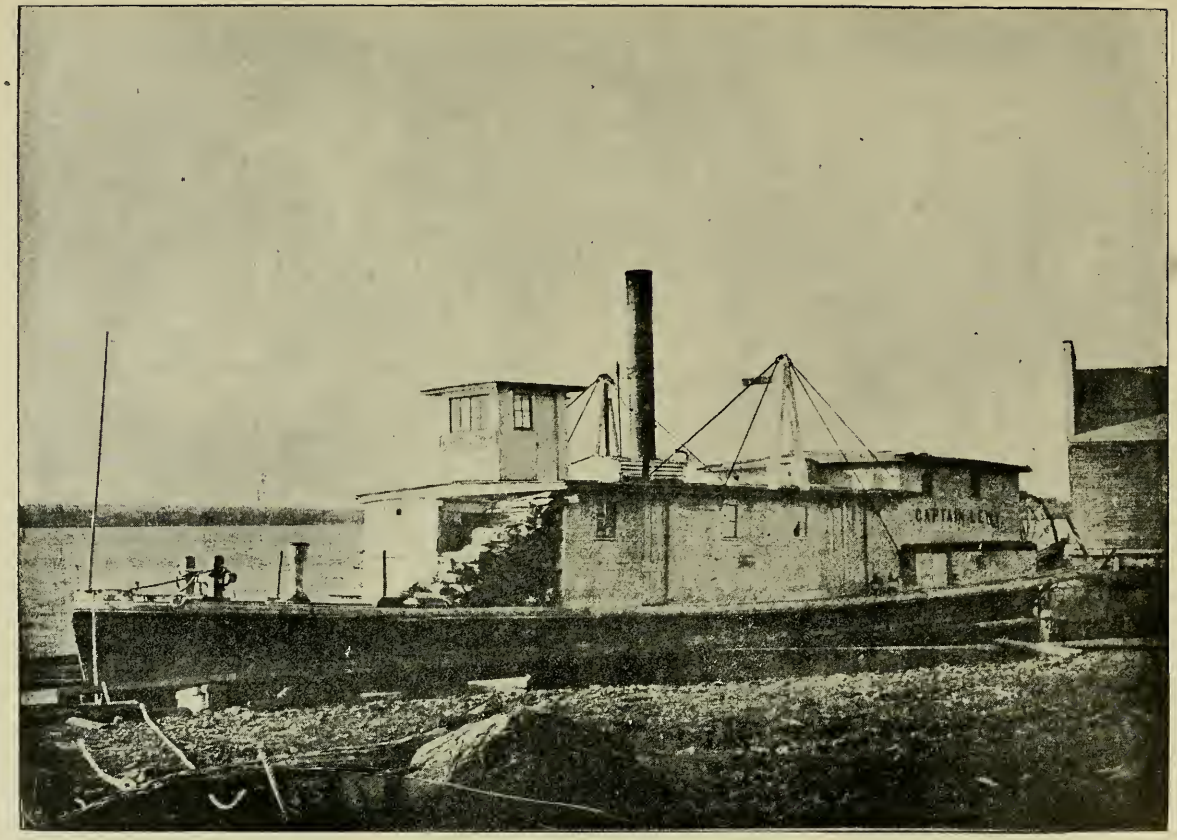
"Well, fix the fire, boys," said I, "and I will do as you say."

Hiram arose, and drawing the half-burned logs together in the middle of the fire, he added two or three large ones to serve as side sticks and fore sticks.

The flames and sparks shot up and illuminated the forest about us in a way that the camper-out delights in. What is there more cheerful and inspiring than such a fire as that, and on such an occasion?

"It was away back in the sixties that we used to get our best fishing in the Schoodics," I began, "and it was royal sport indeed. There are now huge tanneries and mills on the stream where we had the best success, and, of course, they have injured the fishing there, although there are plenty of land-locks left.

"I visited the stream last November on a tour I made of the different fish hatcheries, and saw six or seven



Pioneer Steamer on the Schoodic Lakes, Me.

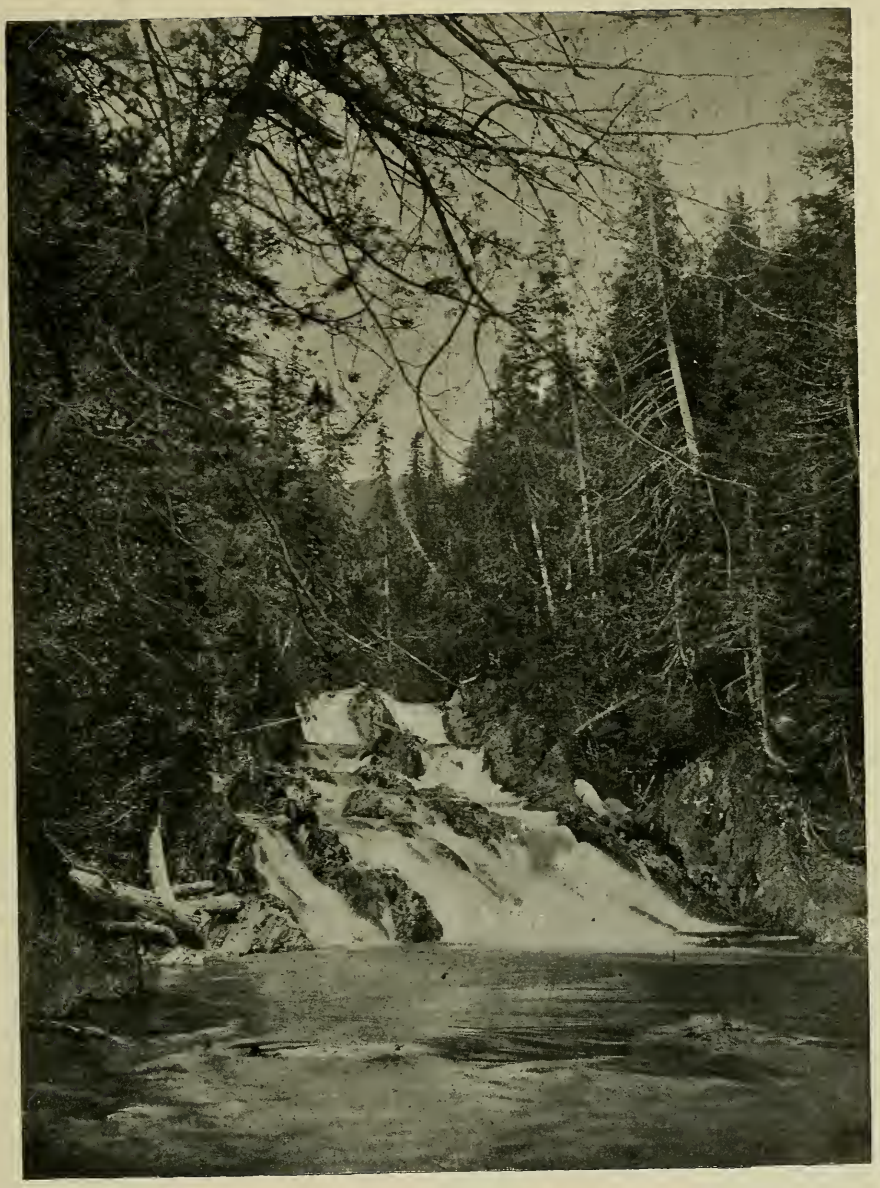
hundred beautiful fish swimming about in the corrals. But in those days that I speak of there was not a house on the stream; in fact it was a wilderness, as one might say.

"We used to start for the lakes about the beginning of September, and we put in about two weeks there. We thus not only avoided the black flies which abounded there in the spring and summer months, but we got also, in addition to the fishing, some very fine shooting, there being an abundance of feathered game all around those lakes.

"On the occasion that I am about to describe, we left Boston in one of the fine steamers of the International Steamship Company. I had two friends along as companions, both of them visiting the Schoodics on this trip for the first time. It is a most delightful trip from Boston to Eastport on one of these steamers, and well worth taking even for the trip alone.

"On this occasion we had a fine run to Portland, at which city we arrived at about four o'clock in the afternoon, and as we had a large amount of freight to unload and another lot to take on, we did not leave until about sundown.

"There was a piano on the boat, and one musically inclined young man thrummed some popular airs on it, a portion of the audience joining in the choruses. Their



Falls on a Tributary of the Cascapedia River, P. Q.

voices were not always 'tuned to one harmonious key,' and the piano was not of the best, still it was music, and music on the water is always acceptable, as I have proved on many occasions. Once, while making a Western trip, I found myself an a river steamer which was blessed, or, if you prefer, the contrary, with a calliope. No one on board seemed to know how to play it, but when the captain learned that I could play the piano, he insisted that I should try the calliope. I went and tried! And such an experience as I had! There was a keyboard corresponding to that on a piano, each key being connected with a valve, which when opened by pressure on the key, emitted a screech, approximating to some tone. Harmony on the instrument was bad, for the tones and intervals were far from perfect, but the air played sounded something like what it should be.

"Well, I went at the calliope, and after a few preliminary flourishes to get the hang of the thing, I began the 'Brindisi' in 'Il Trovatore.' Soon I had an audience of about fifty Buckeyes, Hoosiers, etc., with their wives and sweethearts, and they were not satisfied until I had exhausted my *repertoire*. When I state that every note went through my head like a clap of thunder, and that the valves leaked the steam so badly that I was enveloped in a cloud worse than a Russian bath, and intensely

View on the Cascapedia River, P. Q.

warm, you will honestly acknowledge that I earned the applause I obtained."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Frere, "you worked your passage."

"I did," I replied. "But to resume my story.

"After we had two hours of singing in the cabin, we sought our staterooms and slept soundly until daybreak. On going on deck we found that the day promised to be fair, but a good sea was on. A number of hardy souls were 'forrard' enjoying the magnificent sunrise; we joined them, and until we reached the wharf at Eastport, we had a most enjoyable sail.

"The shores of northeastern Maine are remarkably picturesque; sometimes immense ledges break abruptly from the ocean and tower aloft hundreds of feet; their surfaces are deeply fissured and broken, and the beating waves ascending, enter numerous caves and inlets, then descending again, the water gushes from the fissures and caverns in a series of most beautiful cascades. Anon, richly wooded hills appear, then pastures, farms and villages. Sometimes the shores are so abrupt, that the steamer passes almost within a biscuit-toss of them, and the thunder of the great paddle wheels, the hissing of the water before the cutting prow, the voices of the people on the deck, all are echoed back with wonderful distinctness.

Salmon Falls on the Cascapedia River, P. Q.

"Sometimes a lighthouse is seen perched on a ledge ahead. As we approach the gray old wave-beaten sentinel, the light keeper, who has been watching our coming, salutes us by ringing his ponderous fog bell. The rich, sad tones steal over the waters and are lost in the immense space beyond. We acknowledge the salute by blowing the steamer's whistle, and then pass on.

"At ten o'clock in the forenoon we reached the wharf at Eastport, and were transferred to the river steamer which plies between Eastport and Calais. After a half hour's delay we started. Passing through St. Croix Bay we commenced the ascent of the St. Croix River, and at about four o'clock reached Calais, our destination.

"Here we secured rooms for the night at one of the hotels, and set about procuring and packing our stores for our outing. On the following morning we took the train for the lakes. The road is, or was, operated by the lumber companies along the river, and the trains were run almost entirely in their interest.

"Our train on this occasion was a long one, a number of open cars with long benches being attached to the regular train for the accommodation of a picnic party on an excursion to a grove somewhere on the line. What a chattering, happy, rosy, careless crowd it was! Sires and dames with huge baskets of provender, careful swains,

and beautiful red-lipped tempting lasses, youths in spencers and newly donned breeches, and little maidens rejoicing in shining faces, curly tresses and clean pinafores. How they tumbled into the cars, and without loss of time scrambled into the first convenient seats. Here a buxom dame with half a dozen little ones in her lap or swarming about her seat; there a patient old lady, with neat cap hidden beneath a huge sun bonnet, trying to quiet a youngster who was almost irrepressible. Yonder, three or four pretty girls of fifteen or sixteen cast furtive glances at us, and then, when detected, joined in one harmonious giggle. Behind us a tender swain, evidently past asking the anxious question, was seated with his inamorata in his lap, and folded in his would-be tender arms.

"If that party did not have a jolly time, a roaring jolly time, when it got into the grove and indulged in all the phases of a rustic picnic, I am greatly mistaken. It had all the essentials; the day was pleasant; big baskets in great numbers were to be seen on all sides; the sexes were just fairly proportioned, with the female element in the proper majority, of course. Black flies and mosquitoes were *non est*, and what was there to prevent enjoyment? I am greatly in error if, before nightfall, not more than one tender story was told beneath the shady pines and hemlocks, if there was not more than one soft

promise, one tremulous whispered assent, one long-drawn sigh of tender passion."

"Yes, yes, that's first-rate, and mighty interesting," interrupted Frere, "but where do your land-locked salmon come in?"

"We'll come to them shortly," I replied.

"When we reached the station at Leweys Island, the terminus of the railroad, and the point of departure for the Schoodics, we found the miscellaneous crowd that always assembles at such out-of-the-way places for the arrival of the train.

"Among the faces I recognized my old Indian guides Etienne Leweys, Sol Sepsis, Pete, his brother, and others, who greeted us heartily. In a short time our luggage was removed from the cars to the canoes which we were to have, and as soon as we had changed our clothes at the hotel for others better adapted to bush life, we joined our guides at the shore, and, embarking in the birches, were soon upon the waters of Big Lake, the lower of the chain.

"Our guides were old Pete Sepsis, one of the most reliable Indians on the lake, and Mitchell Leweys, the oldest son of Etienne, a good canoeman and a first-rate all-round man for a fishing or hunting trip in that section. My companions, who were a little of the 'light-weight'

Thirty-Five Salmon Taken by Four Rods in Three Days on the Cascapedia River, P. Q.
Average Weight 29½ lbs

order, occupied Sepsis's canoe, while I, together with a greater portion of the luggage, made a good load for Leweys's birch.

"The Passamaquoddy birch glides over the water like an eggshell, and with a sturdy hand at the paddle it goes with surprising swiftness. In less than three-quarters of an hour we had reached Indian Point, a settlement of Indians five miles above the island, and this too with the canoes loaded well down with ourselves and baggage.

"This settlement comprised some four hundred souls. It was in a flourishing condition, had a school house, a priest house, or church, and there were about two hundred acres of land under cultivation, growing Indian corn, potatoes, beans, wheat, oats and vegetables, in fact nearly everything grown on northern farms except fruit, the seasons being too short for its successful culture.

"After landing at the settlement, and inspecting the various improvements, spending a short half hour, we returned to the canoes.

"The passage up the lake was charming. The wind was blowing fresh and a considerable sea was running—in fact I almost expected once or twice to be swamped, but the frail birch swam buoyantly over the waves, impelled at a rapid rate by the powerful strokes of the Indian's paddle.

"The immense stretch of water faded away in the distant horizon, with but a thin strip of hills beyond. The shores of the lake are generally rather low, not high nor mountainous, and the surrounding country is much more level than the lake country in the western part of Maine near the Rangeley Lakes.

"We reached the outlet of the Grand Lake Stream late in the afternoon, and landing our baggage, my companions busied themselves in pitching the tent, making beds, and putting on the camp kettle and potato pot over the rousing fire, which was soon kindled by old Sepsis. Leweys and I re-entered our canoe as soon as I had got my tackle ready, and he poled the birch out into the rapids in order that we might try the land-locks. When we were in a good position, I began casting, and in a very short time I got a rise, and rise it was indeed, for a handsome fish, an exact counterpart of a grilse, but not so large, leaped clear of the water, and seized my fly as I was lifting it. Fortunately my line was straight, or my tip would have gone.

"In an instant he was darting down the stream, spinning my line from the reel with a speed that made my nerves tingle. What frantic efforts he made to free himself; but in vain; the hook was securely fastened, and no leaping or running or jumping would avail him. After

playing him a short time, the landing net was passed under him, and he was lifted into the canoe. It was my first fish of the season, and what a beauty he was —a miniature salmon in almost every particular.

"In a short time I secured another, and with these we returned to camp. Old Sepsis glanced at them approvingly, and said, 'Good luck; fish mighty skace, leetle too early for um.'

"The fish were soon fried, and supper was ready; and such a meal as we ate! The potatoes and fish disappeared as if by magic, and the other comestibles suffered in proportion.

"After the meal was disposed of, I climbed the hill above the camp to take a view of the scene. Every stone, every tuft of grass, every clump of bushes and group of trees looked as familiar and unaltered as if I had left them but the day before. It almost seemed as if every whisper in the leaves of the trees was a welcome to me, as if they were saying, 'We're glad to see you once more up here in the wilderness.' However, whether they were glad to see me or not, I was happy to be once more among them and enjoy their pleasant company.

"We awoke next morning at daybreak, and after a turn at the fire, for the mornings were already quite cool, we entered the canoes for a raid among the ducks, which

Lord Stanley's Fishing Cottage on the Cascapedia River, P. Q.

at that season of the year were very abundant among the reeds and swales on the shores, and at the outlets of the small rivers and streams which empty into the lakes. My two friends started in old Sepsis's canoe, while I had the younger Indian to myself.

"The ducks most abundant were the dusky or black duck (*Anas obscura*), the summer duck, the golden-eyed duck, sometimes called the whistler, and the hooded merganser. They were fully feathered, and although not extremely wild, still were hard to kill, flying fast and strong, and getting up at pretty long range.

"I directed my canoeman to steer at once for the stream called Little Silver by sportsmen, and before we reached its waters we heard the quacking of the black ducks and prating or prattling of the summer ducks, indicating that the reports of my friends' pieces who were busy among the reeds at the outlet, had warned the game that the enemy was moving.

"In a few minutes we were silently gliding among the lily pads and reeds in the river, and before we had traversed twenty rods of its length the low 'hist' of the Indian, and his whispered warning that there was 'much duck ahead' showed me that the moment for action had arrived. Cocking both hammers of my gun, I sank down into the canoe and scanned the water around, but not a

duck was visible; I looked, and strained my eyes, but without success.

"There was my guide, anxious and demonstrative at the near presence of a 'heap of duck,' while I was as oblivious of their position as a blind man. 'You no see him duck? Much duck! There, you no see him—one, two, three, many?' was his eager whispered inquiry, but the birds were still invisible.

"Shortly, as we silently moved close along the bank of the stream, I saw a quick movement in the grass a long gunshot off, and then detected the crouching forms of a number of wood ducks.

"The Indian, when he found that I had seen the birds, relapsed into his usual quiet, and gave his whole attention to their movements and to obtaining a nearer approach to them. Silently his paddle moved—not a ripple, not a bubble showed that we were drawing near; but plainer grew the outlines of the birds among the grass, plainer the exquisite beauty of their plumage, their elegance of form. A movement among them—they huddled close down and were for a moment almost invisible. Now was the moment to pour in the leaden hail among their numbers, but in an instant it passed, and the ducks with outcries of alarm arose in one huge flock, and with swift wing sped across the bogs.

"But all of them were not successful in their flight, for with one barrel I cut down a fine drake, which fell into the river, and with the other I dropped two more, which fell among the swale and mud of the bogs.

"Recharging my gun, I picked up my game with my landing net, and we continued up the river. At every few rods we flushed small flocks of ducks, but they had been alarmed at the firing and arose always beyond gunshot. At length, as we were drawing near to the end of navigable water, the trees and underbrush growing up among the swale, the Indian paused and motioned to a clump of lily pads and grass but a few rods from the canoe. I carefully scanned the spot, but, saving a slight ripple, could detect nothing. Keeping perfectly motionless and closely watching, at length we caught a glimpse of a duck, as it appeared, and in an instant it was gone beneath the surface.

"Leweys could not understand it. 'Where he gone?' he whispered; 'he here a minute, den gone.' What the bird was that dived so quickly from sight I knew at once, the habits of the grebe being familiar to me, but 'Little Indian,' as we called Leweys (to distinguish him from Sepsis, whom we called 'Big Indian'), was not satisfied, and would not believe that it was not a duck adopting this, to him, novel mode of escape, and I was obliged to

Lorne's Fishing Cottage on the Cascapedia River, P. Q.

shoot the bird to show that I was right in my declaration of its identity.

"At the report of my gun it seemed as if the whole meadow was changed to a swarm of ducks—in all directions they arose in clouds, and the beating of their wings and their loud cries for an instant deprived me of the power of action; but quickly I selected a thick bunch and sent among it the contents of my second barrel. Three fell, a black duck and two whistlers; one of the latter winged and consequently able to escape, which he ultimately did, taking covert in the swale. This was not the only bird that we lost on the bogs during our trip, but owing to the treacherous character of the mud we could not walk upon it; the whole surface undulated at every step, and if we for an instant paused we felt ourselves sinking. If one breaks through the upper surface, down he goes, out of sight in an instant.

"The formation of these bogs is well known. The streams and rivers bring down during their spring rise or freshet vast quantities of alluvial matter. While they are running a deposit is prevented from forming, but as soon as they reach the still waters of the lake their motion is arrested, the alluvium sinks to the bottom, increases and extends, and gradually becomes firmer and firmer. At length it rises out of the water, and at once becomes

the receptacle for the myriads of seeds of grasses and other plants which are carried from place to place on the wind.

"I have in my mind one of these bogs, situated at the mouth of a large river which empties into a lake, which extends on both sides of the river for a width of at least half a mile to a distance of two miles from the outlet. It will be seen that the river must have been for ages making so vast a deposit.

"We picked up our birds as soon as I recharged my gun, and started on our return to camp. We got no more shots on our passage back, although we saw an abundance of game; it was thoroughly alarmed and kept at a safe distance.

"Our companions, who had had fair success, were in camp before us, and breakfast was already far in course of preparation. Soon the delicious viands were served, and with appetites sharpened by our early hunt, we fell to, and although an abundance was provided, we left nothing but the bones of ducks and fish when we arose from the table.

"At about nine o'clock we broke camp, and packing our luggage, started over the three-mile carry for the dam at the outlet of Grand Lake, at which place we arrived with all our traps, and a fine bunch of ruffed grouse in

our game bags, which we shot while making the portage. The dam was a structure of heavy timber, erected by the lumber companies across the outlet of Grand Lake for the purpose of raising the water in the lake in the spring, and by its accumulation expedite the 'driving' of the logs to the mills far below. Of course the immense volume of water which rushed through the stream wore out a rough and rocky channel, and the boulders and deep eddies behind them were numerous.

"At this locality great numbers of land-locked salmon were found, and the best fishing was there counted on while the season lasted. It is all changed now, and where we then pitched our tent with no other human habitation near, stands, as I said before, an immense tannery, and a village has sprung up on each side of the river.

"It took but little time to put our new camp in order, and as threatening clouds began to arise, we hastened to provide against the rigors of a possibly long storm. The Indians began to get together a good quantity of firewood, and I and my two friends took our rods and started for the stream to secure a good supply of fish.

"I rigged a strong leader with two flies and made a cast over a deep hole just below the dam. In an instant I was fast to a splendid salmon. The tremor of

excitement which always seizes the fisherman when he finds himself opposed to a strong fish came to me, but it passed in a moment, for I felt that I should have all I could attend to in that powerful stream. With a wild dart the salmon struck for the rapids; my tackle was not heavy enough to restrain him, for I was using a light single-handed rod and an ordinary trout line of about fifty yards in length.

"Down the stream my fish started, and I followed to the best of my ability. Feeling my way cautiously over the slippery stones, I was soon in about three feet of water and going at my best pace. Those who have never had the experience have no idea of the force of the water in such a river. As one wades among rocks and stones, through pools and across deceitful eddies, the water sometimes rises over the waist, cold, pressing against one with almost resistless power. The initiated know of all the strength, all the courage, all the caution, that must be called upon. Such a situation is in itself exhilarating and exciting, but add to it the thrilling rush of a large fish, the feints, the leaps, the dexterous power with which he avails himself at every turn, and the skill and judgment that must be exercised in order to subjugate him, and one has an experience such as nothing else can offer.

"Through the rapids I followed my salmon, steady-

ing myself with my left hand as best I could with the handle of my landing net, and holding my rod well up in my right. My line was nearly exhausted when the fish reached the pool, but I still had enough left for an emergency. The fish as soon as he arrived at the quiet waters sank to the bottom. I approached him rapidly, and reeling in my line with the utmost expedition, soon had but ten or fifteen yards out. Giving a lift with the rod I essayed to move him, but for a few seconds he would not stir. At length he rushed to the surface and jumped clear of the water several feet, repeating his leap three times in a twinkling. He then showed signs of fatigue, and in a very short time he turned on his side and I had him in my landing net. It was a very handsome fish and the largest I had yet taken of that species, its weight being about four pounds.

"Adjusting my tackle, I returned to the upper pool, and in a very short time was playing another large fish. In a few minutes he seemed exhausted, and I reeled him in to within four feet of my net, when with a sudden and most unexpected rush he broke the leader near the point at which it was attached to the line and darted across the pool, a fly in his mouth and another trailing on behind him. Almost immediately another fish seized the free fly, and the commotion they raised must have

"Good Morning." Camp of Guides to a Salmon Fishing Party.

been startling to their finny brothers around them. Darting about in the water, and jumping sometimes several feet clear from it, they tried to rid their mouths of the hooks, but they found it impossible, and soon they disappeared down the stream, jumping and splashing in a most extraordinary manner.

"I soon rigged a new cast, but confined myself then and thereafter to a single fly. I had great sport, for in less than an hour I had six beautiful fish. 'Enough is as good as a feast.' I gathered up my trophies and returned to camp. My friends had met with gratifying success, and we had an ample provision for stormy weather if it should chance to come. Notwithstanding the threatening signs the storm did not come, and the next day dawned bright and fair.

"After breakfast we packed up and started for the upper lakes. For a greater part of its area Grand Lake is very deep, sometimes as much as one or two hundred feet. In the solitude of these depths, behind huge rocks in sunshiny days, waiting for the shadows of evening to tempt them from their retreats, lay the huge spotted lake trout, called by the fishermen and Indians 'togue.' They are of an average weight of ten pounds, but often run up to twenty or twenty-five. Generally they will not take the fly, but will sometimes bite at a spoon or spinner

such as the pickerel fishermen in Massachusetts generally use. When we had fairly got out in the lake, Leweys advised me to throw out a spoon fastened to a long line. I took my bass line, of stout braided silk, and making fast a spoon let it trail out forty yards behind the canoe. Soon I felt a heavy tug, and hauling in hand over hand, as we do in bluefishing off Nantucket, I in a short time had my fish alongside the canoe. It was a Schoodic salmon, not a togue, and the Indian expressed his surprise at getting him with the spoon, it being the first occurrence of the kind in his experience.

"Hauling him in, I threw my line over again, and it trailed along behind the canoe, Leweys paddling at about half speed. Soon I hooked another and another; and as the lake seemed alive with this fish and the togue would not bite, I gave it up and hauled in my line.

"Making myself as comfortable as possible, with the bottom of the canoe for a seat and the 'hard-tack' box for a support for my back, I soon sank into that dreamy languor that one always experiences when moving over the water, the ripples jingling softly along the sides of the birch, and the measured stroke of the paddle marking with monotonous precision the speed and progress that one is making. And what can be more delicious? The blue sky, reflected by the surface of the lake, that mirrors

with the precision of glass the fleecy clouds passing above it, sometimes of a milky whiteness, then buff, cream color or purple, as the rays of the sun fall upon their greater or less density; the smoothly moving canoe; the gentle breeze, laden with the aroma of the woods, and giving a health and vigor that is wonderful; and to these add the wild hunting stories of an Indian guide, the narration of wonderful encounters with the wild denizens of the forest, or accounts of successful trapping excursions away on the Aroostook and St. Johns River country, alternating with scraps of song or melody hummed to the accompaniment of the paddle's stroke."

"That's pretty good," said Frere, but a little more fish and less rhapsody would be just as acceptable."

Frere was a very practical fellow.

The guides laughed.

"All right," I replied. "I thought you wanted a long story."

"As long as you like," said Frere, "but please leave out most of the poetry; we want hard facts up here in the woods."

"Well," said I, resuming my story, "our passage up the lake was without further incident, and we arrived at the mouth of a beautiful river called Junior Stream about noon. After we had had our dinner we left our luggage

on the shore and re-embarked for a short visit to a small pond called 'Little Lake,' 'Muddy Lake,' etc., in which pickerel of large size were abundant. This pond is situated at the head of Grand Lake, and is reached through a small stream that empties into the latter. The water in this pond is warm, the bottom being mud and sand. The pickerel do not pass into Grand Lake in any numbers, its water being cold and the bottom being rocky, and the shores free from reeds and other aquatic herbage that this fish loves to inhabit. I do not wish to be understood that I fished for the pickerel because I wanted them for food, for to my taste pickerel are among the most insipid of fish. But the sport that one can get in good pickerel fishing is not despicable, and I hold that it is doing the fish posterity a benefit to destroy as many of these 'fresh-water sharks' as possible. After a short half hour's paddle up the lake and stream, during which I shot a pair of blue-winged teal and a pair of black ducks, we entered the waters of the pond. At a glance one could tell that pickerel were there, for the shores were low and marshy, and almost the whole surface of the water was covered with lily pads and reeds.

"Taking a short, strong tip for my rod, and a stout line, to which was fastened a spinner, I threw out, and in an instant was fast to a fish that made the water fly

like a river horse when he struck. Giving him a sharp pull I started him, and letting him run a short distance expected he would play, but there is as much of life in a log as there is in a pickerel until you get him in the boat; he reserves all his energies until it is too late to exercise them, when the fuss he kicks up is terrible. So with this fish—he kept quiet in the water. After waiting a reasonable time I commenced reeling him in. I got him close to the canoe, and I can compare the wretch to nothing but a long black log or snag. As soon as he got near the canoe he perceived his danger and tried to back out, and readily towed us a few yards through the lily pads and reeds before I got him in. He was a splendid fish and would weigh at least ten pounds.

"Leweys took him from the hook, and in so doing opened his jaws, and they were cavernous. 'Jehoshaphat!' said the Indian, a favorite expression of his to signify wonder or astonishment, 'what a mouth! These devils kill more young ducks than a few in a summer. How big would a young duck look in that?' said he, stretching his mouth from ear to ear. 'Ah! you villian,' said he, tapping the fish over the head, 'you would eat one of your young ones as quick as anything else.'

"When I assured him that in the States and elsewhere pickerel were considered a nice fish on the table,

he turned up his nose in disgust, said they were not fit for food, for, 'they eat everything — snakes, mice, fish, everything and anything; you wouldn't catch an Indian eating one.'

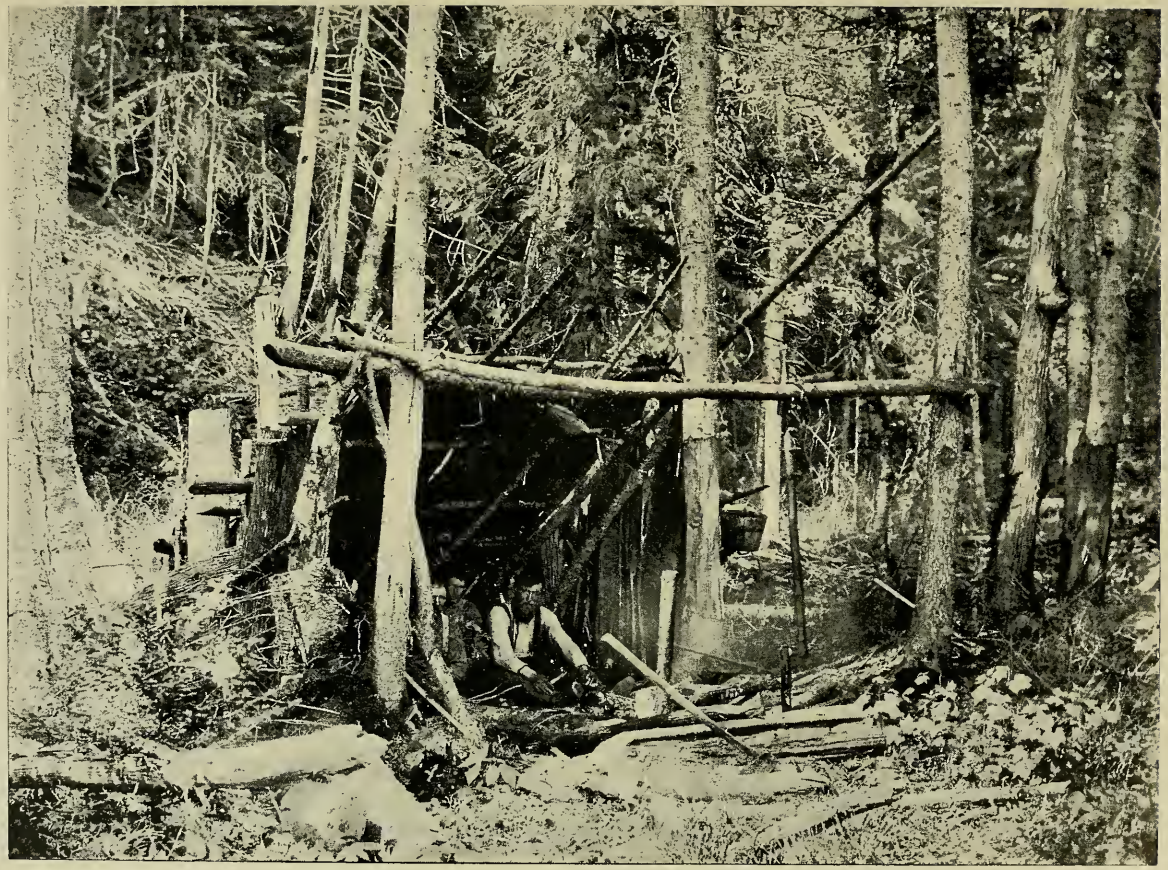
"Throwing over my line again I was soon fast to another monster, and, hauling him in, caught another and another, until I got tired of the sport, for pickerel fishing soon palls on one. Then I pulled in my line, reeled up, and we left for Junior Stream.

"Gracious, how the wind blew when we got out into the lake! Every puff sent the waves dashing over our canoe's prow, and Leweys literally had his hands full to keep his course. My friends in old Sepsis's canoe were hugging the shore, while we kept out in the lake. Poor 'Little Indian,' as we called Mitchell, strained every nerve, but could hardly gain a foot for a paddle stroke. At last, to help him, in lieu of a paddle, I seized a frying pan with a long handle, and dipping it into the water, 'hove to' with a will. Whether I helped or not is doubtful, but I kept our craft in decent steerage way, and it seemed to me that we worked along a little faster. At length we reached the point of land again at the mouth of Junior Stream, and, pitching our tent, we soon had everything comfortable for a night's sleep.

"By the time camp was ready, supper was in a fair

way of cooking, and the sputter of frying pork and fish, and merry singing of the tea kettle, and bubbling of boiling rice, lent their charms to the lively scene. In addition to these, before the fire was baking a huge Johnnycake, and I must say that in the preparation of this edible the Indian excels. The meal is made into a thick batter with cold water and a little salt—if mixed with warm water it is called Charleycake—moulded against a smooth board and exposed to the heat of the fire.

"As I watched old Sepsis prepare this simple bread, I could not but admire the care and patience with which he cooked it before a fire hot enough to roast an ox. If the heat was too strong the position of the bread was shifted; if ashes accumulated under the board it was raised on a few pieces of bark or chips. If the smoke blew toward it, its position was changed; and when the upper surface had attained the rich yellow-brown that all good Johnnycake should have, carefully the old fellow thrust his sharp hunting knife beneath it and lifted it from its simple oven, and turned it, in order that the under surface might receive its proper degree of heat. Verily, the Indian is the child of expedients, and with the fewest materials can arrive at the greatest possible results. All I can say of that Johnnycake is that it, and many others, are among the pleasant remembrances of our trip.



A Rough Camp, Indeed

"Supper over, and after an hour spent around the camp fire with stories and Killickinnick, we turned in for a good night's rest.

"The next morning's sunrise surprised us beneath our blankets. Amazed at our indolence we sprang to our feet, and in a few moments the camp fire was roaring right merrily.

"After breakfast we quickly struck the tent, packed everything snugly in the canoe and commenced the ascent of Junior Stream for Junior Lake at its head. Our passage up the stream was without incident of note. The river is a beautiful one, one of the most romantic streams that I ever saw. The shores are mostly covered with alders and maples, which as we passed them were just putting on their brilliant autumn colors, lending a warmth and beauty to the scene that was indescribably magnificent. The clear, cold water passed over a bottom of sand and pebbles; myriads of fish were darting about, plainly visible through the limpid stream; chubs, dace and small salmon were the only varieties, and we looked in vain for the spotted trout which we had come here purposely to catch, this being a celebrated locality for that variety.

"It was near sundown when we reached the rapids where the trout usually are taken in the greatest abundance; here we repeatedly cast every variety of fly, but

not a rise did we get. After many persistent efforts we were at last obliged to desist, the trout being evidently 'off-fish.'

"We went ashore above the rapids, where we found an old bark camp;* here we concluded to pass the night, and soon we had made everything comfortable. It was fortunate that we took up our quarters in this camp, for the heavy rain storm which came up in the night would have most thoroughly drenched us if we had depended on our tent.

"We had noticed on the walls of our bark camp the marks of porcupine teeth, and as we lay on our beds of fragrant hemlock boughs, listening to the pattering of the

* A description of a bark camp and the method of its construction will, perhaps, not be uninteresting here. June is the best month for building such a camp, and Indian hunters and fishermen who design passing a part of the season on the lakes contrive to peel their bark and build their camp in this month. In peeling a large tree the operator stands on a log or other object sufficiently high to raise him from the ground a foot or two, and with a sharp axe cuts the bark through to the wood, as high as he can reach; he then makes a similar incision around the tree near the ground, and then cuts or splits the bark down from one girdle to the other. Pushing in the blade of the axe down inside the perpendicular cut, he proceeds to pry up the bark for its whole length. In a short time it is separated from the tree for half of its whole circumference, when, if the trunk is large, it is cut off, and the other half is peeled away in another piece. These strips are laid on the ground, if a level rock is not near, and pressed out flat—the pieces being laid across each other in alternate layers. In a few days they are dry enough to retain their flat form, when they are ready to be used in the construction of the camp.

This is begun by driving into the earth, at a distance of about eight feet apart,

rain on the roof, we discussed the habits of the fretful beast. I told Sepsis that in books we often see statements made that the porcupine has the habit of detaching its quills and even throwing them at its adversaries when attacked. Sol laughed quietly, said that 'book often written by people don't know what so.' Among many interesting accounts of the habits of the porcupine which he gave us was this:

"'A party of us, men and squaws, had been on the mountain yonder a week or two sugaring. We had pretty good luck, I got seven hundred pound, my share. Well, Sol, my brother, had order for a barrel of syrup, which he had got all ready to take down to Leweys Island; but one night a porc'pine got at the barrel, gnawed hole

four stout stakes, forked at their ends (if small trees are not found growing sufficiently near together to answer for corner posts). Two of these latter are about five feet in height, the others about seven, which gives the proper inclination or pitch to the roof. On the tops of these posts are laid stout poles, which are kept in place by withes, and, with the addition of two or three posts driven into the ground between the corner ones, the frame is ready for the bark. The strips are first laid on the back and two sides of the shanty, and are kept smooth and in proper position by poles laid across them and withed down to the frame. The front, facing the southeast, is almost always left open, and if it is ever covered it is only temporarily, when driving storms beat into the camp and make it uncomfortable. The pieces of bark are laid on the roof shingle-wise, lapping over each other, the rough side out; these are kept in place by withed poles, and the camp is finished.

For a fire place a few thin, flat stones, built box-shape, make a capital oven, and with a rousing fire burning above it a capital roast may be made. Ordinarily, however, in cooking, a large fire is made, and when a heap of glowing coals is formed the frying pan or skillet is called into requisition.

through it, and all him syrup run out and waste him on ground. Ugh! wasn't Sol mad next morning when he found out! Pret' soon he leave off swearing and get him gun. A little snow, just enough to track by, was on the ground, and Sol started out for him porc'pine. It was just sundown when he came back with him cuss on him shoulder. He say not'ing, but take axe and cut porc'-pine into bits and throw on fire. Then he got to work at sap trough 's if not'ing happen; but always now hate porc'pine.'

"'How do you know but one will get at our canoe?' I asked. 'It would be a nice joke for us to have our birch spoiled away up here.'

"'No 'fraid,' he answered; 'I turned it bottom up upon an old stump. No porc'pine will get at it, unless bear knock it down.'

"'Are there many bears here?' we inquired, instinctively feeling for our guns.

"'Heap,' he answered. 'You no see old log front of camp? You no notice it had been torn to pieces lately? Well, that done to-day sure by bear after pismires.'

"There was just enough excitement in the thought that possibly we might have a bear fight before morning to keep us awake after we rolled ourselves in our blankets. But we heard nothing but the rushing of the wa-

ter over the rapids, the pattering of the rain on the roof, and the soughing of the wind through the trees, and at last tired nature yielded and we slept.

"It was not without disappointment that we awoke on the next morning to find that the night had passed without incident or adventure. The sun was just gilding the tops of the distant mountains and glimmering amid the foliage of the tall hemlocks when we arose and began preparations for breakfast.

"Sunrise in the woods! How much is expressed to the frequenter of our forests in those few words — how little to the habitual city dweller. The words bring to mind a remembrance of delicious breezes, laden with the aroma of the pine and hemlock; of myriads of birds twittering and fluttering among the foliage; of woodpeckers tapping with echoing strokes the dead branches and trunk of some old monarch of the forest; of nuthatches calling to each other in their soft, melancholy notes; of loons away out on the lake answering these sounds and their own cries with wild, weird screams of laughter. Oh! it is glorious!

"At an early hour we prepared for the day's employment. Leweys and I were to pass the portage and visit the upper lake to inspect its shores for fowl, and try the streams emptying into it for spotted trout, while the rest

A Lovely Spot for a Cast. (Inst.)

of the party were to take the opposite direction, hunting the stream and its shores for fish and game.

"Accordingly the young Indian shouldered his birch, and I with gun in hand preceded him in a slightly beaten path which ran parallel with the stream. Of partridges, or more properly ruffed grouse, I met with great numbers, but they were so tame that it was impossible to flush them, as they would walk off into the undergrowth as leisurely as so many domestic fowls. I only killed four, which I got in two double shots. The birds were of the season's hatch, but fully grown, and plump to the traditional degree. I saw one or two tracks of moose and a number of impressions of deer's feet, but the foliage was still too thick to offer any chance of success in stalking. Bear tracks and signs were also numerous, and I was constantly on the *qui vive* to meet one. In one instance a bear had evidently just pulled down a bush of the chokeberry and eaten the fruit, for the dew had certainly within a few minutes been shaken from the leaves; but he either heard my approach or had taken fright at some other noise, for I did not see him. In fact, the black bear is generally less willing to meet man face to face than is the man to meet him. If a she bear has cubs she will defend them most bravely, but generally the brutes are glad to get off.

"Arriving at the head of the carry, Leweys in a short time joined me, and embarking in his canoe we were soon paddling out into the lake. A beautiful sheet of water is Junior Lake, with picturesque surroundings of the highest degree.

"Getting my tackle ready I stood up in the canoe and began casting in every promising place that I saw, Leweys paddling slowly so that I could cover the water.

"Soon I got a rise, and in a few minutes a splendid fish was floundering in the birch; soon another and then another was landed and I reeled in my line; for I hold it a sin to kill more than can be used in keeping the camp supplied with food. Leweys told me of a party of fishermen (one of them a clergyman) who fished for several days at Grand Lake Stream, and, after catching hundreds of them, simply weighed and threw them away.*

"What wretches! who for the sake of vain boasts of killing so many pounds of fish in so many days' fishing, would sacrifice such a great number of valuable lives, for, although the fish were abundant, how long could any waters stand such extravagance?

"The forenoon passed quickly. We coasted along

* In corroboration of his statement I find in a report of the Maine Commissioners of Fisheries the following: "A party of three who were just leaving [Grand Lake Stream, in the neighborhood of the dam] had been there two weeks, and their total catch was six hundred and twenty-one salmon, eighteen togue and eleven trout."

the shore of the lake and inspected the various inlets and streams, but did not meet with any ducks but sheldrakes.

"As we were crossing from one point to another in the lake we noticed a number of old and young loons, or great northern divers, as they are called. Such a laughing as they commenced, and such diving and splashing were never before witnessed.

"The Indian asked for my white pocket handkerchief, which he began waving over his head, and imitating at the same time the cries of the loons. One of the young birds left the group and began to swim toward us. Lew-eys turned the prow of the canoe toward them; the bird had actually got almost within shot of us, when its mother, perceiving its danger, swam hastily after it and intruded her own body between us and her young one, and drove it back to the group of other loons. Such an instance of parental affection was not lost upon us, and as the loons swam off laughing and screaming, we moved on in our course, regarding them with admiration and respect.

"As we were moving along slowly, the Indian's quick eye descried a small object swimming rapidly toward the shore. Calling my attention to it he began paddling with great energy, declaring that the moving object was a mink that had been out fishing. On reaching gunshot I fired

and killed the animal. We found on taking him into the canoe that he had a small salmon in his mouth, which he had dived for and caught in the deep lake.

"Leweys asked if I wanted the skin. I replied in the negative, when he said he would keep it for a coat collar. I suspect that he intended to put it into his lot destined for market, for mink skins were then worth from five to seven dollars each; and as this was a good one, having but one small shot hole in the head, it could easily be worked in.

"The afternoon passed without any other incident of importance, but most quickly, and the shades of approaching nightfall warned us that it was time for our return to camp. A half hour's lusty paddling brought us to the carry, and soon we were in sight of the smoking camp fire. Our companions had passed as glorious a day as we, and the pile of game and fish which we had in the aggregate was far from despicable.

"As we had decided to move on the next morning to another locality named Compass Lake, another tributary of the Grand Lake, we turned in at an early hour, and soon the drowsy god had assumed complete control of our senses.

"The next morning's sunrise witnessed our departure. We moved rapidly with the current down Junior Stream

and glided out into the waters of Grand Lake. We kept a straight course for our destination, and before noon we reached our landing place, pitched our tent, and were at once at home in this our permanent camp.

"My story would do injustice to all the pleasures we experienced at this place, if I attempted to describe them. The weather was delightful, the winds always favorable, and game and fish were abundant. We named the camp 'Camp Big Injun,' in honor of old Sepsis, and the compliment pleased him very much, as was evinced by the efforts he made to make it the pleasantest of our camping places. All our enjoyment was not confined to the day's adventures, but at night, as we grouped around the camp fire or lounged comfortably on the hemlock boughs, many happy hours were passed in listening to the narration of thrilling hunting and fishing adventures of our guides, or similar ones by the other members of our party.

"Our outing at last approached its limit, and the time for our return home was fixed. The morning when we were to start had arrived, and sorrowfully we broke camp, packed our luggage and embarked. We all felt that regret which always arises at parting from pleasant scenes, and this camp was by far the pleasantest that we had had on the lakes.

"It was placed on a bluff of perhaps twenty feet in

height above the lake; behind it was a thick growth of firs and hemlocks; around it was a large patch of blueberry and whortleberry bushes, the fruit of which was then in season, and at the foot of the bluff the ripples and waves were whispering and singing among the pebbles in their own sweet tones all through the day and night. Can you wonder that we left it unwillingly?

"On our passage down the lake my friends went with Leweys, while I for a change had old Sepsis. It was only then that I began to find out all the old fellow's good qualities, and I must say that of all my experience with guides, that of old Pete Sepsis is one of the most pleasant to remember. Patient, careful for our comfort, earnest in his efforts to please us, always busy for our well-being, Sepsis was a gem. During our passage I had many talks with him. From one subject to another we touched on religion and the origin of the Indian race. Of the latter he repeated to me the following interesting tradition:

"'Many years ago seven men and seven squaws were made, which were scattered over the world. One of these men was a great hunter; he killed much game, and was always roaming about, and was never quiet at one place. When he met the other men and their squaws he had nothing to do with them, for he cared for nothing but

hunting and fishing, and, you know, game is not plenty where much men be together. You hear little white man?' said he, illustratingly, referring to one of our party who was thus designated by the Indians, and who was talking with his companions in the other canoe, a good half mile off, yet whose voice was plainly audible. 'Well, he much talk, always talk, and game no like much talk; we no get much duck if we talk like little white man. So the hunter long ago no have anything to do with the other man, but wandered away for many miles through many countries, until at last he came to the big water. Then he went to work and built him a canoe [pronounced by all Indians c'noe], and he and his squaw went out on the water, which he found much bigger than any they had ever seen, and there were a heap of ducks and porpoise and seals.'

"'Well, they had a big hunt and killed much game and caught much fish. Many days they did this, until bimeby a big storm came up, and it blowed so that the canoe was driven off out of sight of land.

"'Well, they gave up trying to get back to land, and floated before the wind many days, living on raw fish and a little game that they had in the canoe. No other boat could have passed through such a storm, but the canoe hardly got wet, and that same pattern of boat has

been made ever since by all the Indians, and no other people can make a canoe.

"'So, after many days the canoe came in sight of a new land, and in a little while it ran into a smooth cove, the man and his squaw landed, and from them came the Indians of this country.'

"With such chats as these our time passed, and we reached the dam before I was aware that half the distance had been traversed.

"Pitching our tent, we soon had everything fixed comfortably, and in a little while were busy among the salmon—and what glorious sport we had! It seemed as if the fish were running in by thousands, and we had, in a brief space, more than we could possibly transport. They were not wasted, however, for the Indians always salt and barrel for winter use the salmon taken in the autumn fishing.

"We remained at the place during the next day, and on the following we started down the portage for home."

When my story was ended I found that it was past ten o'clock, a very dissipated hour for the backwoods.

"Come, Frere," I exclaimed, "we had better turn in or we shall be late risers to-morrow," and I entered the tent and prepared my bed for the night.

"Yes," responded Frere, "your land-locks have proved

such an interesting topic that the time has gone by very rapidly. We must give them a trial some day," he added, as he entered the tent and drew his blanket over him; "there must be some left yet."

"Oh, yes," I answered, "there are a good many left at the Schoodics, and they are abundant now in many of the other Maine lakes. In the Rangeleys great numbers are found, and they are taken there of very good size."

CHAPTER III.

A Bright Morning. · Notions about Flies. · A Nuisance of Sea Trout. Another Salmon Hooked. · Splendid Play. · Dismay. · "Confound the Drift Wood!" · Philosophers. · Killing the Fish not all there is of Fishing. · Kingfishers and Sheldrakes as Pests on a Salmon or Trout River. · It's a Wonder we have any Salmon Left. · A Salmon that has Long been in the River is Shy of the Fly. · The Phantom Minnow Used in Trolling for Salmon. · A Strange Lot of Fish. · Aggravating Salmon. · Exciting Times. · Worms as Bait for Salmon. · A Strong Fish, and a Contest Long to be Remembered. A Bad Mess. · Retribution. · Rising to the Fly in Still Water. An Exciting Struggle. · Victory. · Fish in Abundance. · Our Permanent Camp. · Such Luck as an Amateur Sometimes Has. · Salmon that Played Me. · Fisherman's Luck.

THE morning of the following day was bright and almost cloudless, a few patches only of gold and vermilion flecking the sky, as they slowly drifted before the balmy southwest breeze.

The sun, although above the eastern horizon, as indicated by the golden pencilings on the hilltops around us, was not yet visible to us as we stepped out from the shelter of our tent.

Arousing the guides who were still sound asleep, we took our rods and prepared for a contest with the lordly fish that we knew must be lying in the river before us. The pool was one to delight the heart of any fisherman. A ledge and several large rocks at the head and on the western shore afforded admirable casting stands, and the beach on the eastern shore also gave abundance of room for one to get out a long line over the best water in the pool.

Frere chose the ledge on the western shore, near the head, while I took the beach on the other side. His fly was a handsome Jock Scott, and mine a "Tomah Joe," that fly with white body, yellow hackle, and wings made of the barred black and white feathers of the wood or summer duck, that is so killing with the land-locks, and I will say the common salmon also, for I have first and last killed in different waters quite a number with it, although in every case I was told by my guide that it was "no good for salmon." I remember of an instance even of a guide offering to wager his day's pay that "that fly" would not rise a salmon anywhere, yet inside of ten minutes I had one hooked and saved with it.

Mine was a much lighter fly than Frere's, but I chose it because my casting would be entirely in the shade of the forest on the east side of the river, while his would

A Large Fish for a Light Rod.

be on the much lighter west side, beyond the shadows of the trees.

In a bend of the pool, and near the foot, though beyond my reach, was a mass of old logs and broken trees which had drifted in there and had anchored to the side and bottom of the pool. I had noticed it on the preceding evening and meant to have made an effort to clear it away, for it would be a nasty place for a salmon to run into; but I forgot to attend to it, and never thought of the mass again until I began casting. The attempt, however, would have been futile, as we afterward found, for the tangled stuff, tree limbs, old stumps and roots anchored in ten feet of water, would have been beyond our combined strength; an ox team with heavy chains would have been needed to remove it.

Frere began casting in the foam and boil below the rapids, and, covering the water thoroughly in his usual sportsmanlike manner, had his fly in a short time in the choicest part of the middle water. My casting was done near the foot of the pool where the sea trout in numbers sprung for my fly at every cast, and insisted upon hooking themselves, notwithstanding my efforts to shake them off; this stirred the water fearfully, and soon rendered my chance for a salmon extremely problematical. I gave it up after taking off my sixth trout, and, standing my

rod against an old stub, I lighted a cigar as a shield against the flies, and watched my friend as he put his fly out here and there in the neatest possible manner.

At length, as his winged lure dropped like a thistle-down above the sunken boulders in mid-stream, and began to move tremulously with a series of short jerks across the water, a swirl was seen, a faint splash, and then the scream of the reel gave token that a salmon was hooked.

Ah! what a splendid fish he was, as his silvery form, dripping with the crystal fluid, leaped into the air, and then, with a mighty splash, fell back into the river again. A dart across the pool and then another wild leap, and yet another, and then the fish sank to the bottom as motionless as a stone.

Frere reeled in all the line he could, and then, putting on such a strain as caused his heavy rod to bend in a half circle, he essayed to move the fish from its resting place. Our guides, who had been busy at their camp in preparing breakfast, now appeared on the rocks. Hiram, who had the gaff, stepped up to the side of Frere, where, although I could not hear his voice above the roar of the water in the falls, I could plainly see by his gestures that he was advising my friend as to the best way to handle the fish.

Frere, notwithstanding he made numerous efforts to move the salmon, was at last obliged to await his pleasure. Occasionally a tremor of the line above the water indicated that the fish was endeavoring to spring out the hook, but he remained in one position still, and it was only when I seized a small stone and threw it into the water that he stirred from his lurking place.

As the stone splashed above him he gave a fierce run down the pool, taking out the line in the wildest manner, then up again into the rapids he darted before Frere could employ the reel in taking up the slack; then with three wild leaps in quick succession he returned to the center of the pool and regained his first resting place.

All this was done with the rapidity of thought, and it required the utmost exertions of Frere to pack the line on the reel again so as to be prepared for the next move of the fish, which was sure to come soon.

Hardly had the strain of the rod been put upon the salmon again, when with a fierce rush he threw himself in the air, then with the speed of an arrow as soon as he struck the water he darted down the stream into the rapids, paused there a second and then dashed back into the pool again, circled twice, and then, to our utter disgust and dismay, he buried himself in the mass of drift stuff in the bend of the pool.

"Confound the luck," shouted Hiram, his voice sounding high above the roar of the water.

"Is he off, sure?" I asked as I approached Frere and stood at his side on the rock. "You are fast to something still," I added, for his rod was curved still with the strain.

"I cannot feel him," Frere replied, "and I think he has entangled the line in the roots and escaped."

His conjecture proved to be correct, for the guides on going down over it in the canoe, found that the casting line was badly wound up in the drift wood, and the fly and fish both gone.

"It's provoking, Frere," I exclaimed. "We are having hard luck; confound that old pile of roots!"

"Yes, it is rather disappointing," replied my friend, reeling in his line that now had been released by the guides, "to lose a fish after playing him so long as I did that one, but there'll be one more left for a breeder."

"Yes, old chap," I answered, "there is nothing like looking at these things philosophically. I used to go shooting a good deal with a friend who always said at the close of a day's sport, no matter whether he had good or poor success, 'Well, we had the air and exercise, and that is something to congratulate ourselves upon.'"

"He was right," responded Frere, "killing the fish is

not all there is of fishing, and if I lost nineteen out of twenty I should still enjoy the outing."

"Same here," I replied, "but we may as well eat our breakfast, and rest the pool for a while."

"True," said Frere; "that was a lively fish, and he stirred things up pretty well."

"Yes," I responded, "you had your hands full. I'm sorry he's lost, for he was a nice one, but you know 'there are as nice fish in the sea as was ever taken,' hey?"

"Yes," he replied, following me to the tent, "and 'there's no use crying over spilt milk.' There, I've matched your adage, and I will finish by saying we'll pick our flints and try again."

"We will so," I said, "and now, Hiram, bring on your breakfast, I'm as ravenous as a wolf."

A bountiful meal it was that the guides spread out before us, and full justice was done to it by all of us.

Breakfast was followed by the inevitable smoke, of course, and for an hour we left the pool "to its own reflections," as I told Frere. Our tent was pitched in the middle of a little clearing about three rods from the shore; here many a fisherman, hunter and riverman had camped before us, and numerous tokens of them were scattered about in the shape of cans, bottles, boxes, etc.

A number of wild raspberry bushes that had grown up were bending with their ruddy loads of ripened fruit. A cock partridge was drumming on a log in the woods near by; fluttering in the trees and shrubs about us were numbers of flycatchers and warblers, and in the thicket behind the tent a thrush was pouring out his beautiful flute-like song.

A number of red squirrels, those chattering, lively denizens of the northern woods, darted about us, coming almost to our feet to pick up the crumbs of biscuit that we tossed to them. What graceful little animals they are; and how quickly they learn who is their friend and who their foe. The rattle of the kingfisher ever and anon came to us from the river, as the bird sped up and down over the water in search of his finny prey.

"Frere," I exclaimed, as *Alcyon's* harsh tones came echoing back to us, "did you ever realize what a destructive pest on a salmon stream that bird is?"

"What bird?" asked my friend, who had been lying on his back and gazing up into the blue heavens above.

"That chap out there rattling to us," replied William.

"Yes," said Frere, "I have fully realized it, and I wish that every one else would, too."

"They must," I exclaimed, "and measures must be

taken to reduce their numbers very considerably, or the streams will be ruined. It seems to me there are a dozen now where there used to be but one, and they destroy in the aggregate a vast number of young salmon and trout."

"You're right, Doctor," said Hiram, "and the sheldrakes are worse even than the kingfishers."

"Yes," I answered, "a flock of sheldrakes on a river will in a season destroy almost all the fry; more, vastly more, fish are killed by these pests than all the fishermen, netters and poachers take out, and it seems to be almost folly for the Government authorities, here and in the States, to put into the rivers millions of fry of trout, salmon, etc., when these birds are permitted to prey upon them. The time must come when a heavy bounty will be offered for the destruction of kingfishers, sheldrakes and other fishing ducks on the rivers and other fresh waters."

"Yes," exclaimed William, "the sheldrakes are the worst enemies the young salmon have, and I kill them every chance I get. I once opened a half-grown sheldrake and found seventeen salmon fry in its stomach."

"Gracious," exclaimed Frere, "if there was a flock of them they must have made sad havoc."

"There were ten, counting the old ones," said Hiram.

"Ten," said Frere; "in that case, if they were all as full as the one examined, there were one hundred and seventy young salmon eaten at one gulp."

"Yes," I exclaimed, "and they can average six meals a day at least; six times one hundred and seventy is over one thousand fry a day by a single flock; and this is kept up all summer long. It is folly to attempt to stock rivers while these destroyers are around, and a waste of labor and money. I have advised and do advise every one who is interested in fishing to do all they can in the way of removing these pests by giving rewards and bounties for their heads. Something must be done very soon, even if we have to invoke legislative action."

"It's sometimes a wonder to me, altogether," said Hiram, "how it is that any salmon are left; they have an enemy after them all the time from the day they are hatched until they grow up."

"Yes," I replied, "and even before they are hatched, see how many pests are after the spawn; eels, suckers, frogs, fish of various kinds, insects, all will eat the spawn. I have been told by guides and others who have seen the act repeatedly, that trout will dart in and seize the egg as it comes from the female, and even tear it out of the orifice."

"Yes, it's a wonder we have any salmon left at all, at all," said Hiram.

"It's well for the continuance of the species that they don't all come to the fly," said Frere, after a pause; "if they did they would soon be exterminated."

"Yes, Mr. Frere," exclaimed William, "that is true, for fly-fishermen are increasing faster than the fish."

"It always seemed strange to me," said I, "that while the fresh-run fish will take the fly sometimes at the first cast that comes to him, the fish that has been in the river a while will pay no more attention to it than to a stick. I have noticed it in many different rivers."

"Yes, it's hard to rise a fish that has been in the river long," said Frere.

"Unless just after a storm and a rise in the water," added Hiram.

"Yes," said I, "they will sometimes 'lift' in such a case, but they are hard to move. Many and many is the hour I've cast over dozens of salmon in the pools, and had to leave them finally in disgust. It seems to me that it is because they have become acquainted with the feathered lures, for often an entirely new fly—as you said, Frere, when we were discussing the vagaries of these fish—will attract their attention; but they will sometimes come to the bait."

Casting the Fly.

"The bait?" exclaimed Frere.

"Yes," I replied, "I have heard of several instances of their taking the phantom minnow on this side of the ocean, and it is common practice to troll for them in Scotland with that lure."

"Yes," said Frere, "W. H. Black in his great novel 'White Heather,' gives a number of exciting descriptions of such fishing."

"I remember," I replied, "and you will find in Sir Francis Francis's book on fishing and in other English works, frequent mention of trolling for the salmon. I have heard of an instance of one taking the spoon."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Frere.

"Not so," I replied; "one of my friends, whose veracity I can absolutely rely on, tells me that while fishing in the Margaree River, in Cape Breton, he tried day after day to rise one of the salmon which were lying in a pool, but they paid no attention whatever to the fly. Finally, as an experiment, he cast a trolling spoon among them, and it was seized in an instant."

"Strange!" exclaimed Frere.

"Yes," I replied, "but stranger still is the fact that salmon will take a bait composed of a bunch of worms."

"Worms!" exclaimed my listeners.

"Yes, worms," I answered; "the Nova Scotia guides

tell me that such is the fact; I have tried almost everything, however, but have never moved a salmon except with a fly." *

"Ah, Doctor," exclaimed Frere, "it is a damaging admission for you to make that you have tried everything on salmon."

"Yes," I answered, "but it is true, and I will tell you all about it. I was fishing the Indian River, that beautiful stream which contains more first-class pools to the mile than any other river that I am acquainted with, but which is now about ruined as a salmon stream by the enormous saw mill at its mouth.

"I had fished every pool for several days with the utmost care and industry, but not a salmon could I rise. At length I gave it up.

* In Chambers's Encyclopædia the following appears: "The array of teeth indicates voracity, and the salmon seems to prey readily on almost any animal which it is capable of capturing, though it is a somewhat singular fact that the stomach when opened is rarely found to contain the remains of food of any kind; two or three herrings of full size have, however, been found in its stomach, the sand launce and other small fishes seem to constitute part of its food, and when in fresh water, the *minnow, trout fry*, or the *fry of its own species, worms*, flies, etc. The angler catches the salmon with the artificial fly, or with the *minnow or the worm* [Italics mine.—E. A. S.], and no bait is more deadly than the roe of the salmon itself."

In addition to the above I will quote from the "Compleat Angler" the following: "The young of both grayling and trout suffer greatly from the presence of salmon in the tributaries of our rivers, the former particularly are sought after and taken by them."

In an examination of a large number of salmon caught in the Penobscot River weirs, and opened in the Boston markets, I found the bodies of smelt, sand eels and capelin, but no other food.—E. A. S.

"'Well, Tom,' said I to my guide, sturdy old Tom Mason, 'this is pretty dull music; where are all the fish?'

"'I give it up,' he answered, 'they were running in plenty after the rain, but for the life of me I can't tell what the trouble is, unless they have gone up to the headwaters of the river.'

"'Headwaters,' said I, 'and how far may they be?'

"'Oh, the lake at the head of the river is as far up as they can get,' he replied, 'and I wouldn't wonder if they are all up there.'

An idea seized me.

"'Tom,' I exclaimed, 'can we get up to that lake, handily?'

"'Well,' he replied, 'it's a matter of five miles or so through the woods; it's a good tramp, but not a hard one, by any means.'

"'Tom, is there a boat on the lake?' I asked.

"'No, sur, not now,' he answered, 'we used to have a canoe on it, but the river men smashed it.'

"'Suppose we try a raft on it,' I continued.

"'We might do that,' he said, 'or better still, get one of the men about here to haul a skiff up through the woods.'

"'If that can be done,' I answered, 'rush it, Tom, and we will try the lake.'

"Tom did 'rush it,' and before the following day had passed he had succeeded in getting a skiff carted through the woods to the desired place. On the day after we made an early start for a day's exploration of the lake.

"It was a pretty good tramp up through the woods, although a portion of the way was over a lumber road, but we reached the lake, which is about a mile in diameter, at an early hour, and, launching the skiff, we began our investigation, Tom slowly rowing and I casting over the surface as far as I could reach in all directions as we moved along.

"The surface of the water was covered, here and there, with the leaves of the water lily, and the water was dark and warm; a few spotted or brook trout rose to the fly, but nothing came up worth mentioning.

"We moved about here and there, casting and examining the water, but not a salmon did we see until we had covered more than half of the whole area, and I was on the point of exclaiming, 'Tom, there's no salmon in this pond!' when a fish darted from the water into the air and fell back with a mighty splash close to the bow of the boat; so close, in fact, that the water flew in a shower over the oarsman. Tom jumped as if he had been shot, and turned in his seat in time to catch a glimpse of the fish.

"'What are you doing, Tom?' I exclaimed, laughing at his astonishment.

"'I'm all right,' he replied, 'only the salmon was treating me to a shower bath, that's all.'

"The leap of the first fish seemed to be a signal for the fun to begin, and never in all my fishing experience had I seen anything like it—

Salmon to right of us,
Salmon to left of us,

and salmon all around us, leaping into the air in every direction. We were now very near the inlet of the river at the head of the lake, and just by a gravelly point that made out into the water; and here the fish had congregated, there being a deep hole off the point into which the cold water from the stream above settled.

"Sometimes a grilse or salmon would leap so near the boat as to make us think that it was coming aboard, and I actually caught myself striking at one with my rod while it was in the air near me, and even steady, sedate old Tom made a pass at another with the gaff, so near us did the fish leap. Well, of course, it was pretty exciting watching the salmon jumping all around us. Some were fresh-run and bright; others had grown dark-colored, showing that they had been in the fresh water some time. Indian River is one of the earliest in the Provinces, the

Just Up.

salmon ascending the stream and taking the fly as early as the latter part of February; some of the old brown fellows that we saw were undoubtedly among the earliest ones to run in.

"After a while the leaping and splashing ceased, and then I began casting again, and I kept it up off and on, here and there, all day; but, although I tried every variety of flies, and fished almost as many ways, not a rise did I get.

"'Tom,' said I, as we ate our dinner in the shade of a grove of maples near the rapids above the inlet, 'what shall we do; I dislike very much to give up trying to rise one of those fish, but they are decidedly contrary.'

"'Con-tra-ry they be, and aggrawatin, too,' said Tom in reply, 'but if we had a phantom minnow, one of the soft, light, elastic ones, we might make them sing a different song.'

"'What!' I exclaimed, 'will they take a phantom minnow? I know that it is used on the other side of the water, but I never heard of a salmon taking one in America.'

"'Oh, yes,' answered Tom, who had finished his dinner, and was filling and lighting his pipe, 'I have heard of the like, but not often. If we had one we'd try it.'

"'We would,' I replied; 'it's not in my opinion exactly sportsmanlike, but I would out of curiosity like to offer one to them. I have a couple down at the house, and we will try them to-morrow.'

"'Very good,' said Tom, 'and may be we'll get one. I have heard of more than one being taken with the phantom, and it is just as sportsmanlike to cast it, and fully as hard as it is the fly.'

"As he spoke he rose and began turning over pieces of turf, stones and old logs. I asked him what he was about, and his reply was: 'We'll try a bunch of worms on the beggars, that is if you have a bait hook.'

"'Worms! Tom,' I exclaimed, 'who ever heard of taking a salmon with angle worms?'

"'I have, more than once,' he answered, 'and we'll give these a try.'

"I searched through my book, but could not find a bare hook.

"'I have none, Tom,' said I, 'but if you can find the worms I will cut the feathers off one of my large flies.'

"Tom succeeded in finding a dozen or more angle worms, and after he had impaled them on my hook I waded out into the rapids, and dropping the bait, let it float down and sink into the deep pool below. I had

not the slightest faith that a salmon would touch it, but I wanted to try the experiment.

"Suddenly, when the bait had sunk four or five feet in the deep, dark water, I felt a mighty pull, and, striking, I found I was fast to a large fish. Heavens! how that beggar pulled; the reel sang out piteously as the line spun out, but the fish hung to the bottom and would not jump.

"'Tom,' I exclaimed, 'he's a heavy fish and a strong one; he hangs to the bottom like all possessed.'

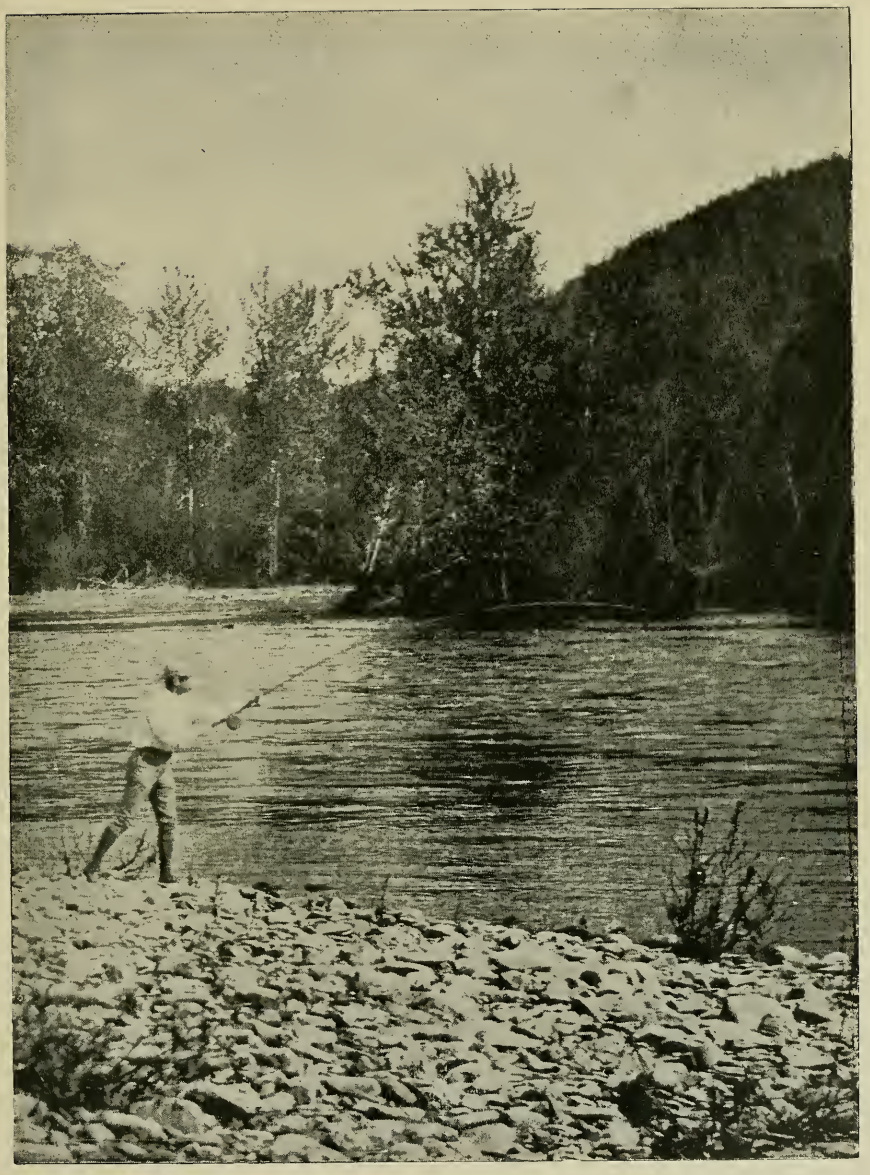
"'Yes, sur,' replied Tom, sucking away at his pipe, 'you've got all you can handle, sure.'

"For over a quarter of an hour did that fish waltz around the pool, circling sometimes slowly, sometimes with great speed, but never at the surface where he could be seen. My wrists were growing tired, for I had kept a strain on the fish for all my casting line was worth, and I began to find I was getting too much of a good thing."

"Yes," interrupted Frere, "it must be dull music to play a salmon that never jumps."

"Indeed it is," remarked William, who was an eager listener to my story; "and it was a pity to put such a heavy strain so long on your nice rod."

"Yes," I replied, "but I was fast to a big fish and wanted to save him if I could. Finally I told Tom to



A Long Cast.' (Inst.)

stand by with the gaff and I would either force up the salmon so he could gaff it, or part my casting line. Tom came out to me with gaff in hand, and I lifted so that my rod was bent almost double. The fish began to yield, and drawing nearer and nearer to Tom, finally came to the surface. Tom, who was ready to use the gaff, when he saw the fish coming toward him, shouted, 'The devil!' and stepped back.

"'What's up, Tom?' I asked, 'why don't you gaff the salmon, I can't hold him this way long.'

"'Salmon!' shouted Tom, who had now seized the landing net, 'it's no salmon at all, it's a blasted big eel!'

"'Eel!' I exclaimed, 'it must be a whale!'

"I gave the beast the butt, and Tom soon had the eel in the landing net. It was almost as thick as my leg, and must have weighed at least ten pounds. What a mess he made! My elegant casting line, one that I had made of the choicest gut, was twisted absolutely into a million knots, and of course was ruined.

"He killed the 'varmint' and cut the line free; it was useless.

"'Tom,' said I, as we got into the skiff, 'it serves me right.'

"'Yes, sir,' he replied coolly.

"We had nothing further to say. I rigged on an-

other leader and fly, and we tried the salmon again, legitimately, but we could not stir them, and we gave up the fight early enough to permit us to get out of the woods and reach the house before dark.

"The next day we tried them again, and the next. I experimented with flies, phantom minnows and even with 'hoppers,' but although the salmon manifested a desire to jump all around us, they showed no inclination for nearer acquaintance, and we finally left them to their own companionship.

"'Aggrawatin cusses!' exclaimed Tom, as we left them on the afternoon of the third day, and started on our long walk down the mountain road."*

"Ha, ha," laughed Frere, "it must have been fun."

"Fun for the saumon," added William.

"Yes," I replied, "but not for us. But come, Frere,

* That salmon will rise to the fly in lakes and ponds is shown by the following from an article on "Collecting Salmon Spawn in Maine," published in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, June, 1874. In treating of the salmon which were being kept for breeders in a large pond, the writer says: "During June and July the salmon in the pond are constantly jumping, and their agility is remarkable. On two occasions they have been seen to jump clear over a hedge five and one-half feet high above the water. It is not supposed they did this with the design of passing the hedge, but accidentally, it being quite common to see them jump to an equal height in the middle of their inclosure, as though the leap were entirely aimless. During the early days of their confinement they are frequently seen swimming in great schools about the shores of the pond. As the summer advances they become more quiet, retreating to the deep water, not very deep, however, for in the drought of August and September the greatest depth in the pond is twelve feet, and in the inclosure where the salmon were kept the past season only nine feet. In such a shallow pond,

let's give a few more casts in the pool and then move up stream to the Upper Twin Pool, where we will make our permanent camp."

"All right," replied my friend, "and boys, while we are fishing you may as well break camp and pack, we will move up stream soon."

Taking our rods we made our way to the stands on the pool, I occupying Frere's old position on the rocks, and he taking my former one on the beach.

The sun had now appeared above the trees on the eastern side of the river and the water sparkled like silver.

In the shadows, however, it was dark, and the reflections of the foliage were in the quiet nooks as perfect as if they were cast upon a mirror.

A southwesterly breeze was blowing down the stream, and the surface of the pool was covered with dancing

with such dark water and bottom, the sun's rays exert a powerful influence in midsummer. At one time the temperature of the water at the bottom reached 72° F. Yet this excessive heat has no perceptible effect on the health of the salmon. During all this time the salmon eat nothing. In fact there is little room for doubt that their stay in the rivers is one long fast, lasting from six to twelve months. They do seize the sportsman's fly, but it is probably not for the purpose of food, but rather akin to the action of a turkey or a bull rushing after a red rag. It is a common opinion among sportsmen that salmon will not rise to a fly in still water, but this has been plainly disproved at Bucksport. On several occasions in May, September and October the trial was made for the purpose of testing the matter, and the salmon in the pond were found to take the fly with as much eagerness as in the favorite pools of the Canadian salmon rivers. These were, so far as known, the first instances of salmon being caught with the fly in the Penobscot River."

ripples. My fly, a handsome Durham ranger, alighted here and there on the pool softly and silently, and my gradually lengthening line soon permitted me to cover all the best water of the upper half of the pool. At length I made a cast over the sunken boulder in the eddy, where the salmon always lie, when a fish arose and took my lure. As soon as he felt the barb he gave a rush and plunge which made my reel sing out a merry tune.

"Ah, ha," exclaimed William, who had stood beside me for the preceding five minutes, "you've a fine fish, Doctor."

"I think it is a salmon," I replied, lifting the rod, "but he keeps down like a big trout."

"Oh, he'll jump quick enough, no trouble," said William, and even as he spoke, with a wild dart the fish tore down the pool, jumping into the air several times in rapid succession and trying to smash my casting line as he fell back into the water with a heavy splash.

When I saw the salmon aiming for the lower part of the pool, I remembered with consternation the mass of drift stuff in which Frere had lost his fish; for I knew that once in that mass of tangled roots and sticks, my leader would part like a thread. But Hiram had prepared for the possibility of such an event, for as soon as he saw that I was fast to a salmon he pushed out

in the canoe to a point just above the drift wood, and began to splash the water with a paddle, so as to turn the salmon away, and the plan succeeded, the fish swerving suddenly aside and darting across the pool away from the disturbance that the guide was making in the water, and finally returning to his first position.

Reeling in with the utmost rapidity, I soon had a taut line on him again, and then lifting on the rod I tried to raise him, for I like to keep a salmon moving. It is all very fine to stand, according to the ideas of some, with a doubled up rod, for half an hour, waiting for the fish to stir; but it is bad policy. The salmon tires but very little indeed, so long as he is still, no matter how strong a lift you put on him, and such a long continued strain loosens the hold of the hook sometimes to a fatal extent.

I found that my salmon was as immovable as if he were anchored; and it was necessary for me to try other expedients. Sometimes a few turns of the reel, if it has a strong click, will cause the fish to move, and a couple of smart blows on the butt of the rod with a stone or hunting knife telegraphs down the line that he is wanted "out of that."

I tried both, but ineffectually, the fish evidently being either in a sulky mood, or else busily enga try-

LANDING A SALMON. (Inst.)

ing to rub out the hook against a stone on the bottom. We finally started him by throwing a couple of pebbles in the water over him, when with a mighty leap and run he made for the rapids at the foot of the pool. As he darted through the water the casting line struck against two other salmon, and at one time three fish were in the air simultaneously. It was a sight that would rouse an anchorite, and my nerves fairly tingled.

My fish, greatly to my satisfaction, avoided the drift tangle, and giving him the butt I restrained him so that he turned back into the deep water of the pool and began circling about as if done for.

"Ah, ha," exclaimed William, "he's finished."

But there was still a good deal of fight left in him, as three or four leaps plainly testified. How beautiful he was as he flashed in the air, throwing the water from him in globules of silver as they sparkled in the sun! What other sensation is there to the sportsman equal to the feel of a salmon on the powerful yet pliant rod? None; there is positively none to compare with it. I have tried almost everything with rod and gun, but with nothing else have I ever felt that thrill of intense and enjoyable excitement that I feel in fighting the royal *salar*.

"Well, Doctor," said Frere, who had crossed the river and now stood beside me, "that's a pretty lively fish."

Big Rock Pool.

"Yes, I replied, "he certainly keeps his strength up; I cannot understand why it is that he holds out so well, he seems as strong as ever."

"Oh, he's hooked in the tough gristle of the lip," replied Frere, "and your line does not drown him at all, for his mouth is closed all the time."

"Are you sure?"

"Certainly," he answered; he jumped just abreast of me once, and I saw the fly plainly outside his mouth."

"Well, old fellow," I said, apostrophizing the salmon that still displayed a desire to investigate the stratum of air above the surface of the pool, "if you are hooked foul we'll see what the old rod says about it;" and at the word I began lifting for all the casting line would stand.

The fish did not take kindly to this treatment and began a series of cavortings all over the pool that showed he was still worth a good many dead ones. Here one moment, there the next; sometimes skimming the surface, again hugging the bottom, and leaping as well as ever, he kept up the fight for a good half hour, and my wrists fairly ached. But at length the play grew less energetic, as the fish slowly became exhausted, and finally he laid on his side and allowed the gaff to land him high and dry upon the shore.

The Lower Pool.

"A good eighteen-pounder!" exclaimed Hiram, holding up the prize, "and a fresh-run fish at that."

"See," said Frere, "it is just as I said, the hook is firmly imbedded in the lip."

"Yes, it is so," I answered, wiping off the perspiration from my forehead and face; "he was well hooked, but it was in a way that gave him all his strength to fight with."

"Well, gentlemen," said William, "I suppose that there is no fishing here for a while again, and we may as well pack and start."

"Yes," I replied, "pick some green boughs and brakes and cover up the fish in the bow of the canoe away from the sun, load up and come on. Mr. Frere and I will start ahead."

In a few minutes my friend and I shouldered our rods, and with gaff and landing net we started up the stream, moving pretty rapidly, but casting a fly here and there, when a bunch of sea trout made the waters glisten, picking out a few for our dinner, but not making any great effort. In fact the sun was too bright for good fishing, if we had worked ever so well. So, enlivening our tramp with stories of flood and field, discussions in natural history, and occasional pauses when some rare bird or flower or wild plant met our gaze, we kept ahead of

the canoe for a long stretch. Our guides found the water very shallow, and during a good share of the time they were obliged to wade, hauling the canoe over the shoals and up the rapids.

Occasionally we found a good stretch of deep water, where we could all take to the boat, but for the greater portion of the distance we did not depend upon it at all. It was about one o'clock when we reached the rapids at the Big Rock Pool; here we found that the water was too deep for wading, and we climbed aboard the canoe right gladly.

In this pool, as we passed over it, we counted over thirty salmon, and the promise seemed good for great sport ahead; this pool being next below, and only about twenty or thirty rods distant from that at which we proposed to make our permanent camp, the two pools being generally designated as the Twin Pools, and individually as the Upper and the Lower. We landed on the beach between the two pools, and walked up to a grove at a point near the rapids, which we selected for our tenting place, and here the guides soon joined us with the canoe.

Here was to be our home camp for a number of days, its position, lying as it did with several of the best pools on the river both above and below it, being most favorable. Dinner was, of course, the first thing to de-

mand our attention, and a royal one it was. We met it with appetites such as no one but a sportsman knows anything about, and I venture to say that the grandest banquet ever served could not have been more enjoyable than that dinner.

After the meal had been attended to, Hiram took all our best fish to a settler's house about a mile from the river, where he was to take a team and carry the fish to our friends at the hotel at the shore. Two handsome salmon, and about thirty very nice trout, made a pretty good load, and we knew they would be fully appreciated. He had ahead of him a long ride of twenty miles, and would not rejoin us that night, but he expected to be able to be with us again before sunrise the next morning.

After a short rest Frere and I began to cut hemlock boughs for our bed, while William cleared a tenting place, made the camp and collected a liberal supply of fire wood. We worked steadily, but the sun was well over the western forest before everything was ready for the night. A comfortable camp it was, and situated in a most delightful location. The tent was pitched on a slight acclivity, a couple of rods from the river. Across the wide pool was the base of a high, steep hill, and directly opposite the camp a large brook emptied its cool sparkling water into the river. At the head of the pool

The Upper Pool. (Inst.)

a series of rapids flowed with unceasing song, covering the surface of the pool with flecks of snow-white foam; at the foot another series of rapids added its chorus to the music of the falls above. Around in all directions lay an almost unbroken forest.

After our work was finished Frere and I took our rods and began casting at the head of the pool, but not a salmon deigned to notice our flies, although we picked out a few trout for supper. We had no better luck in the pool below us, although we knew that there were a great many salmon within its borders. We did not relinquish our efforts, however, and it was only when twilight came on and the guide announced that supper was ready, that we gave up in disgust, and returned to camp. Our poor success did not prevent us from doing full justice to our evening meal, and the fragment society would have had very unsatisfactory pickings with the remnants we left.

"Frere," said I, as I lighted my pipe and seated myself on an old root that thrust itself out in the most accommodating manner for my support, "there are salmon in plenty, but I am afraid we shall have a pretty slim showing unless there is rain enough to raise the river and color it."

"I agree with you, fully," he replied, "the water is

so bright up here that it is almost impossible to keep out of sight of the fish and cast into the pools."

"Oh, ye may get an odd one now and then," said William, who was busy arranging the camp fire for the night, "but the water is too clear altogether for big fishing. Do you remember, Doctor, the luck ye had with your Boston friend after the big rain last year?"

"Yes," I replied, "that was a day long to be remembered, for rarely does an amateur have such luck as that."

"What was it?" asked Frere, who was reclining near the fire, "tell me about it."

"Oh, there is nothing to tell of any consequence," I answered, "beyond what has fallen to the experience of every fisherman; my friend expressed the desire to come up the river with me, and see me kill a salmon. 'See me kill one,' I said to him, 'why not kill one yourself?'

"'Oh, it's out of the question,' he answered, 'I have had hardly any experience in casting, and shouldn't know what to do with a salmon even if I hooked one, supposing my tackle should hold him, which I very much doubt it would.'

"'We'll see about all that,' I answered, 'we'll have the canoe hauled up to the settlement near the river to-night, and we'll take an early start to-morrow morning

and drive up to the upper pool; there we'll take the canoe and run down the river, fishing all the pools, of course, on the way down. The rains have brought up the river in good shape, and we ought to get some fish.'

"'I'd like nothing better,' he replied, 'but I think that seeing you fish will be enough. I think I will not carry my rod.'

"'Nonsense,' I said, 'you are going to kill a salmon to-morrow, so you may as well fix your tackle to-day.'

"Although my friend did not seem very hopeful as to his ability to fight a salmon, he was finally prevailed upon to take his tackle along, and we started at day-break on our long drive. We reached the river at this point, and it did not take us long to get started down stream, one of the guides in the bow of the canoe, the other in the stern, and my friend and myself in the middle. There was enough water to carry us comfortably, and we slid down the rapids to the Long Pool in good style. Here we found our first salmon. We had put my friend through his lessons so well in the upper pool that he was now casting quite a decent fly.

"'Now,' said I, as we stepped ashore at the head of the pool, 'you are my guest to-day, and I want you to get a fish; begin here at the head and cast carefully, and you will rise one, sure.'

"He did not seem over-sanguine, but began casting, we, of course, looking on, and by the Piper, he did rise a nice salmon, although he did not hook him. Well, he was just the wildest man I ever saw; the perspiration started on him and he was all of a tremor."

"Buck fever, hey?" queried Frere.

"No, salmon fever," I replied.

"My friend insisted upon it that I should try for the fish, declaring that it would be folly for him to attempt killing it, etc. To all of which I answered: 'No, sir! by all the rules of anglers, as you rose that salmon he is yours. We will wait a few minutes, and then you must try him again.'

"He finally consented, and in a short time began casting again, and at the third cast he hooked the fish. Heavens, what a yell he let out as the salmon started on the run. My friend had a poor affair for a reel, and it would not render half decently, so that it kept all hands pretty busy in shouting to him how to manage. When the fish leaped we shouted to him to drop the point of his rod, and when the line was taut again we told him how to handle it. The water in the rapids was making a good deal of noise that day, I remember, so that we had to use our vocal organs to the best of our ability, and altogether it was a pretty lively time.

Well, as good luck would have it, after quite a fight he saved the fish, and I never saw a man more delighted in my life than he was when the gaff brought the silvery prize up on the beach.

"'Good enough,' I exclaimed to him, 'how do you like it as far as you've got?'

"'Like it!' he repeated excitedly, 'I never knew what sport was before. I am perfectly delighted, for it's something I have always longed for, but never expected to attain.'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'there is nothing like it, and I expect you will now want a salmon river all to yourself; but, come on, we'll get into the canoe and try for another fish in the next pool; we haven't got through yet by any means.'

"'I'm satisfied,' he exclaimed, getting into the birch; 'you must take your turn now, and I will be a looker-on the rest of the day.'

"'Not much,' I replied; you are company to-day, as I before stated, and you shall have the first chance at the best pools.'

"Well, to make a short story of it, we fished all the pools down, and when we reached the mouth of the river we had five salmon and about forty pounds of splendid sea trout. My friend, who had had the post of honor

FAMOUS SALMON POOL ON THE MARGAREE RIVER, CAPE BRETON. (MIDDLE SECTION.)

along down, killed three of the salmon, while I contented myself with the other two."

"Yes, it was a fine day's sport," said William, when I had finished, "and the best of it was, not a fish was lost."

"No, not one," I added; "it was a fine run of luck to save every fish; far different from that which I had on the day following, during which I was fast to six salmon and did not kill one."

"Yes, that was hard luck, altogether," said William.

"Well, we have to take it as it comes," said Frere, philosophically, "it is the uncertainty which attends salmon fishing that gives it a great part of its fascination; if we were always sure of our fish, the sport would soon become cloying."

"Yes," I added, "it is not only the uncertainty of killing the fish after he is hooked that makes the sport so attractive, but the uncertainty of hooking him at all has its weight."

"True enough," replied Frere, "a salmon is attractive largely through its caprices. How many, many days have I passed working over pools that I knew contained the fish, without getting a rise."

"Yes, and isn't it aggravating," asked William, "to know they are there, but don't care a pin for your flies?"

"I've noticed that when salmon are jumping much they never take the fly in any water," said Frere, after a short pause.

"Yes, it's the case," remarked William, "they usually won't 'take' well when they're leaping."

"I think that every fisherman has noticed it," I replied. "I once cast for several hours on two or three pools on the Ingram River, in Nova Scotia, over and fairly amid jumping salmon, fish that were leaping and splashing all the time, but they would not touch the flies, although I tried every variety on them."

"Did you ever have the salmon 'lep' at the fly in sport like a trout, without taking it?" asked William.

"Yes," I answered, "and I know of nothing more exciting and exasperating. I remember a particularly maddening instance on the Margaree in Cape Breton. I was fishing that splendid pool called the Brook Pool about two miles below the settlement at Northeast Margaree. It is long, deep and wide, and famous for sea trout and salmon. At its head the river flows over steep rapids, and immediately below them a large brook joins it, pouring in a generous supply of cool, clear water; at the junction of the brook and river the pool is very deep, and there is a big eddy two good casts in width which whirls and swirls about in a lively manner. In this eddy,

and on each side and below it, the salmon love to lie, and many an excititing fight have its shores witnessed.

"I was fishing the pool early in the morning on the occasion that I refer to, and everything seemed right for a good day's sport; there had been a smart rain on the preceding day, and the water was well colored and running strong. I had made but a few casts when a large sea trout took my fly, and it splashed around considerably before I could land it. It spoiled my fly, and I was obliged to change it."

"Nothing wuss nor sea trout to spile flies," said William, sententiously, as I paused for a moment to apply some "intment" to my neck, face and hands, the midges having become savage.

"Yes," added Frere," "their sharp, needle-like teeth ruin a good fly, and, if I can help it, I never hook one with a salmon fly, it costs too much."

"While I was changing my flies," I continued, "I stepped back upon the beach, and after a new fly was on I stopped to light my pipe, with my back to the pool, when suddenly I heard a loud splash. Turning on the instant I saw the circles on the water where a heavy fish had evidently just sunk in the middle of the eddy.

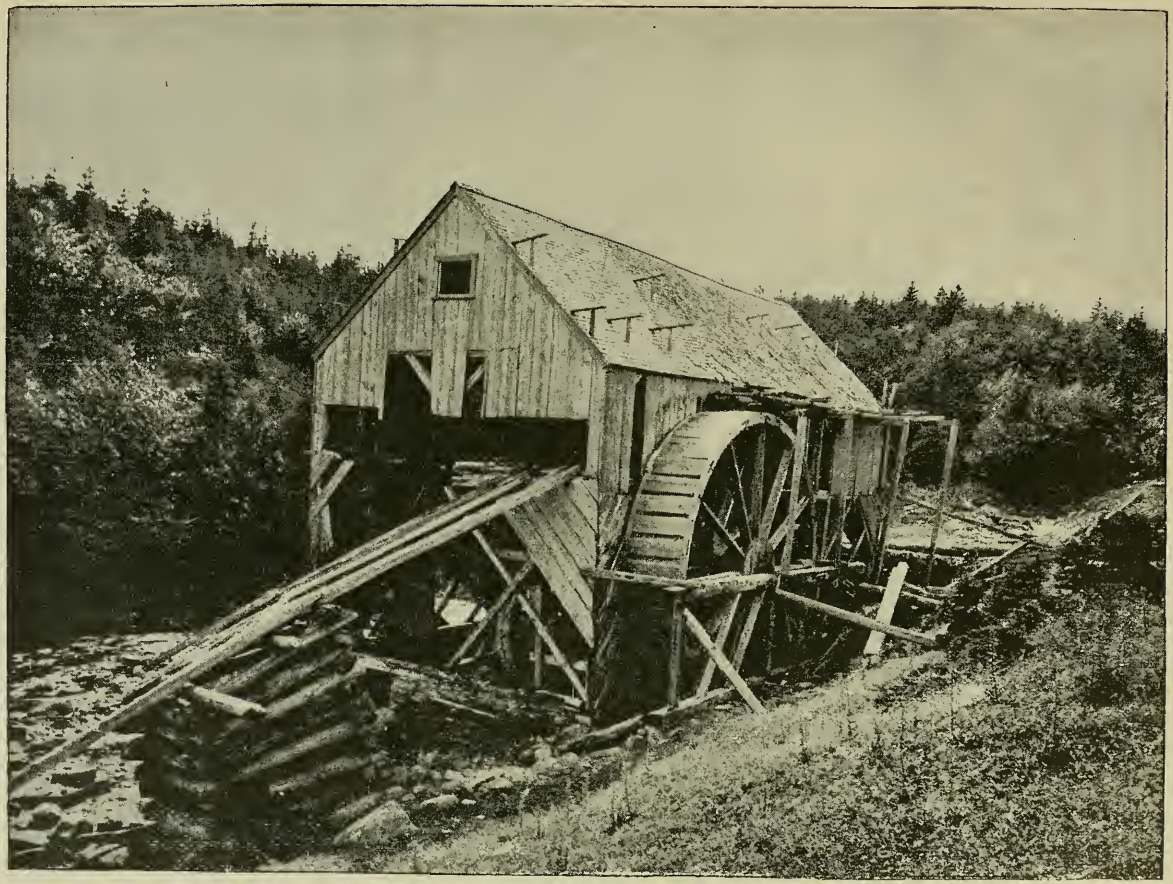
"'Ah! my beauty,' I exclaimed, 'I thought you were there, let's try for a better acquaintance.'

View on the Upper Margaree, Cape Breton.

"I waded out again and began casting, and was soon fast to a large fish, which proved to be a four-pound red-spotted brook trout. The current was so strong and the fish so heavy that I could not prevent it from rushing into the best part of the pool, when in a twinkling four salmon jumped into the air almost simultaneously, probably having been stirred up by the casting line striking them as the trout dashed in their midst.

"Whew, what a 'kick up' they made. One was a small fish only of about eight pounds weight; two were, I should judge, about twelve pounds each, and the other was an old patriarch of about thirty pounds. Now, there is not another pool in the Dominion that is better than that one to kill a salmon in, and I was just wild to try conclusions with the big one. I landed that trout in the shortest possible time, and putting on a large bright fly on account of the depth and color of the water, I began casting again. I worked, I should think, a good quarter of an hour, but not a rise rewarded my efforts. I then changed for a big showy silver doctor that I bought of Scribner, of St. John.

"That started the salmon, and such fun as they had with me! Sometimes one would come up, and often two at a time; they leaped all around the fly and over it, and the big one actually jumped into the air after it;



Old Mill Near Port Mulgrave, N. S.

they cavorted around there for a long time playing with the fly, but did not offer to take it. This was quite a new experience with me in salmon fishing, although I had seen trout play the same capers.

"Well, I held that pool the entire day, changing flies and casting, and resting it, in the vain expectation of getting one of the fish. Several times during the day did they repeat their morning's performance, and the big one was just as playful as the others; but greatly to my disgust I finally had to abandon the pool and its capricious inhabitants, and go home, 'a sadder yet wiser man.'"

"After all, Doctor," exclaimed Frere, laughing, "you had 'the air and exercise,' as your friend used to say."

"He had that, indeed," added William, chuckling, "a whole day at it without hooking a salmon, it ought to cure dyspepsia; but what sort of a river is the Margaree that you have spoken about so many times? I should think it must be fine."

"It is a fine river," I replied, "one of the best in the Dominion, if the spearers and netters would let it alone."

"That would be a good thing for every river," said Frere, "if it could be brought about; but I fear that is not to be hoped for."

"It is so," said William, "there's no real way to

Cape Breton Team and Teamster. (Inst.)

guard a river except by camping on the pools, and I have even heard of netters sweeping them, with a party tenting on their banks. But tell us about Cape Breton. I've heard there's fine farms there."

"There are," I replied, "and if Mr. Frere is not too sleepy, I will use up an hour on that island before we retire."

"On the contrary," said Frere, "I'm not at all sleepy, and I would very much like to hear about our eastern 'Blue Nose' island."

William fixed the fire, and then refilled and lighted his pipe. I took a fresh cigar, settled myself comfortably, and began.

Leaving Port Mulgrave. (Inst. from Moving Steamer.)

CHAPTER IV.

A Choice of Routes to Cape Breton. Port Mulgrave and the Gut of Canso. · St. Peter's Canal. · The Beautiful Bras D'Or. · All About Sydney and Coal. · The Success of the Sydney Fish Hatchery. · Statistics of Cape Breton Salmon Breeding. · Poor Old Louisbourg. · Baddeck. · A Delightful Trip to the Margaree. · Educated Trout. · Success in Using a "Gray Mouse." · Northeast Margaree. · Abundance of Sea Trout. · The Fishing Station of Chetticamp. · Work of the Fish Commissioners at Northeast Margaree. · Taking and Handling Salmon Eggs. · Picturesque Scenery on the Margaree. · Lake Ainslee. · A Celebrated Pool. · Outwitting Educated Fish. · Whykokomagh. · A Most Enjoyable Sail. Abundance and Variety of Bird Life on Cape Breton.

"OF COURSE, for you Canadians there is but one route* that you would care to travel to the Gut of Canso, where you take the Bras D'Or steamer, but to us from the States there are several, and all are popular. The tourist, as well as fisherman, will find much to interest and delight him in a visit to Cape Breton. It abounds in picturesque scenery, and some of the views that one may have there are really magnificent. The

* Via the Intercolonial Railway.

View of the Strait of Canso from Port Mulgrave, N. S.

people are peculiar in many ways, and quaint and interesting beyond description.

"In leaving Boston the tourist has a choice between three steamer routes and two by rail. One steamer leaves on Saturdays, and touches at Halifax and other points on the Nova Scotia coast, and lands you at Port Hawksbury, Another runs to Annapolis, from which point there is a railroad to Port Mulgrave. The third steamer belonging to the International Steamship Company will carry you direct to St. John, N. B., where you can take cars to Port Mulgrave. The all-rail route from Boston to Port Mulgrave is also popular with many.

"My favorite route is to take the International morning boat to Portland, Me. The sail is one of the most enjoyable on the eastern coast; the steamers of this line are large and elegant, and the whole voyage is an ever-changing delightful succession of most beautiful seaboard views of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and a portion of Maine. Arriving at Portland in the afternoon, I spend a few hours in that city, and in the evening take the express train on the Maine Central Railroad. The boat leaves Portland later in the afternoon, and arrives at St. John a little after two o'clock on the afternoon of the next day. The Maine Central and New Brunswick railroads, over which we pass between Portland and St. John,

Port Hawksbury, Cape Breton.

are both well managed and equipped lines, and it is a pleasure to travel over them.

"Arriving at St. John, the tourist may spend a day very enjoyably in that queer old city, but it is necessary for him to leave on the 10 P. M. train from St. John in order that he may connect with the steamer at Port Mulgrave, on the afternoon of the next day. The Intercolonial Railway runs through interesting portions of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and some of the views to be had from the train in the last named Province are among the finest in eastern America. Leaving the cars at Port Mulgrave and embarking on the steamer, we find ourselves on a neat, comfortable boat, the 'Marion,' with Capt. Geo. L. Burchell as commander. He is a gentleman who has traveled widely, is very intelligent, and the traveler will find his acquaintance well worth cultivating.

"From Port Mulgrave a good view is obtained of the celebrated Strait of Canso, which is the great highway through which the fishing vessels, steamers and other craft pass to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is, I believe, from a mile to a mile and a half in width, and over a dozen in length. Leaving Port Mulgrave on the steamer a view of a portion of the town presents itself, but it is not a satisfactory one.

"After crossing the strait and touching at Port Hawks-

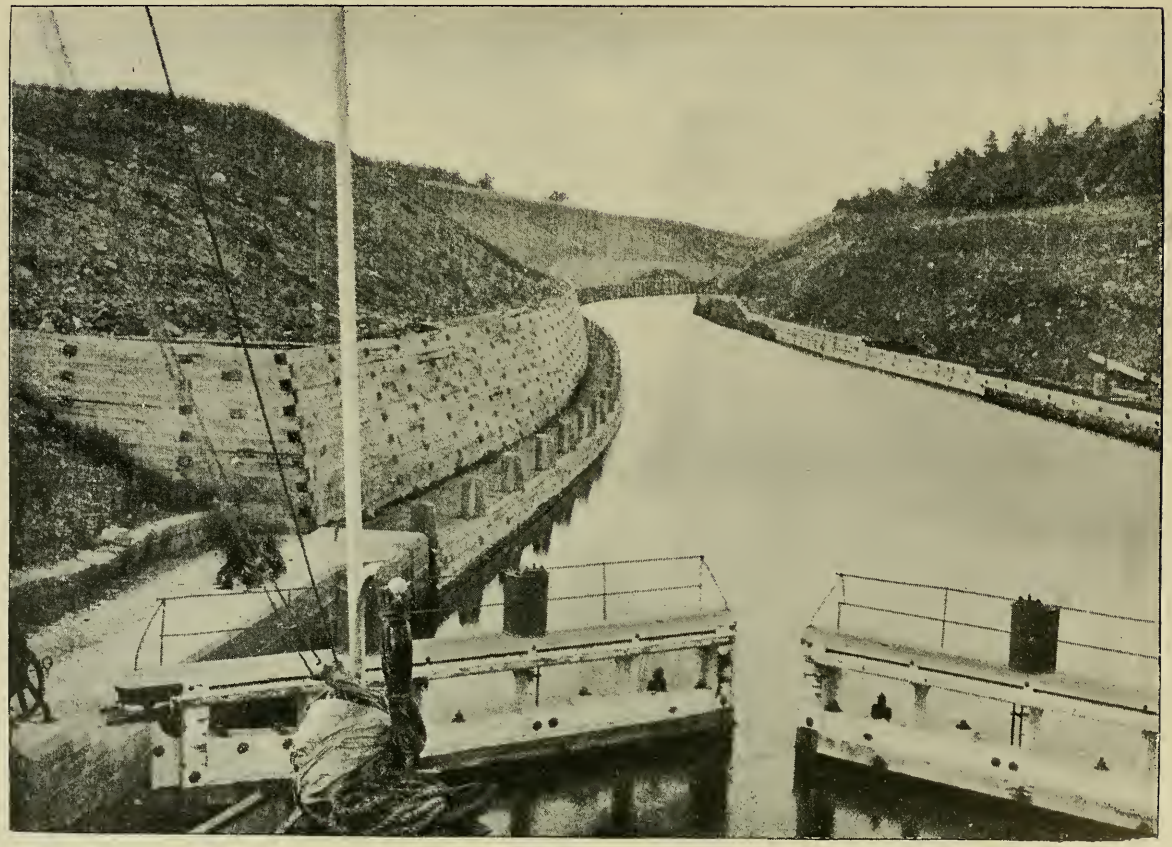
Steamer "Marion" Entering the First Locks on St. Peter's Canal. (Inst.)

bury, the steamer passes along the shore of Cape Breton for several hours, giving the tourist a most beautiful panoramic view of lovely bays, headlands, forests and smiling farms. Soon after leaving Hawksbury the dinner bell is rung, and we are startled to find a first-class dinner cooked and served in first-class style by that accomplished steward, Thomas Mitchell.

"At length the first lock of St. Peter's Canal is entered. This canal, which runs from the Strait of Canso to the Bras D'Or Lake, is a fine specimen of engineering enterprise, and the passage through its locks up into the Bras D'Or Lake is an experience novel and interesting. Passing into the lake, the sail is one of the most delightful to be conceived of. *

"One may spend a month most delightfully about the shores of this beautiful inland sea, in visiting the towns, the mines and the various other points of interest. The

* A writer well says: "Who can describe the beauties of this strange ocean lake, this imprisoned sea which divides an island in twain? For about fifty miles its waters are sheltered from the ocean of which it forms a part, and in this length it expands into bays, inlets and romantic havens, with islands, peninsulas and broken lines of coast—all combining to form a scene of rare beauty, surpassing the power of pen to describe. At every turn new features claim our wonder and admiration. Here a cluster of fairy isles, here some meandering stream, and here some narrow strait leading into a broad and peaceful bay. High above tower the mountains, with their ancient forests, while at times bold cliffs, crowned with verdure, rise majestically toward the clouds. Nothing is common, nothing tame; all is fitted to fill the mind with emotions of keenest pleasure."

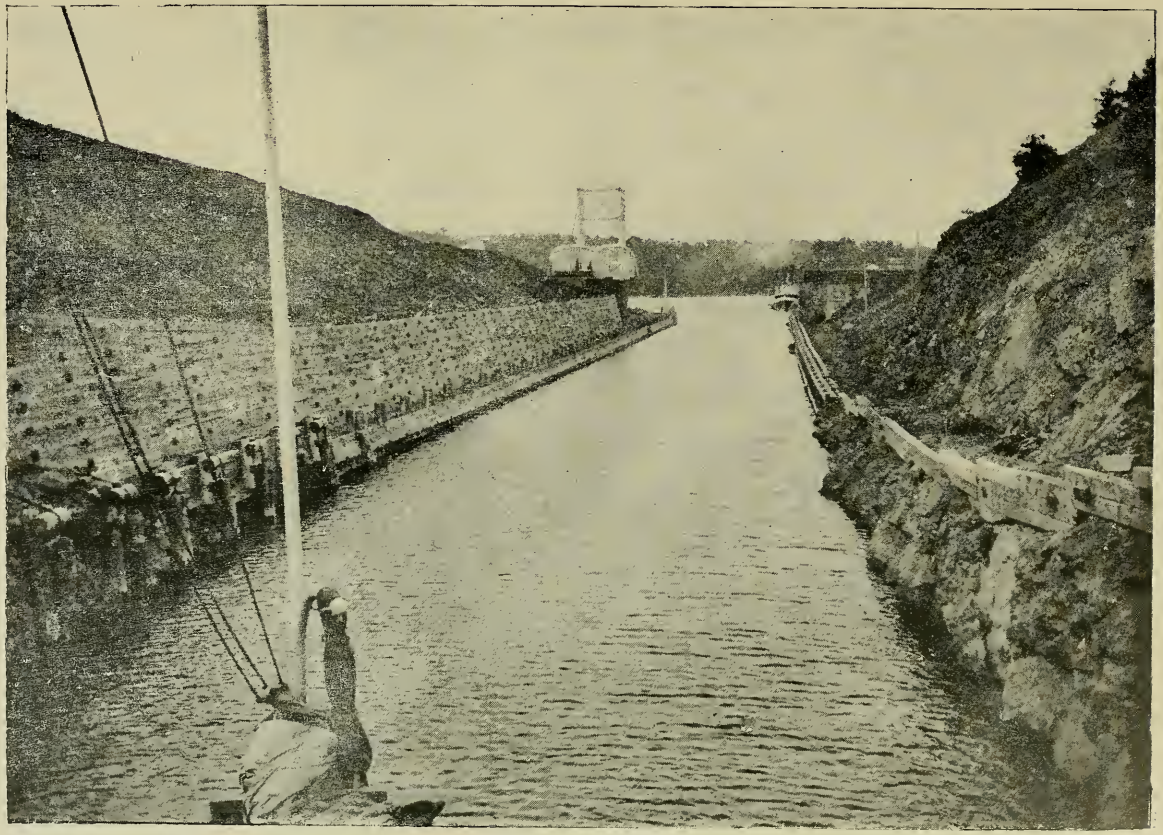


Passing Through St. Peter's Canal, Cape Breton. (Inst. from Moving Steamer.)

most important town on the island is Sydney, and it is well worth a visit. It is quaint and interesting in the extreme, and its near proximity to the celebrated Sydney coal mines renders it a busy, thriving place. It is said that the quantity of Sydney coal available is estimated at over a thousand million tons. Some of the mines have been extended out under the ocean, our steamer passing over some of the submarine mines and miners as it sped along nearly two miles from the shore, as we were informed by Captain Burchell, who pointed out to us the hoisting apparatus and cars on the shore at the mouth of the mines. At Sydney huge ocean steamers may be constantly seen at its wharves loading with the black diamonds. One of these piers is over eleven hundred feet in length, and ships of the largest size may be seen lying beside it.

"The fish hatchery at Sydney is well worth a visit, for it is one of the best managed in Canada, and the superintendent, Mr. C. A. Farquharson, takes great pride in the good record it has made.*

* Mr. Farquharson has kindly sent me the following memorandum of the operations at this hatchery in the year 1888: "This is the sixth year since the hatchery commenced operations. Every year has marked a progress in the quantity of ova obtained and the number of fry deposited in the various streams. In no season since the hatchery was opened has so great success attended our efforts as the season just closed except one. Last fall parent fish were secured abundantly, each stream fished yielding more than on any previous year, and as a natural consequence



Bras D'Or End of St. Peter's Canal. (Inst. from Moving Steamer.)

"There is one point of interest that every tourist should visit and that is the site of Louisbourg, formerly

the quantity of spawn obtained was much larger—there being a total of 2,000,000, yielding 1,415,000 fry. These have been carefully and in excellent condition deposited as follows, viz.:

Sydney River, Cape Breton County	250,000
Ball's Creek	100,000
Trout Brook	175,000
Black Brook	75,000
Grand Lake	50,000
Twelve-Mile Brook	50,000
Eskasonia River	50,000
Salmon River	100,000
George's River	50,000
McLean's Brook	50,000
Margaree River, Inverness County	150,000
Middle River, Victoria County	100,000
Baddeck River	100,000
Grand River, Richmond County	50,000
River Tear	50,000
Hatchery Brook	15,000
Total	1,415,000

"The total number of fry turned out from this hatchery since 1882, when the first distribution was made, is 5,118,200, and were distributed as follows, viz:

1882	331,000
1883	569,000
1884	853,000
1885	772,200
1886	1,178,000
1887	1,415,000
Total	5,118,200

"Of course, it is premature to look for the result that will be naturally expected from the depositing of so much young fry in our streams, yet the indications so far are hopeful and encouraging. In each of these streams supplied from the hatchery young salmon are unprecedentedly numerous, together with this during the present season an unusually large number of small-sized salmon (7 lbs.) have been caught at the entrance of our rivers so replenished. This, with the increased vigilance with which our rivers are protected from the slaughter of salmon by poachers during spawning seasons, augurs hopefully for the increase of salmon in our rivers."

View of Sydney, Cape Breton, from Cemetery Hill.

called Port Royal and Saint Anne. It is reached by the narrow-gauge railway from Sydney, and the run of thirty-one miles is through an interesting country.

"Poor old Louisbourg, once one of the strongest fortified cities in the world, is now a grass-grown ruin where hardly a stone is left upon another; in fact the only trace of the fortifications now left is an old bomb-proof, quite dilapidated and falling apart, a pitiful, woe-begone memento of ancient grandeur.*

"Near Sydney are one or two fine rivers, the Myra, twelve miles from the town, being an early salmon stream

* Mr. W. K. Reynolds writes of Louisbourg as follows: "Once it was a city with walls of stone, which made a circuit of two and one-half miles, were thirty-six feet high, and of the thickness of forty feet at the base. For twenty-five years the French had labored upon it, and had expended upward of thirty millions of livres in completing its defenses. It was called the Dunkirk of America. Garrisoned by the veterans of France, and with powerful batteries commanding every point, it bristled with the most potent pride of war. To-day it is difficult to trace its site among the turf which marks the ruins. Seldom has demolition been more complete. It seemed built for all time; it has vanished from the face of the earth.

"Every New Englander should visit Louisbourg. Its capture by the undisciplined New England farmers, commanded by William Pepperel, a merchant ignorant of the art of war, is one of the most extraordinary events in the annals of history. The zealous crusaders set forth upon a task, of the difficulties of which they had no conception, and they gained a triumph which should make their names as immortal as those of the 'noble six hundred.' It was a feat without a parallel—a marvel among the most marvelous deeds which man has dared to do.

"Restored to France by the peace of Aix la Chapelle, Louisbourg was again the stronghold of France on the Atlantic coast, and French veterans held Cape Breton, the key to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The brief truce was soon broken, and then came the armies of England, and Wolfe sought and won his first laurels in the new world. Louisbourg fell once more, and the knell of its glory was rung.

Long Pier at Sydney, Cape Breton.

of considerable importance, as is also the Sydney River. At Baddeck the fisherman who is destined for the Margaree River leaves the steamer and secures a team for his long drive inland.

"The little book, 'Baddeck and that Sort of Thing,' by Charles Dudley Warner, has done more to make this place famous than all the inhabitants. Every one who has not read it will enjoy it, for it is written in his best vein.

"Baddeck is a quiet, inoffensive sort of place, and most of its inhabitants seem 'constitutionally tired,' but

The conquest of Canada achieved, the edict went forth that Louisbourg should be destroyed. The work of demolition was commenced. The solid buildings, formed of stone brought from France, were torn to pieces; the walls were pulled down and the batteries rendered useless for all time. It took two years to complete the work of destruction, and then the once proud city was a shapeless ruin. Years passed by; the stones were carried away by the dwellers along the coast; and the hand of time was left to complete the work of obliteration. Time has been more merciful than man; it has covered the gloomy ruins with a mantle of green, and has healed the gaping wounds which once rendered ghastly the land which nature made so fair. The surges of the Atlantic sound mournfully upon the shore the requiem of Louisbourg, the city made desolate.

"Another Louisbourg exists to-day, across the harbor from the site of the former city. It has a population of about one thousand, and is reached by the Sydney & Louisbourg Railway, a narrow-gauge line, thirty-one miles in length. The fare from Sydney is only seventy-five cents, and tourists should make the trip. Some fine scenery is found on the road at Catalone Lake and Mire. The Louisbourg Land Co.'s Hotel affords good accommodation; and apart from its historic interest the place is worthy of a visit. The site of old Louisbourg may be visited and the lines of some of the fortifications traced, and one who has a history which gives a good account of the sieges may be interested and instructed in following out the plans of the attacking parties."

All There is Left of Poor Old Louisbourg.

it is very pleasantly situated on the shores of the Bras D'Or, and its facilities for boating, bathing and pleasure driving over excellent roads are grand. Its main street is much like the main street of many New England villages, but it possesses one edifice of fame, its jail, which Mr. Warner treats of in a most entertaining way.

"A team chartered and the baggage packed, we start for the village of Northeast Margaree, our stopping place while we fish the Margaree River. The drive from Baddeck is about twenty-five miles in length, and once taken is something that will ever after have a place among the pleasant memories of the tourist. The road winds among and over the mountains, affording superb views of the country for miles on either side. Forests in long stretches and well cultivated farms alternate, and vistas of exceeding beauty open up on every hand.

"As the carriage reaches the summit of some towering hill, the almost boundless stretch of forest softening away in the horizon into a faint blue, broken here and there by the rugged sides of a towering mountain, makes a scene of beauty and grandeur quite beyond the power of description.

"About half way between Baddeck and the Margaree is the Middle River, a famous stream for large sea trout, and salmon are also often taken in its waters.

Main Street of Baddeck, Cape Breton.

"We reached this river at about midday, and as the driver informed us that it was the proper thing to stop here, eat lunch, bait the horses and cast for trout, we followed his advice, rigged our tackle and were soon busy casting in the pool below the big rapids near the road. We soon found that the pool contained a large number of 'educated trout' of generous size.

"We cast for at least half an hour, and not a rise did we get, although we could see many large fish moving about in the crystal depths. Surface fishing was evidently something that they knew all about. Our flies were very attractive and all that, but they were old acquaintances, and the trout begged to be excused. The sight of so many beauties, however, put me on my mettle.

"The river swept down over several boulders and a ledge of slate stone, and pitched down sharply into the pool which was below the rapids fifteen or twenty feet in depth. There was a strong current where the main body of the river swept across the pool, and I thought I saw a chance for outwitting the diffident ones. Putting on my leader a quite large gray hackle, called by most anglers the 'gray mouse,' I dropped it into the water, and letting it sink, permitted the current to carry it away down almost to the foot of the pool. When the line tautened, at a length of about twenty-five yards, I

The Stone Jail at Baddeck, P. Q.

gave it a few gentle twitches and began to draw it toward me through the rushing waters.

"In a moment's time the reel was singing merrily as a three-pounder seized the fly, and such sport as he gave me on my eight-ounce rod for a good five minutes before he came to the landing net! The gray mouse was a revelation to those sea trout, and I picked out enough nice ones for supper in a very short time. When our driver gazed upon them his face wore a thoughtful expression, but he made no comment.

"After we and our horses had lunched, we started again on our journey, and at about five o'clock our destination, the village of Northeast Margaree, came in sight. And what a lovely view it was as we stopped on the brow of the hill. The quiet little village with its trim farm houses and its little church situated in the lovely river intervale, in the midst of well-tilled farms, and the whole surrounded by mountains which stretched away in ranges as far as the eye could reach.

"Our stopping place was to be the house of a Mr. James J. Ross.* I am particular to give his full name, for of the thirty-eight or thirty-nine families in this section living up and down the river, thirty-three of them are named Ross, and as he keeps one of the few houses

* Post office and telegraph address, Northeast Margaree, Cape Breton.

Approach to Baddeck by Road.

that are fit to stop at, or in which tourists and fishermen are taken, it is important that those who contemplate visiting that region shall know whom to address in order to secure board and rooms. If he cannot take in the new comer there are other houses near by that will, best among which is that kept by the village postmistress; but as Ross owns the teams and knows all the best pools in the country, and is at all times available as driver, guide and general utility man, his house is much the best to stop at.

"It was a small, unpretentious structure situated in the midst of luxuriant farms. How he and his very good other half managed to pack away in it all the boarders that they had, has always been a mystery to me. He has now, however, an addition built to his old house that is capable of holding comfortably all the guests that are likely to offer.

"Here the angler has all the river and brook fishing the most enthusiastic could desire. Immediately back of Ross's house is a brook of considerable size, large enough in many places for good fly-casting.

"The pools in this brook contain great numbers of fine sea trout and large spotted or brook trout, called by the settlers 'river trout.' These latter fish never descend to the sea, and are as high colored as any trout I ever

Light-House on "Little Narrows," Lake Bras D'Or, Cape Breton. (Inst.)

saw. I doubt, if they were laid side by side with choice Rangeley specimens, that any one could distinguish them apart. I have seen in the beautiful pool called Solomon's Cellar, many dozens at a time that would weigh from three to six pounds each. These trout, from long familiarity with the usual run of flies, are also 'educated,' and they will only rise at early morn and dewy eve.

"Beyond the brook is the beautiful Margaree River, the Plaster Pool being only about half a mile from the house. This river is unique in the Provinces, for it flows for upward of thirty miles through meadows and cultivated farms, and every pool in this long stretch may be reached easily and almost dry-shod.

"Below and above the settlement there are some of the finest salmon pools imaginable, at least a dozen being within six miles. In all of these magnificent pools sea trout of great size and gaminess are abundant, and in the right season salmon also; but it is almost useless to fish the river for salmon if the water is low and clear, for the net and spear quickly take out all the fish that have run in, and the fly-fisherman has his labor for his pains. If there is a good fall of rain so as to raise and color the water of the river, thereby rendering spearing impracticable, the fresh run of salmon fills the pools and the fishing is magnificent.

"Solomon's Cellar" Pool, Near Ross' Farm.

"A good plan is to write to Mr. Ross requesting him to telegraph you in July or August when there is a heavy rainfall, and start at once as soon as his dispatch is received.

"I know of no other river that can be fished for such a distance with as little effort from the angler, and the beauty of it all is there are hardly any black flies or mosquitoes to annoy one. Of course, up the river, among the barrens and in the mountains, twenty miles or so, there will be flies, and savage ones, too, but in the open country below through which the river takes its course, no annoyance from the usual pests is experienced.

"One can pass two or three weeks very pleasantly and profitably at Northeast Margaree. The scenery is charming—in many places picturesque—and it is often grand. Forest-topped and green mountains environ the settlement completely. Lovely vistas of meadows and elm-studded valleys stretch away in all directions. Beautiful drives on good roads are available, and with such fishing as may be had there the time passes delightfully.

"The strange, almost unique French fishing station of Chetticamp on the Gulf shore twenty-five miles away, is one of the points to which an excursion should be taken, and the tourist will find it a novelty interesting in the extreme. The village consists of a long street of

Celebrated Plaster Ledge and Pool on the Margaree River, Cape Breton.

fishermen's cabins, and the industry of cod fishing and curing by the French population is carried on with a truly Yankee vigor. The only landing place on this part of the Gulf shore is in a little cove that pierces the rough and rocky coast. The fishing boats when the wind is favorable enter the cove and pass up an inclined plane of logs over which they slide until they are safe from the waves, which are here often of great size. Near Ross's house is a very large cold spring, in which the Nova Scotia Fish Commissioners keep the salmon alive that are caught for breeding purposes until the spawn is ready for stripping.

"Some idea of the value of the Margaree as a salmon river may be had when I state that in addition to the vast number of fish that are speared, netted and killed in other ways, in a few pools in the neighborhood of this spring alone, there are caught and confined in it from three to five hundred large salmon every fall. These fish are netted in the river near by, the Government paying one dollar for each live fish to the captors.

"About the 10th of November the work of taking and fertilizing the eggs is begun. The eggs and milt are taken from the fish and stirred together in a pan. The fertile eggs become reddish and almost as hard as peas, while the infertile are white or of a pale flesh color.

Pool on the Middle River, Cape Breton.

"For removal to the Government hatchery at Sydney the eggs are packed in wooden boxes about fifteen inches square, in moss and cotton wool. There is first deposited at the bottom of the box a layer of wet moss; upon this is laid a stratum of cotton wool, among which the eggs are packed. Upon this is placed another layer of damp, almost wet moss, and another of the cotton with its quota of eggs, and upon this another layer of each. Upon this third layer is placed a partition of wire netting, or other porous material, the object being to secure the eggs from too great pressure, and upon this partition are placed another three layers of moss, cotton and eggs. The fry hatch about the last of April or first of May, and all the time between the period of their extrusion from the parent fish until they are hatched, the eggs require constant and most intelligent attention. When the fry are about five weeks old they are distributed among the various rivers in the Province and left to shift for themselves.

"The percentage of fry that is hatched artificially is vastly higher than it is by natural methods. Probably not five per cent. of the eggs by the latter method ever result in fry, while of those artificially propagated not more than five per cent. are ordinarily lost.

"While at Northeast Margaree a pedestrian trip away

The Village of Northeast Margaree, Cape Breton.

up the river will be something that the angler and tourist will enjoy. He will need to take an outfit for camping, as he will be gone several days. A most delightful view of the settlement and valley of the river for a number of miles down toward the sea may be had from the top of the hill called the Boar's Back. The painter could here find a subject worthy of his greatest skill. A few miles up the river, at what is called the Middle Section, is one of the most magnificent pools in the Provinces.

"Continuing on up the river, the road soon becomes a mere path, and before many more miles are passed, the shores of the river become the only thoroughfare to be depended upon. At the Three Forks one pauses for the first camping place, and he may here take all the sea trout, and good ones, too, that he can dispose of. In fact the pools are now all filled with these delicious fish, with now and then a specimen of the higher colored but less gamy spotted trout. At every cast in the larger pools one is likely to rise a salmon, so that it is better to carry strong tackle along, and not depend on a light single-handed trout rod.

"Near this point are the celebrated falls, two hundred feet in height, and beyond these the salmon do not pass. The ascent of the river may be continued for a number of miles further, but when you have reached a

The House that Sheltered us at N. E. Margaree.

point where climbing is an effort of the most arduous kind and the river but a noisy rushing mountain stream, you will lose your enthusiasm. At Cape Clear, as it is called, you perforce come to a stop, and your ambition will lead you soon to turn about and return to the village.

"If you ever visit the island, and I hope you will, when you leave Northeast Margaree on your return home, I advise, by all means, instead of returning to Baddeck by the road over which you came, to drive to Lake Ainslee and thence to Whykokomagh on the Little Bras D'Or, and thence by steamer to Baddeck. The scenery throughout most of this thirty odd miles to Whykokomagh is superb.

"For the first five or six miles the road follows the windings of the river, and I do not remember of anything elsewhere that can compare with the beauty of the views to be had all along.

"The river intervale stretches away for miles in all directions. Groups of graceful elms and maples dot it here and there most picturesquely, and the river in the sun's rays glistens like a stream of silver as it courses through the meadows. Beyond the valley, and stretching away in the distance until lost to sight in the blue horizon, green-topped mountains are seen on every side.

French Fishing Station of Chetticamp, on Gulf Shore, Cape Breton.

"The road is bordered by elms, maples and the various evergreen trees, and as it winds around the bases of the hills or ascends to their tops, it affords the traveler most exquisite views of the grand panorama around him. The river, as we draw nearer its mouth, grows wider and more stately, and becomes a stream of considerable size.

"Near the forks of the Margaree the road to Lake Ainslee branches off from the main road and leads in an easterly direction. It follows the southeast branch of the river, and the varied panoramic surprises which continually meet the eye arouse to enthusiasm the most indifferent.

"About twenty miles from the Ross settlement the road passes the outlet of Lake Ainslee, which forms the head of the southeast branch. Here are numerous eel weirs. In these are captured many barrels of the fish for which they are set, and it occurred to me that they might, if occasion required, be used for salmon also.

"Passing the outlet the road now traverses the shore of the lake through a farming country almost devoid of scenic interest. On one side the lake stretches away as far as the eye can reach, the blue mountains in the horizon forming the boundary. On the other side pastures, fields and hills succeed each other monotonously.

"For about five miles this tame and unattractive ride

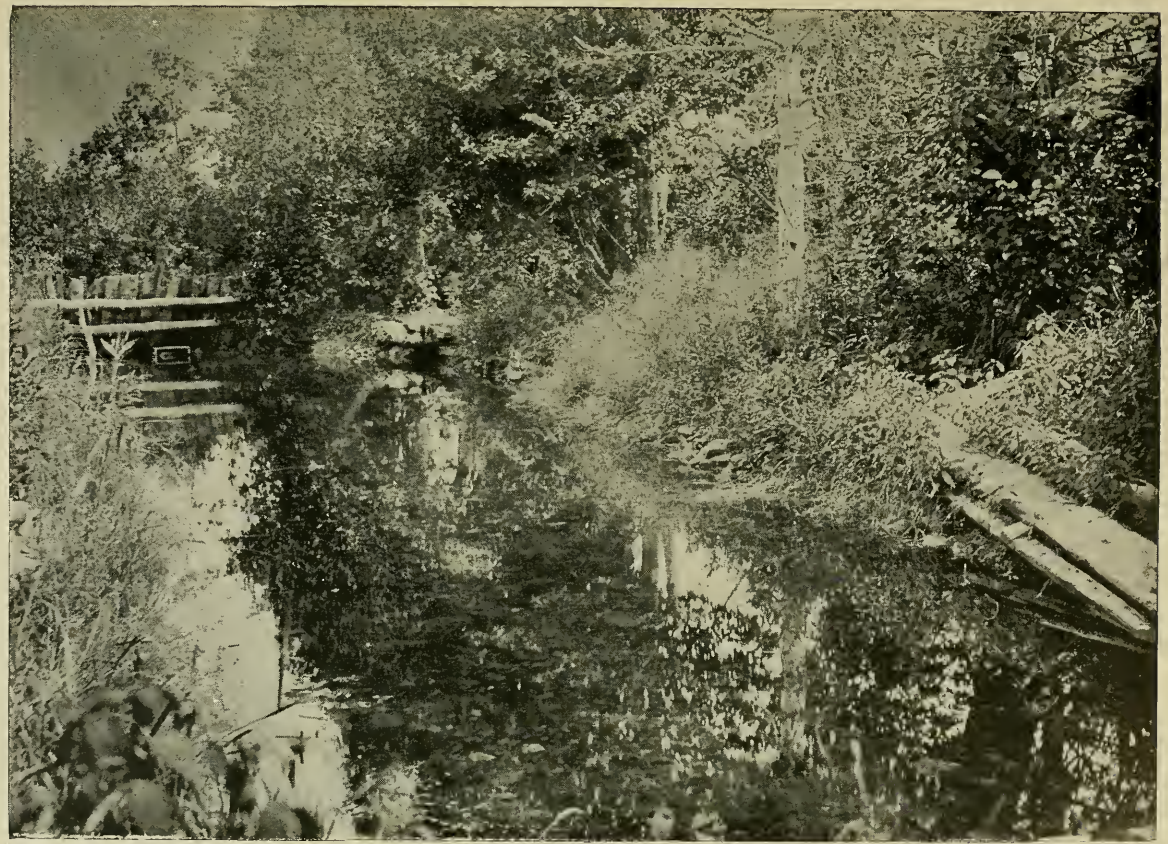
Landing for Fishing Boats, Near Chetticamp, on Gulf Shore, Cape Breton.

continues, and it contrasts sharply with the wealth of picturesque beauty that had preceded it.

"Near the head of the lake is a stream which empties into it. Spanning this is a bridge which was, when we crossed it, so dilapidated as to be absolutely unsafe for loaded carriages, and we were obliged to alight and cross it afoot. Below this bridge is a large deep pool, worth a long journey to see. The water is as clear as crystal, from five to twenty feet in depth, and throughout the summer is absolutely packed with sea trout.

"As I crossed the bridge I looked down into the water below, and such a sight I never before witnessed. The trout were in thousands, and large ones most of them were, too. This pool is celebrated throughout this portion of the island, and many fine catches have been taken from it. In years past it has been poached badly, and is even now somewhat, but not to the degree that it was a few years ago, a warden now almost constantly supervising it. I am told that in 1884 or 1885 a man 'jigged' out of this pool in one day three barrels of those splendid fish!

"We stopped for the night at a farm house hotel near the bridge, kept by a Mr. McLean. Soon after our arrival, haunted by the vision of the host of trout I had seen, I took my rod and sauntered down to the bridge



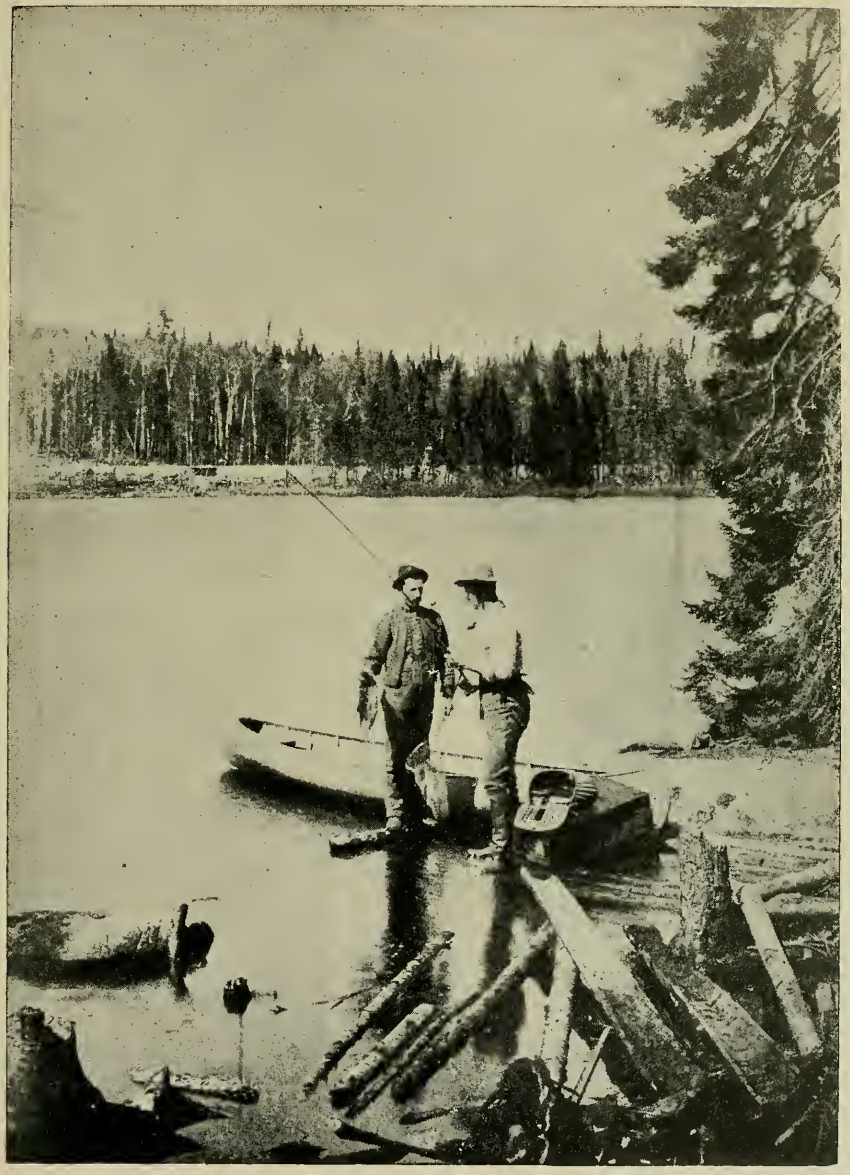
"Reflections." Spring Near Ross' House, N. E. Margaree, Cape Breton.

to ascertain whether or not they were interested in entomology.

"I tried them with various hackles and other flies that I thought would please them, but they had been 'educated.' They had seen similar offerings before, and for two hours I succeeded in landing only three or four small fish, evidently unsophisticated new-comers.

"One or two of the neighboring farmers stood on the bridge talking to each other and to me in, I have no doubt, pure Gaelic, the language of most of the Cape Breton *habitans*, and evidently enjoying 'larks' at my expense in casting over the fish so industriously. Whatever they said, I could not understand a word, the Gaelic tongue not having been mastered by me, so I paid no attention to them. After a while with a parting 'snicker' they left the bridge for their homes, and I was alone.

"The sun now hung above the western horizon, a huge red sphere. The skies were covered with the most gorgeous clouds of golden and purple hues, and a soft balmy breeze sprung up. I ceased casting, and, taking a seat on one of the cross beams of the bridge, lighted a cigar and gave myself up to the enjoyment of the magnificent scene before me. The bridge was only a half dozen rods from the lake shore, and an unobstructed view could be had for the entire distance to the further shore.



Enough for Breakfast, Anyway. (Inst.)

Across the bosom of the lake the rays of the setting sun swept in a broad pathway of crimson and gold. The azure of the sky, the gorgeous coloring of the clouds, the green forests and fields of the shore, all were mirrored on the placid water with the most beautiful effect. It was a scene to be remembered—entrancing, enrapturing.

"I was enjoying it with all the artistic sense of the beautiful in nature that I possessed when I was awakened from my reverie by a heavy splash made by a large fish in the water below me. I looked down, and at that instant another fish came to the surface and with a splash seized a gnat that had dropped upon the water.

"'Oh, ho, my beauties!' I exclaimed, 'it is a small fly you want, is it? I will try to accommodate you.'

"Searching among my feathered treasures, I found a small black gnat, too small, I feared, to be strong enough to bear the strain of a heavy fish. However, I put it on my casting line and dropped it down upon the water, giving it a little flutter at the same time. In an instant my reel was singing merrily as I struck the rise which came instantly, and I was fast to a good two-pound fish.

"I was alone and was obliged to land the trout unassisted. It was a difficult operation, for the fish was lively and strong, and I feared for my small hook. I passed the rod from hand to hand outside the beams of

WHYKOKOMAGH FROM THE STEAMBOAT WHARF.

the bridge as I moved along to the beach where I had left my landing net. After I reached it I had to play the fish until it was completely conquered, for I had a small light rod, and this took considerable time. However, after creeling the trout I had a good hour of twilight left, which I improved by taking three more very nice fish, and some smaller ones.

"When I showed my catch at the hotel it was pronounced 'very handsome,' but I doubt if any of those who saw it believed I took it with anything but the in that section popular jig. In fact I noticed one or two persons examining the bodies of the fish for 'hook marks.' All the fish that I took, although they had doubtless been in the pool for a long time, were as silvery bright as if fresh run. I was told that about the end of August the salmon come into this stream in considerable numbers.

"A comfortable night is passed at McLean's, and after breakfast is disposed of the route is resumed. The drive around the upper end of the lake is picturesque, and the twelve miles to the Little Bras D'Or are soon passed, an occasional team now and then with its, to us, odd characteristics, giving a spice to the trip.

"Arriving at Whykokomagh, pronounced by the natives 'Hogomagh,' the hospitable shelter of the Bay View Hotel is a welcome boon to the weary traveler, and the

Bay View Hotel at Whykokomagh, Cape Breton.

dinner that the hostess, good Mrs. Mitchell, serves, seems a royal feast after the plain fare that has been had on the island; she knows what a good dinner is, how it should be cooked, and also how it should be served.

"The steamer May Queen leaves Whykokomagh for Baddeck at about two in the afternoon. From the steamboat wharf you get a good view of the town, which is neither neat nor attractive. Up the Little Bras D'Or the passage is one of the most delightful. The scenery along the shore is varied, and this, together with the balmy, health-giving air, the placid water of the beautiful lake, the exhilarating motion of the boat, all make the sail enjoyable for every moment of the time. The steamer arrives at Baddeck at about seven in the evening, and landing here the tourist finds himself again on the main route of travel.

"Come, William, wake up," I exclaimed to the guide, who had been nodding for the last ten minutes, and who was now on the point of going to sleep, "wake up and gather together our scattered things and put them under cover, it will rain before morning, sure.

"Well, Frere," I continued, turning to my friend who was silently reclining by the fire, "I hope you are not asleep, too."

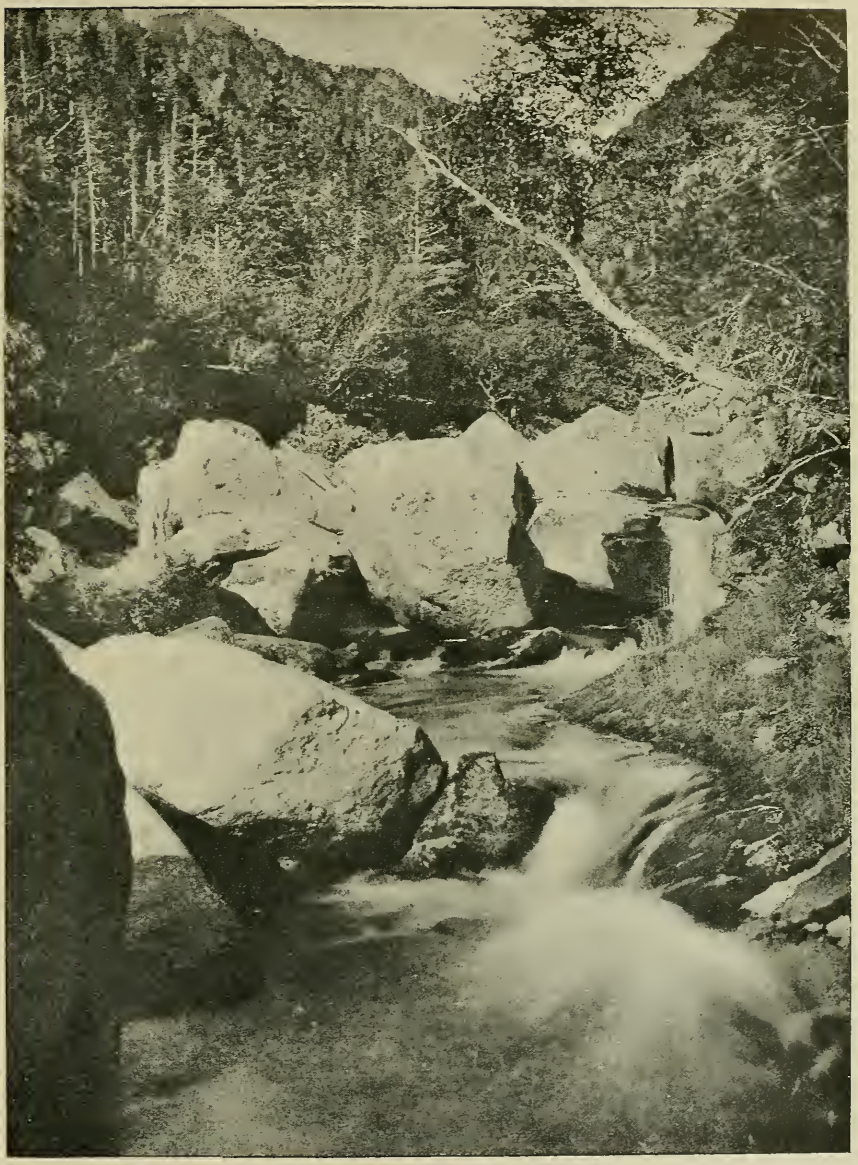
"Not I," he replied, "on the contrary, I am wide

Falls Two Hundred Feet in Height on the Margarèe River, Cape Breton.

awake, but I was thinking about Cape Breton, and your description of its beauties, and arranging in my mind a visit to the island at a not distant day."

"Make it, make it," I answered, leading the way to the tent, "you will enjoy it thoroughly and never regret it. It is worth a visit from you if for nothing more than to see the wealth of bird life that exists there. Warblers in myriads breed there; sparrows and finches of almost every kind haunt the fields and bushes in thousands. I counted four male rose-breasted grosbeaks in one little swamp a quarter of a mile in length, and dozens of those graceful little sylvan fairies, the redstarts. I never saw anything like the ornithological exuberance there is on that little island. The whole feathered wealth of a New England summer would not equal it, it seems to me. Why, I flushed an English snipe at almost every ten rods, every time I walked through a meadow, and this in the breeding season, too, and saw quite a variety of other shore birds that I always supposed bred nowhere south of Labrador. Yes, Frere," I added, as we settled ourselves for a night's sleep, "you must go to Cape Breton to see bird life, if for nothing else."

"I think I shall go," answered my friend, "and not alone to see the birds either, I hope to see some of the big salmon of the Margaree, also."



Falls on the Margaree Below Cape Clear.

CHAPTER V.

A Heavy Rain. · Sounds of the Night. · Fly-Fishing Sometimes Good in a Storm. · A Great Catch. · Trout, Ducks and Grebes Exterminated by Pickerel. · Ozone. · Another Salmon Hooked. · Hopes and Fears. · Disappointment. · Hiram as a Fly-Caster. · More About Favorite Flies. · A Handsome Trio. · Hooked and Saved. Frere Gets Another Fish. · How the Country Boy Angles for a Salmon. · A Squirrel Skin Fly. · A Great Catch. · The Jacquet River in New Brunswick. · Barclay's Hotel and the Beach on the Baie des Chaleurs. · Good Sport in Prospect. · A Summons from Hiram. · Excitement. · A Long Struggle. · Congratulations. · A Pretty String of Sea Trout. · Frere also has Good Success. · Sending out Fish to Friends. · Trout Fishing at the Rangeleys. · Great Sport with Light Tackle. · Hatching Salmon Artificially a Great Success. · The Operations at Different Hatcheries. · Weir Owners Get the Cream. Our Anglers the First to Urge the Artificial Stocking of Rivers and Lakes. · Statistics of Salmon Fisheries. · Poachers Growing More Reckless. · Surface Fishing Cannot Exterminate the Fish. · Habits of the Salmon. · Conjectures Concerning the Identity of the Sea Trout. · All About Lakes Edward and St. John. · The Home of the Winninish. · Great Rivers in the North. · Is the Winninish a Land-Locked Salmon? · Dimensions and Weight of Schoodic Salmon.

I WAS awakened in the night by the rain pelting down upon the tent in fierce, heavy showers. Our covering was, as William expressed it, "as dry as a house," so that we experienced no discomfort from the storm; but the uproar of rain beating down upon the canvas,

"Cape Clear" on Margaree River, Cape Breton.

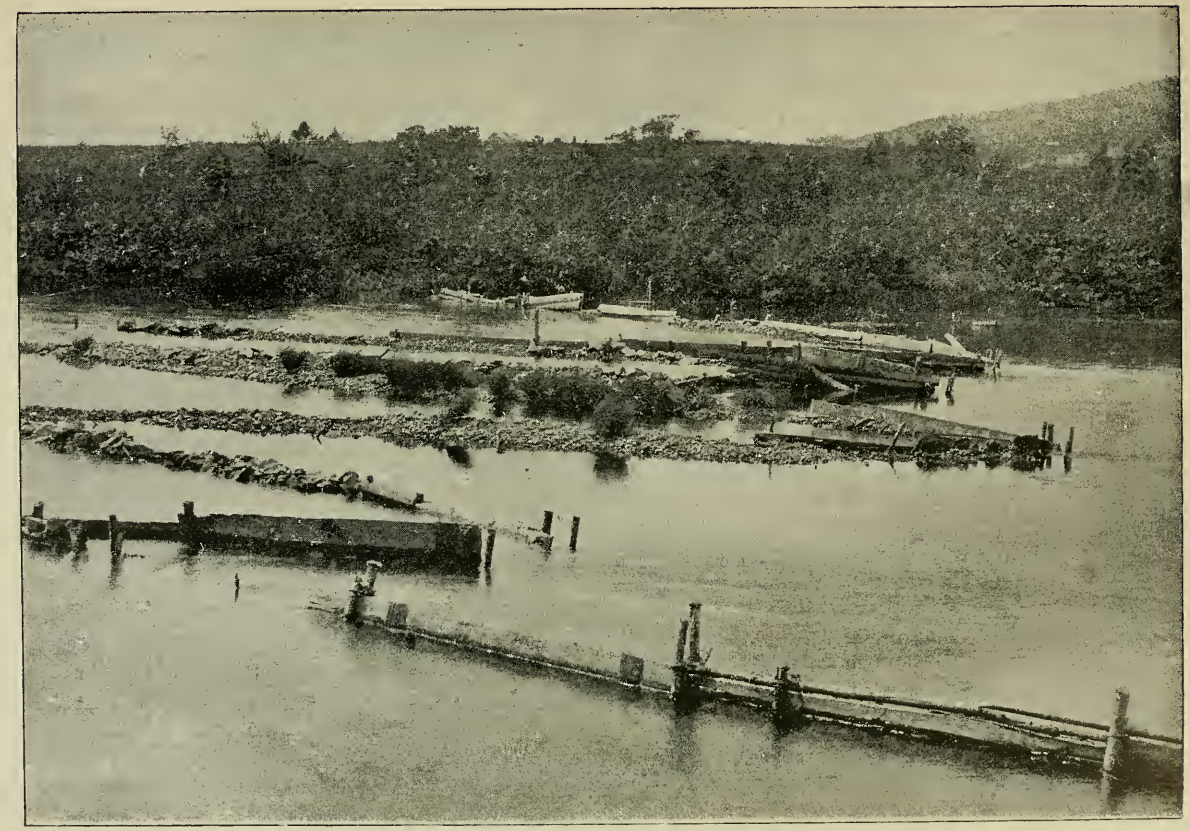
and upon the foliage of the trees about us, and the surface of the water near by, kept me awake for a long time. I lighted a cigar, and, stretched upon our soft bed, listened to the sounds of the stormy night.

Occasionally an old tree, decayed at its base, fell in the forest with a thundering crash. The wind, soughing through the trees, at intervals between the din of the showers brought to the ear the musical tones of the rushing water in the neighboring rapids. A restless owl hovered near by, its lugubrious cry echoing back from the hillside across the river.

To all these sounds I listened until my cigar was finished, when, turning upon my side and covering my head with my felt camping hat, I fell asleep again, and did not wake until the sound of the guide's axe aroused us in the morning.

Emerging from the tent we found that Hiram had arrived and with William was busy at the fire preparing breakfast. It is almost incredible how quickly the woodsman can start a fire, no matter how heavy the rain may be or how wet the fuel. The first thing is to find an old pine or cedar stump, and the resinous wood hewn therefrom will start a rousing fire in the worst of weather.

The rain had ceased, but a heavy fog hung over the river and on the sides of the hills about us.



Eel Weirs at Outlet of Lake Ainslee, Cape Breton. (Inst. from Moving Wagon.)

"What's the day to be, Hiram?" I exclaimed, as I stood by the cheerful fire which was now crackling among the pine and cedar logs, of which the guides had procured a liberal supply.

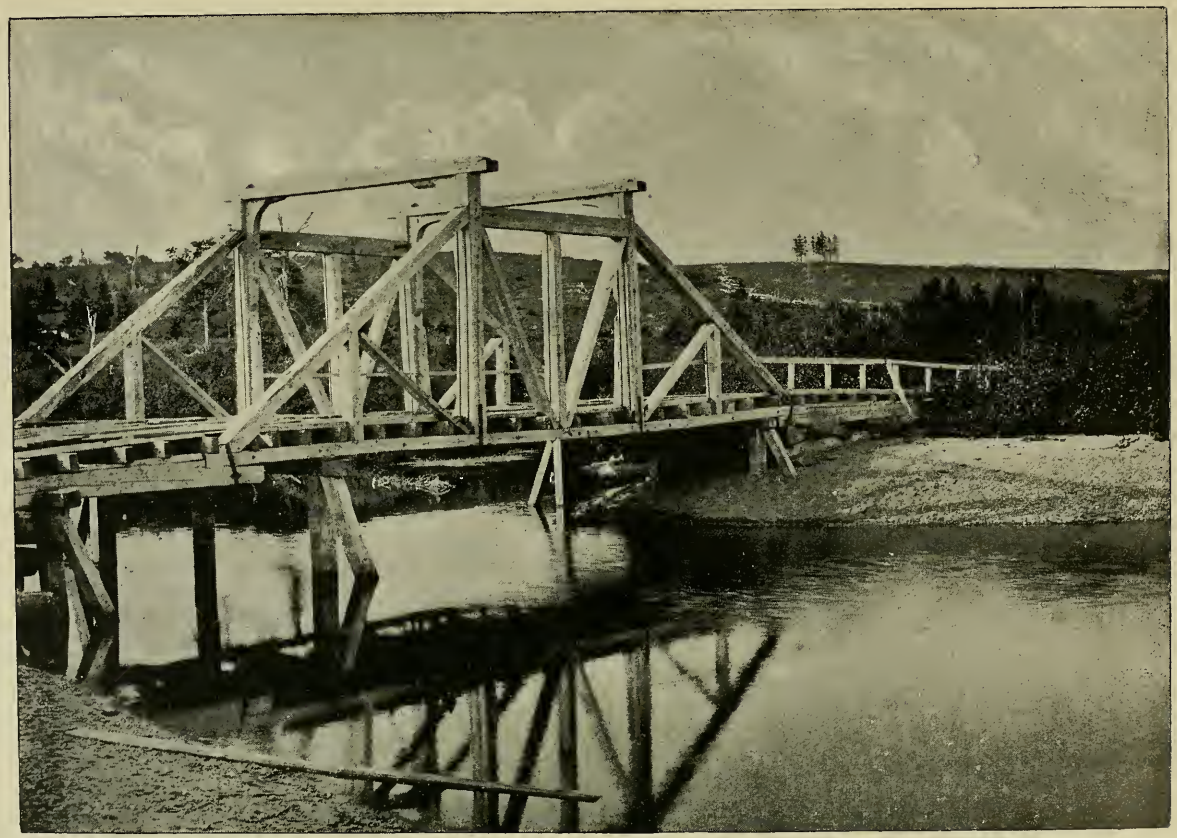
"I think it will be a wet day, sir," he answered, "showery like; not a heavy rain."

"Yes," added William, who was busy slicing bacon and washing potatoes for breakfast, "it will be showery and dark; not the best day ever was for fishing, although ye can try these two pools, if ye like."

"Yes, we will do so after breakfast," said Frere, who was also enjoying the grateful warmth of the fire, "although it's not the best day, as you say."

"It might be worse though," Hiram exclaimed, as he gave the fire a fresh adjustment and hung the tea-kettle to boil, suspending it from a stake of green wood. "I don't like to fly-fish in a storm, for I ginerally find that the fish won't rise."

"Yes," I replied, "it is true as a rule, but sometimes the best fishing is had when the rain drops come pattering upon the surface of the water. One of the biggest catches I ever made was on a perfectly hateful day. It was the 17th of June in 1859 or '60 that this happened. It was on the Magalloway River in Maine, at the pool just below Aziscohos Falls. I stood on one rock all the



"Below this Bridge is a Large Deep Pool."

time, and landed my own fish, being without a guide. During the whole day there was a succession of snow squalls, hail storms and rain; certainly a worse day for fishing could not be imagined, yet I took over a bushel of spotted trout from the pool, using brown or red hackles. I never saw fish so eager. At every cast a half dozen or more would dart for the fly, and I was busy all the time."

"Small trout, I suppose," said Frere; "they are often crazy like that."

"Not so small, either," I answered; "many of them would weigh two pounds apiece and over. They were a magnificent lot, and they furnished a dinner for half the people in the settlement below at Wilson's Mills."

"That was good fishing," exclaimed Hiram, "although we have beaten it badly among sea trout, hey, William?"

"We have, indeed," assented the other guide.

"That may be," said I, "but not in a bad storm, boys, not in a heavy storm."

"No, sir, you're right there," replied Hiram, "it was good fishing for brook trout, altogether; it must have been a fine pool, that."

"Yes, it was a splendid one," I answered; "the falls were steep and high, so high in fact that the trout could not ascend them, and they gathered in the pool below in

"Flat Rock" Pool on the Jacquet River, N. B.

great numbers. That was long ago, however; I doubt if a trout could be found there now."

"Why so?" asked Frere. "It seems incredible that a large river could be absolutely exhausted."

"The trout have been exterminated below the falls, not by fishermen, but by those fresh-water sharks, the pickerel, which have ascended the river from Lake Umbagog below."

"The trout stands no chance against pickerel, I am told," said Frere.

"No, no chance whatever," I answered, "the voracity of the pickerel is something astonishing. In the Schoodic Lakes these abominable vermin not only devour the young land-locks, but they are absolutely driving away the wild ducks that used to breed there in immense numbers.* The pickerel should be outlawed."

"It must be a great pest," said Frere.

"Well, gentlemen, your breakfast is ready," said William, pointing to the abundant viands that were served upon our rude table.

"All right," I answered, "we will surround it at once."

* Geo. A. Boardman of Calais, Me., writes: "Ducks and grebes that used to breed so abundantly on our river, in consequence of the pickerel eating up their young have nearly deserted it as a breeding place. They also eat the young of domestic ducks, and have proved so destructive to them that people up the river have abandoned trying to raise them."

Ward's Pool on the Jacquet River, N. B.

A good half hour was devoted to the meal, and we enjoyed it thoroughly.

"What is it, Frere, that gives us such ferocious appetites?" I asked, as I helped myself to a third trout.

"Ozone," he exclaimed, impaling another fish to keep even with me.

"Ozone," said William, "what's that? I thought it was our fresh air and the exercise that made the hunger."

"All the same, William," I said, "all the same thing; another dipper of tea, please."

After breakfast was disposed of we started for the head of the lower pool, about twenty rods down the beach from the camp. Frere gave me the first chance at the pool, saying he would try his luck later in the pool below us.

I began casting, but, although I got out considerable line and fished carefully, I did not succeed in 'lifting' a fish, and after a ten minutes' exercise with the rod we crossed at the head of the pool for the beach on the other side.

Here I began casting again, moving down the stream a foot or two with every cast, covering all the water as I progressed. I dropped my fly at length behind a jutting rock on the other side, and with a big swirl a salmon took the lure and settled in the pool.

What a moment it is after a salmon is hooked in which we wait for his first rush! The nerves tingle, the heart almost ceases to beat; we brace every muscle and prepare for the battle that we know is inevitable. The pressure is put upon the rod, the line begins to move slowly at first, as if the fish disdains to notice the frail fibre which holds him; then, with a mighty dash, with the speed of thought, he spins out the line, making the reel fairly scream at the rapidity of the motion.

The salmon to which I was fast was a strong, active fish, and his first run took out at least seventy yards of line.

"Bring the canoe, quick, William!" I shouted, "we may have to follow him down the rapids."

Almost as soon as I had finished my sentence the canoe was at my side, and, hurrying into it, we prepared to follow the fish if it went out of the pool. It was a beautiful pool to kill a salmon in, having an abundant depth of water all over it; it was about two hundred yards in length, and at the lower end shoaled considerably before reaching the rapids, but it was deep enough even there to float a heavily-loaded canoe.

The distance to the next pool below was only about one hundred rods. Tearing down into the shoal water the salmon seemed on the point of making for the rapids.

Shouting to the guide to follow him I held the fish with as firm a hand as I could, watching with apprehension my line rapidly disappearing from my reel. One hundred yards had spun out, and twenty more before the salmon concluded to turn back. Our canoe had started to follow the fish, and this gave the line a fearful bight or slack when the salmon darted back into the pool, and never before have I made my big reel fly as I did in winding up that slack. I succeeded in getting it packed on the spool again solidly and in even layers.

Unquestionably, there are more salmon lost by fouling an unevenly, slovenly reeled line than from any other cause. Invariably, if a line is loose anywhere on the reel, the fish will cause it to overrun, and then throw a sort of half hitch on the reel, and this done the casting line parts as if it were a cotton thread. I have seen so many fish lost by this carelessness, and also by the line fouling in that infernal implement, the wheel turned by a crank instead of by a handle in the revolving plate, that I am cautious in avoiding both fruitful sources of expletives and despair.

Winding in the line carefully, yet with the greatest possible speed, I very soon had it tautened again on the fish, which was now in the pool not ten yards from the canoe. Feeling the lift of the rod, the salmon darted

A Snap Shot at New Brunswick Girls on the Cliff, Near Jacquet River, N. B. (Inst.)

away again, this time up the pool, leaping three times in quick succession, and throwing the water away up on the rocks on the side of the pool; following this he spun back and forth in short nervous runs, and then settled in the deep hole at the foot of the upper rapids. Here I followed by walking beside him on the beach, and gave him the butt for all I dared to, inviting him at the same time to "come in out of the wet." In response he darted into the air, shaking his head like a black bass, and so close to me that I could have struck him with the tip of my rod when I lowered it as he fell back into the pool.

"Ye may give him the butt again, sir," said William, "'tis only a small fish, not over ten pounds, though he's mighty lively; he'll soon tire now."

I followed this advice and kept the fish moving, and soon in acknowledgment of defeat he turned on his side on the water.

"Good enough, he's done!" exclaimed Hiram, who stood with gaff in hand on the beach near me; "bring him in this way, and I'll reach him."

Giving a slant to the rod and lifting at the same time, I sheered the fish over toward the point on the beach where the guide stood. Nearer and nearer to the shore it came, until it was within six feet of the end of

Ledge or Windmill Pool on the Jacquet River, N B.

the gaff, when the salmon, perhaps catching a glimpse of his foe, or possibly touching a stone on the bottom of the pool, gave a sudden twist and jerk, and falling back into the water, disappeared a free fish.

For an instant we stood aghast, and then Frere exclaimed, "How in the name of goodness did that fish get away? I thought he was safe, absolutely."

"He was till the hook broke," said William.

"I don't think it broke," I exclaimed, as I reeled in my line, "I think it tore out of the fish."

"No, the cast broke close to the fly," said Hiram, who had meanwhile seized the line and was examining it; "no, thunder! the loop pulled out of the fly!"

It was even so; there was the casting line in perfect condition, and at its end was the loop which had been fastened to the fly.

"Confound it all," I exclaimed, "why didn't I test it as I should have done, before fishing."

"Yes," you should have," said Frere, "I find that there is almost as much danger of a loop pulling out, unless I tie it myself, as there is of a casting line parting."

"Well," said I, "it's a wonder I held the salmon as long as I did; but I should hardly have thought such an accident could have happened, for it was a genuine Forrest fly."

"I have known such a thing to occur before," he replied, "and we can draw a moral from the accident, and that is to never use 'store flies' if we can help it."

"Well, Mr. Frere," said Hiram, "the fish is lost, and we may as well try for another, and that pretty soon, for there'll be more rain by and by."

"Very good," replied Frere, "we will go down to two or three of the pools below, and see what our fortunes will be there."

"You take the canoe down, Frere, with William," said I, "and I will put in an hour or two with the trout."

"All right," he replied, and stepping into the canoe with the guide, soon disappeared from our view down the river.

"Hiram," said I, as we took our stand upon the beach close to the place where I had hooked the salmon, 'you take the rod and fish awhile, and I will have a smoke."

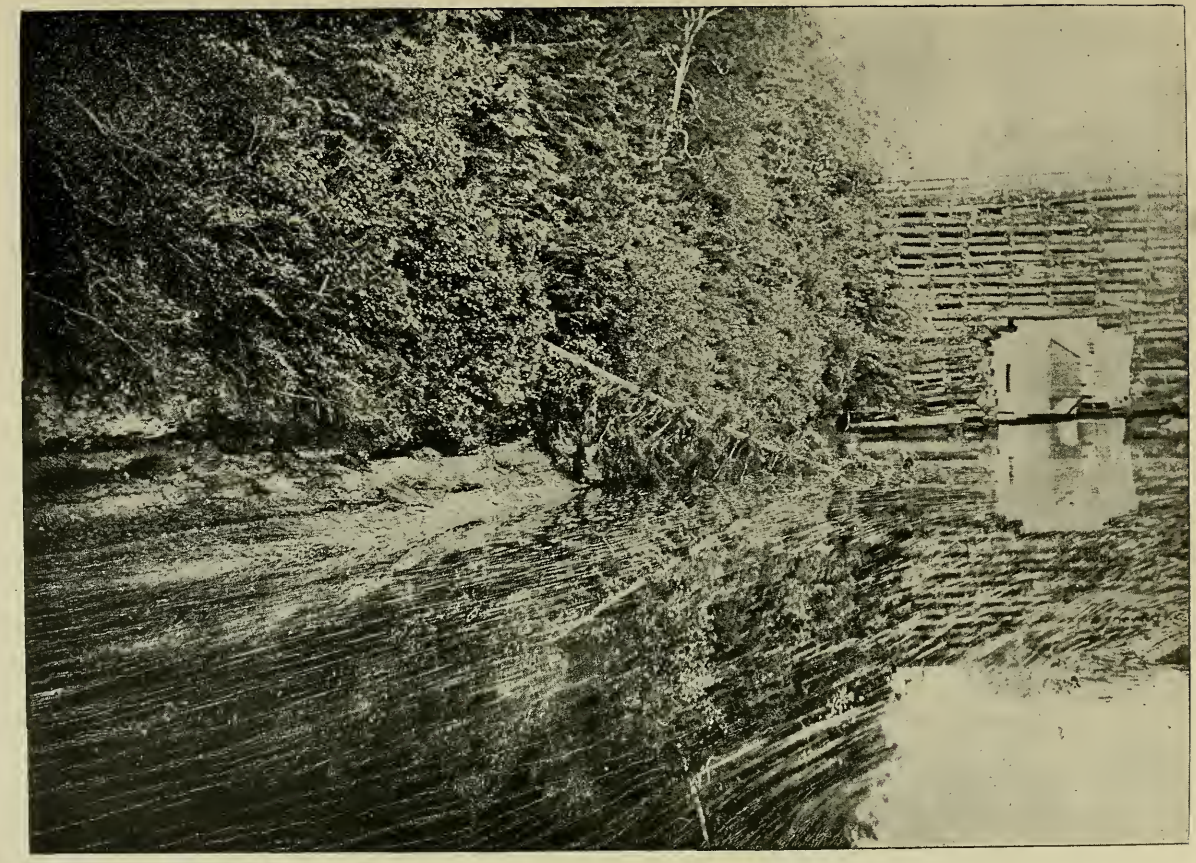
"All right," he replied, as I handed him my tackle, "perhaps I will hook a salmon, there's plenty in it."

I took a seat upon a rock on the beach and watched the guide. I have met fishermen who would never permit their guides to handle their rods for a cast; and have also seen others who made their guides do all the

casting, contenting themselves with playing the fish that their men had hooked for them. Neither of these classes have the right spirit of the true sportsman.

It is pretty dull music for the intelligent guide to watch the angler all day long, and day after day at that, cast and hook and play the salmon, without being allowed to even participate in the sport further than to gaff the fish, and I hold it is selfish in the employer to begrudge the man a chance now and then to do a little of the fishing; that is, if the guide is an expert, which most guides are. The sportsman who makes the guide do all the casting and hooking the fish for the employer to play is a lazy man, and a poor angler. It is something to rise a salmon and hook him neatly and artistically, something that every one cannot do, and it is asking and expecting a good deal from human nature to require the guide to relinquish the rod to another man to play the fish which he had not the patience or skill to hook.

Hiram was an expert with the rod, and it afforded me great pleasure to see him cover the pool, placing his fly as lightly as the fall of a feather wherever he wished. After a short time he ceased casting and said, as he removed the fly from my leader, and handed it to me, "The water is growing darker every minute from the heavy rain there has been up the river, and in a deep



Reflections. Old Bridge and Mill, Near Jacquet River, N. B.

pool like this, when the water is colored, a larger and brighter fly is the thing."

I gave him his choice from my book, and selecting an elegant Popham he attached it to the casting line.

Right here I want to say to every salmon fisherman, that in every twelve flies always have one Popham, and if you follow my advice you will vary the other eleven about as follows: Three of the silver doctors (two sizes), two of the Jock Scott, one butcher, one Durham ranger, one royal coachman, two of the fairy (two colors), one black dose. This variety will meet the requirements of all conditions of light and water, and they are among the most killing flies to be had. Of course, a selection of hackles and other trout flies is essential. A single dozen will last only a short time, but the dozens taken on an outing should, in my opinion, contain about the variety I have named.

Hiram went to the head of the pool and began casting, and keeping back from the water, with a long line, worked down the stream, covering thoroughly every foot of the water with his fly. How neatly he dropped the fly here and there upon the surface of the pool; it was a pleasure to see the performance, even if it did not rise a fish. At length the fly fell upon the identical spot where I hooked my fish a half hour before, when like

a phantom I saw a grayish form arise to the surface, and in an instant a salmon was hooked.

"I thought one would come up there," said Hiram, reeling in the line and preparing for the contest, "it's the spot where they all lie."

The fish went to the bottom for a moment, evidently not feeling any inconvenience or pain from the hook, but the instant that the strain of the rod was put upon the line, the reel gave a shriek and the fish darted down the pool, showing itself in the air two or three times in quick succession.

"Here, sir, take the rod," exclaimed the guide, as he stepped to my side and offered me the tackle, "the fish is small, but very lively."

"Keep the rod, Hiram," I said, "and I will watch you kill this fish."

I confess that my fingers fairly ached to take the rod from the guide and kill the salmon myself, but I conquered the desire, although I am free to say that I have not always refused such an unselfish offer.

The salmon was a short, thick, broad fish, and from the shape evidently a female, and of about ten pounds' weight. Turning back into the deep water, after taking out fifty or sixty yards of line, she settled to the bottom, and began jiggering right earnestly to release herself from

the barbed steel. Hiram at once put a strain on my split-bamboo that I did not fancy.

"Remember, Hiram," I exclaimed, "my rod isn't one of those heavy greenhearts that you are used to."

"No trouble," he answered, still lifting severely, "the salmon's jiggering and boring, and I want to get her head out o' that; the rod's good for her any day."

The fish soon yielded to the strain, and, coming to the surface, began to circle about in a confused way.

"She's most done, already," I exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the guide, "the females, as a gineral thing, haven't got the fight in them that the males have; they give up quicker."

Another fierce rush down the pool, followed by two or three leaps, however, showed that she was still disposed to continue the contest, but her strength was not sufficient to cope with the lift of the pliant but persistent rod. Shorter grew her struggles, nearer and nearer she drew as the reel wound in the line, and soon she lay upon her side in mute defeat. Handing me the rod Hiram took the gaff, and as I stepped upon the beach, drawing the salmon after me, with a quick dart the gaff lifted her from the river, and she was conquered.

"'Tis a purty fish, and a fresh run," said Hiram, lifting the silvery beauty from the beach.

"Yes," I replied, "and she was landed in good style, too."

"Middlin', sir, middlin'," he answered, laying the fish upon some brakes and leaves, "and now what shall we do?"

"We'll rest the pool for a few minutes," I replied, "and then I'll try for a few sea trout."

After a few minutes' pause I changed my fly for a large gray hackle, and then taking my stand on the beach began casting. Across the pool, hovering over a patch of sandy bottom, was a bunch of sea trout, and dropping my fly above them, I was soon fast to a handsome fish of good two pounds' weight. After a short play it was landed, and in a few moments another and another of equal size were brought to the landing net.

"That's a pretty trio, Hiram," I said, as he killed the last of the three and laid them side by side.

"Yes, sir," added the guide, "many's the man would go far to take them in a whole day."

"You're right," I replied, removing my hackle and affixing to my line a silver doctor, "and now for a salmon!"

As I spoke I made a careless throw into the old spot, without the expectation of getting a rise after all the disturbance that had been made in the pool; but who can say what the caprice of the scaly beauties will be; hardly

had my fly touched the water when it was seized and borne to the bottom.

"Ah, ha," exclaimed the guide, "that's quick work."

Reeling in, and securing a taut line, I lifted on the rod. For a second or two the fish seemed undecided, but it was only for that length of time, for giving a half dozen jumps in as many directions, it started up the pool with a rush.

"It's nothing but a grilse," I exclaimed, giving it the butt; "we'll not waste any time unnecessarily on him."

The grilse is a lively fellow, but easily conquered. When first hooked he is apparently all over the pool at once, darting and leaping in all directions, but, if the line does not foul, and the fish is watched and not handled too roughly—for its mouth is very tender and the hook often tears out—he is soon conquered on a salmon rod. I have often thought it would be great sport playing one on a light rod, but have never had the opportunity of trying it.

In a few minutes my grilse was in the landing net, and soon it was laid by the side of the rest of our fish. At that moment the canoe appeared in sight, ascending the quick water at the foot of the pool; and as he passed the crown of the rapids, William held up a single finger as a signal that one salmon had been taken.

Barclay's Hotel, Near Jacquet River, N. B. (Inst.)

"It's a nice fish, Frere," I said, as the canoe touched the beach; "what's the weight?"

"Thirteen pounds," he replied. "What luck have you had?"

I pointed to the glittering prizes on the brakes and ferns.

"Good, good!" exclaimed my friend, with the fervor of the true sportsman. "I am glad you had such fine sport."

"Thanks," I replied, "but I do not claim all; Hiram killed the salmon."

"It's a pretty catch, anyway," said William, "but we had better be getting to camp, it's going to pour."

Hurrying into the canoe we sped to the upper pool, and barely reached the shelter of the canvas, ere the downpour began. I do not remember of ever seeing a heavier storm; it was simply terrific. While the tempest was raging we kept snugly ensconced in the tent. Frere occupied the time in tying flies, while I with a cigar and a novel had no difficulty in entertaining myself. The guides seated near Frere watched with keen interest his manipulations of the floss and feathers and tinsel which he used in the manufacture of his winged lures.

"That'll be a neat fly in the water, and a killing one, too," said William, as he took a fly that Frere had

finished, and examined it. "I don't know why, but any fly that has in it jungle cock and golden pheasant feathers is sure to take."

"Yes," replied Frere, "there seems to be something peculiarly attractive in the jungle cock hackle; and almost any combination of it with the feathers of the ruff and crest of the pheasant is successful."

"Always remembering, however," I exclaimed, "that a good deal depends on the man who offers it to the fish."

"Of course," he replied, "the best fly, if cast by a novice, is generally no better than the poorest."

"It's not the nice flies, only, that kill, though," said Hiram, "I've seen many a salmon taken with a few feathers picked up in a barnyard and tied to a hook in a loose way."

"Yes," added William, "and with only a bush pole,* too, hey, Hiram?"

"How was that?" I asked, "I don't see how the fish could be played on such a rod."

"Oh, the country boy does not play his salmon," said Frere; "as soon as the fish is hooked the boy throws his pole into the water, and lets the fish do its own playing."

* Sapling rod.

"Oh, I see," I answered, "and the pole always hangs to him."

"Yes," said Hiram, "and it's surprising how soon the salmon is done for; it keeps him moving, but acts like a clog to a bear trap; it holds the fish just enough to bother it and wear it out."

"And it's not often the salmon gets away, either," added William.

"With such a sure method of taking a fish," I said, "your country people ought to be satisfied; it's a fair kind of fishing, but using the spear and net is murderous."

"That's so," exclaimed Hiram, "and no one would begrudge them a few fish taken this way, either. I've caught them so myself."

"Speaking of rough flies being successful," I said, after a short pause, "I shall never forget how we took the sea trout two years ago, Hiram."

"How was that?" inquired Frere.

"With a piece of squirrel skin tied on a bait hook," I answered. "We were up to Kettle Hole Pool on the Jacquet, and found it packed full of sea trout; but they paid no more attention to my flies—and I offered them some nice ones, too— than they would to so many sticks; we tried everything, but they would not stir. At length

Beach and Cliffs on Baie des Chaleurs, Near the Jacquet River, N. B.

Hiram took out of his pocket the skin of a flying squirrel, and cutting off a piece covered with gray and white hair, he fastened it to my hook. It was my first experience with such a bait, but I cast, and on the instant hooked a big fish. . We had a lively time of it for an hour or two, in fact Hiram had all the weight of fish he wanted to carry out, over the five miles of rough road through the woods, up hill and down, that we had to travel."

"Yes," said Hiram, "'twas a good catch, and I was glad to get it, for it's discouraging to take such a long tramp for nothing."

"The Jacquet is a fine trout river," said William, after a short pause.

"Yes, and for salmon, too," I added, "they are not as big as the Restigouche or Cascapedia salmon, but they are nice fish, and it's a beautiful stream."

"Tell me about it," said Frere, "I have often desired to fish it, but was not acquainted with either of the lessees."

"I wish I had known it," I replied, "I had an interest in it for five years, but it is now owned by a party who is very close of it. Fortunately there are a few free pools on it still."

"Yes," I continued, lighting a fresh cigar, "I have

Children Playing on the Beach on Baie des Chaleurs, Near Jacquet River. (Inst.)

had many an enjoyable outing on the Jacquet. On arriving in the cars I go at once to Barclay's Hotel, and make that house my headquarters. It is near the station, and only about half a mile from the mouth of the river. It is a snug, cozy little house, and its location on the southern shore of the beautiful Baie des Chaleurs is delightful. Many, many happy days have I spent beneath its hospitable roof. Its proprietor knows how to entertain the tired and hungry, for he provides as good a table as one can wish to see, and the service is first-class in every way. At Barclay's the sea bathing is unsurpassed, the house standing but a few rods from the shore. The beach extends for miles, and along it are to be found scenic beauties that would delight the eye of the artist.

"The best way to get to the river is to drive from Barclay's to the farms of the Millers at Sunnyside. They are splendid guides and canoemen, and know every inch of the river. They are employed by the lessee of the river as guardians, and therefore know which pools are free and which are covered by lease. Engage the Millers to carry you in their canoe down the twelve or thirteen miles of the river from their farms to the mouth, and let you fish such pools as you can without infringing on the rights of the lessee.

Hell Gate Pool on the Jacquet River, N. B.

"Close to their house is the Big Hole Brook Pool, and here you will take the canoe on your trip down the river. It is a large basin, and there is almost always a salmon or two lying in it. Just below that pool is the Long Pool, and you slide down to it through the rapids in a few seconds. This is a magnificent pool, one of the best on the river. I counted over forty salmon in it on one occasion, and have killed a good many fish in it first and last. It is one of the easiest fished pools on the river, a beach on one shore giving the angler fine casting stands, from which he may cover the entire basin.

"Below this are a number of beautiful pools, the best of which are the Upper and Lower Horse Shoe pools, the Jarvis Pool, Ward's Pool, Rock Pool, Franker's (or Francois) Pool, the White Rapids, Hell Gate, Red Cliff and Windmill Rock pools, and Flat Rock Pool. Some of these are free, and you will find the run down the river delightful even if you do not fish, for the scenery the whole length is picturesque and beautiful.

"Jarvis Pool is one of the finest on the river. I do not remember the time I have cast in it when I did not get fast to a salmon. It seems a favorite also with large sea trout, and many is the time my tent has been pitched on its shores. It is picturesque in its surroundings, and

is a delightful spot for either an artist or fisherman to visit.

"But, Hiram," I exclaimed, "the storm is gone by, and the sky is brightening! Come, it's past one o'clock, and I'm famished; let's have dinner."

It did not take the experienced guides long to start a rousing fire, and in a very few minutes the preparations for dinner were in full operation.

The clouds were opening and drifting away toward the east, and the rays of the sun ever and anon poured down upon us. The prospect was good for fair weather, and as the rain had very perceptibly raised and darkened the river, we felt sure of good sport.

With more than sportsmen's appetites we attacked the dinner that the guides served for us. It was abundant in variety and quantity, and we did full justice to it.

After dinner had been disposed of, Frere and William started for some of the pools above our camp, while Hiram and I busied ourselves in drying our wet clothes, airing the blankets by spreading them on low bushes, and in tidying the camp generally.

After this was done, I took a stroll into the woods a short distance, where, finding a tempting nook, I spread my rubber blanket on the ground, and, lying upon it, indulged in a delightful rest.

It was a beautiful afternoon, a soft, delicious breeze was blowing from the southwest, bringing from the forests the delicate odor which always follows a rain in the woods. The clouds, which had broken into small patches of gray and gold and crimson, floated lazily across the valley. No sound was heard save the rustling of the foliage, the gurgle and rattle of the water in the rapids, and the occasional song of some feathered denizen of the forest, or the querulous chatter of the squirrel. I love such surroundings — I adore the woods and the grand old hills. I had passed an hour or more in the seclusion of my quiet nook, when I was startled by a shout from Hiram, whom I had left at camp. Hurrying out of the woods, I found him standing on the beach near the head of the pool.

"Come here, sir," he said, "and I will show you a pretty sight."

"What is it?" I asked, as I approached him.

"Come easy," he said, "and look."

Cautiously drawing near, and examining the water carefully, I descried the objects that had attracted his attention. Three salmon were lying in the edge of the eddy below the rapids, two of them small fish, each, perhaps, of about eight pounds' weight. The others were considerably larger. Side by side they lay, and, save an

Upper Horse Shoe Pool on the Jacquet River, N. B.

occasional flirt of the tail, and the regular motion of the gills, they were almost motionless.

"I think we'll get one of those chaps soon," said Hiram, as he retreated from the pool.

"We'll wait a while, for they've seen us; but by wading into the rapids above, and making a long cast down over them, we'll lift one, sure."

"They must have run in since morning," I replied, taking my rod from its supports, and examining my casting line and fly. "I cast all over the pool before dinner and saw nothing."

"Yes, they may have come up from the pool below us," said Hiram. "'Tis but a few rods, and they may have run up when we went over the pool with the canoe, after killing the other fish."

After my casting line had had a few minutes' soaking, I removed my old fly, and put on a good-sized Durham ranger that had never been wet. Wading into the river above the rapids, and keeping out of sight of the fish, I began casting across the river, lengthening my line at every cast, until I had enough out to enable me to reach the spot where the salmon were lying. Then, with a long reach, I softly put my fly, as nearly as I could judge, upon the right spot; and that I had calculated correctly was shown by an exclamation from Hiram, and the

swirl of one of the fish that rose and just missed the lure. I drew in my line for a minute or two, for a salmon will not often rise immediately a second time, although it sometimes does.

I have time and again watched them when rising to another's fly, and if they miss they settle back into their resting place, and if the fly then immediately passed over them, they paid no attention to it.

Of course, there are exceptions to every rule, but I am speaking of the general habit of the fish. It is, therefore, well to wait a short time after a salmon has been lifted before casting for it again, although the long rest that some writers advocate is generally unnecessary.

Of course, a great deal depends on the depth and force of the water; a salmon rising from a deep pool, in a strong river, requiring more of a rest than one in shoaler water. The vagaries and caprices of the fish are such that the angler has to use his own judgment in every instance.

I gave my fish five minutes' rest, and then running out the line in the air until the right length was out, I dropped the fly in the eddy where the fish rose, and, allowing it to sink two or three inches, gave it a drag in short jerks across the current. In an instant I saw a grayish form arise from the depths, and simultaneously

with its seizing the fly I struck. "Whir-r-r" went the reel, as the salmon settled in the middle of the pool, and I quickly left my position in the rushing waters above the rapids for a more secure footing on the beach.

The pool was a glorious one in which to fight a salmon. It was broad and deep, and free from driftwood and those other obstructions which the angler dreads. It was a pool that gave "a fair field and no favor," and the salmon that could effect his escape in it deserved his freedom. My fish for a few seconds remained motionless at the bottom of the pool; but when the tension of the line was put upon it, it gave three or four angry shakes of the head, and a short run, and then, instead of darting about and leaping, after the usual manner of its kind, it began to root and thrust its nose among the rocks in the most pig-like manner.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Hiram, "that chap has been hooked before this year; he's up to a dodge or two!"

I was determined that the salmon should not carry on this system of tactics if I could prevent it, and, therefore, reeling in the line all I could, I began to advance the butt of the rod, lifting all that the casting line would bear. The fish, feeling the increased strain, bore down heavier and heavier, until it seemed to be actually standing on its head on the bottom of the river. My rod,

TAKING SOLID COMFORT.

strong as it was, could not overcome the resistance, and for at least five minutes we remained in that position, the salmon jiggering to its heart's delight, and I trying to bring it to the surface. At length, with a mighty rush, the fish changed its plan of action, and began a series of runs and leaps that caused my heart to throb and my nerves to tingle. The salmon seemed to be all over the pool at once, and moving with the speed of electricity. Leaping into the air within ten yards of my standing place, it seemed hardly to have struck the water before it was again in the air away down the pool one hundred yards distant. Then, before I could recover half of my line, working as rapidly as possible, the fish was "jumping three ways at once," as Hiram afterward said in describing it, at the head of the pool just below the falls. Hardly could I pack upon the reel twenty yards of line, before "whi-z-z-z!" out went thirty more, and I began to watch with apprehension the scant supply left upon the barrel of the reel.

"It's a lively fish, altogether," exclaimed the guide; "it jumps like a grilse. I think it must be hooked foul to show such endurance."

"No, it's hooked all right," I replied, getting in a word here and there, as I worked with all possible speed at the reel, "but it's one of the pluckiest fighters I ever

struck. Get the canoe ready," I exclaimed a moment later, "if the fish goes down the rapids we must follow it instantly."

Hiram soon had the birch by my side and held it ready for me to step into, if necessary. But now the salmon quieted down and settled into the pool away over on the other side. I lost no time in packing the line again on the reel as evenly and solidly as possible. It was now apparent that the fish was tired and was willing to take a rest; but that was something I did not propose to give it, and as soon as possible I gave it the full strain of the rod. "Whir-r" went the reel again in a wild scream, as the salmon started down the pool full speed for the rapids.

"Jump into the canoe, quick!" shouted Hiram; "the salmon will take down the rapids!"

Into the canoe I scrambled as quickly as I could, and hardly was I in before the guide, with a mighty push, sent the birch spinning down the pool toward the quick water below. The salmon had taken out all of seventy-five yards of line before we started, and was going at a fearful speed down to the lower pool, and it was only by the most herculean effort that Hiram could speed the canoe through the rough water fast enough to reach the pool, to which we were rushing, before the line

was exhausted. In fact, when we reached the still water where the salmon had settled, there were hardly a dozen yards left of my good one hundred and fifty on the reel. Jumping out of the canoe as soon as she touched the beach, I began taking in the line as fast as I could, but it seemed an age before I had it again on the spool. The moment I got my line shortened I gave the fish the butt, for my blood was up, and there was to be no trifling. Gracious! how the fish responded. Giving three leaps inside a radius of ten yards, it seemed as fresh as ever.

"Upon my word," I exclaimed, "it is certainly a hard nut."

"Indeed it is," replied Hiram. "It's another male fish, and a dandy to fight."

After an additional half dozen leaps and rushes the salmon settled down into the pool again, and, apparently, from the vibration of the line, adopted its original tactics of trying to rub out the hook, although we could not see it in the deep water where it was now lying. I began to be nervous. The hard usage my tackle had received in the half hour's fight must have weakened it, and I now began to fear that at the last moment the cast would part or something else give way and my fish would depart. "Go out with the canoe, Hiram," I ex-

claimed, "and stir him up. We must keep him moving now or he is lost."

The guide took the canoe out over the salmon, and, thrusting the setting pole down its full length, moved it about so as to startle the fish. And startle it he did most emphatically; for, with a frantic rush, it darted up the pool and into the rapids above. How the reel screamed as the line ran out! I started up the beach on a run, giving the fish the butt, and holding my thumb on the reel all I dared, but to no avail. I could not seem to hold or check the speed of the salmon at all, and I was about to give up in despair, when, just as the line was nearly exhausted, I felt a cessation of the strain, the rod straightened and the line fell back with a loose sag.

"He's gone, Hiram!" I exclaimed in disgust, dropping the butt of the rod; "he's got away!"

"Reel in, quick!" shouted the guide, excitedly; "he's still on, but played out! Reel in as fast as you can!"

I never took in a line before as rapidly as I did that one. At the same time I began retreating down the beach as fast as I could move, and I soon found that Hiram was right. The fish, just before surmounting the crown of the rapids, had found the current and the strain of my rod too much to overcome at that late period of the fight. I reeled in the line as the salmon came down

the stream, and when it passed back into the pool it plainly showed that the fight was over. With a steady strain on the rod I prevented the fish from getting its head down, and in a very short time it turned on its side and permitted me to draw it to the shore, where the gaff soon gave the finish to the struggle.

"'Tis a nice fish, altogether," said the guide, laying the salmon upon the pebbles; "not so very large, but deep and strong."

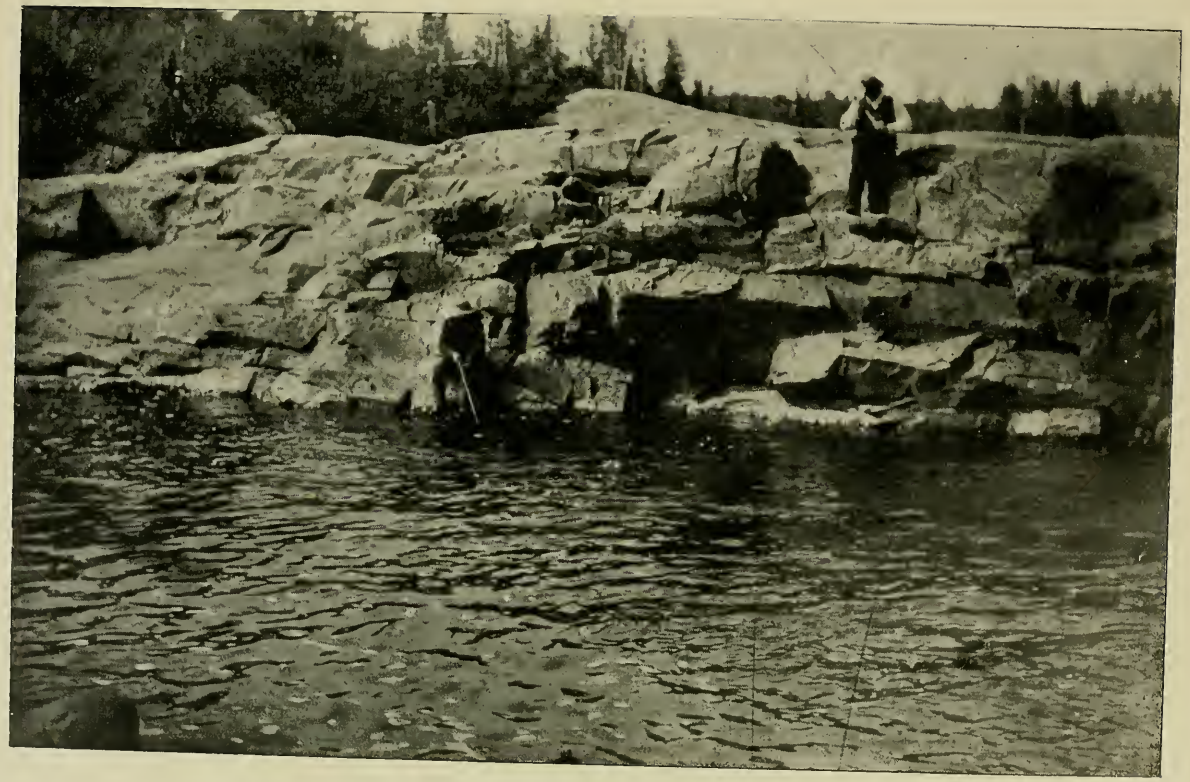
"Yes, he was strong enough, and a good fighter," I replied, as I wiped the perspiration from my face; "I'm about as played out as the fish was."

"'Tis a nice fish, altogether!" repeated Hiram, as he adjusted the scales to ascertain the weight of the fish. "A little over fifteen pounds," he said in a few moments. "It did not give up much too soon, for see, the casting line barely holds together!"

I examined the line, and found that the salmon had so chafed it near the fly against the stones in the river, that it had almost parted, and the wonder was it held as long as it did.

"Jupiter!" I exclaimed, "that was a narrow shave; well, we'll go up to camp and lay off, I've had enough for to-day."

Hiram put the fish into the canoe, and poled up the



A Hard Pool to Kill a Salmon in.

rapids, and soon we were on the beach in front of our tent.

The afternoon was now drawing to a close, and the guide soon began to busy himself in getting ready a pile of fire wood for the night, and in preparing supper.

Having nothing better to do, I poled the canoe across the pool and picked raspberries, while I waited for Frere and William, whom I expected would soon return, and I did not have long to wait, for their forms soon appeared through the bushes and trees which skirted the carry road that followed the banks of the river up into the mountains for miles.

"A handsome string of sea trout," I exclaimed, as William deposited his load in the canoe with a sigh of relief.

Thirty-five beauties they were, all but two or three of them as silvery white as if they had just run in from the sea.

"Yes, they're a handsome lot," replied Frere.

"And there are hundreds as good left," added William.

"Yes, the pools are full," said Frere, "and the rain has stirred them up so that they will rise to almost anything that offers."

"What luck?" inquired Hiram, as the canoe touched the shore in front of the camp, and we stepped out.

"Oh, they got a beautiful string of sea trout, I exclaimed, but no salmon."

"What have you done?" asked Frere. "I thought you intended to lay off this afternoon."

"I did," I replied, "but a salmon out in the pool here insisted that I should take him in out of the wet, and of course I could not be so impolite as to refuse."

"Certainly not," assented Frere, cordially, "and did you take him in?"

"He did so," exclaimed Hiram, "and here's the fish," lifting the salmon as he spoke from its bed of brakes and leaves near by.

"A nice fish," said Frere; "and was it in this pool that you found it?"

"Yes," I replied, "I hooked him here, but killed him in the pool below."

"There's more left here," said Hiram, "we saw two others, sure."

"All right," exclaimed my friend, "we will give them a trial by and by."

"But you broke off your fly," exclaimed William, opening the mouth of the fish. "Why didn't you take it out, Hiram? It's too good a fly to waste."

As he spoke he removed from the palate of the fish a fly that was fastened firmly in the tough skin.

"No, I lost no fly," I replied.

"Why, that's the fly I lost down in one of the pools below," exclaimed Frere, taking it in his hand and examining it.

"Sure it is," said William; "it's not often that you hook a salmon that quick again after it has felt the steel in its mouth."

And he was right; it is rarely, indeed, that a salmon is killed with a lost hook in its mouth, but it occasionally happens.*

"Gracious!" I exclaimed, as we sat down before the spread that had been laid for us, "you've enough for an army, Hiram."

"A small army, sir," he replied; "but we'll wait till we see what's left."

Canned oysters, stewed; broiled trout, boiled trout, fried potatoes, biscuits and butter, canned pears, and a big dipper of tea, made a royal meal, and we lingered

* Genio C. Scott in his elegant work on "Fishing in American Waters," says: "Again it is said, 'If you hook a salmon and he parts your tackle, taking your hook and a piece of the gut snell to which it was attached, he will not rise to an artificial fly again that season.' This is also a mistake; for the gentleman who owns the York River, Gaspé, fished with a friend who lost a hook and part of a leader by a salmon one morning last July, and on the evening of that day took the salmon with the hook and gut still in his mouth; and, what appears most singular, is that he hooked the salmon with the same kind of fly that was then fastened to the jaw of the fish."

A Comfortable Camping Place.

over it a good half hour. There is a limit, however, to the eating capacity of a fisherman even, and we were at length obliged to exclaim "enough."

"Now, Frere," I said, as we arose from the table, and he took his rod and sauntered over to the rapids at the head of the pool, "it's your turn now; I've taken my salmon here, you strike one now and I'll be gaffer."

"All right," he answered, "but I fear you'll not be called upon to-night."

"Who can tell?" I replied. "Let us hope that the fish will bite as savagely as those plaguy punkies do."

The midges had begun their evening's work, and savage they were, too. I have noticed that they are always sharper set after a rain storm than at any other time.

"Yes, the midges are savage enough," he exclaimed, rubbing and scratching his hands and wrists and face as he prepared his line for casting.

"It's no use," I said, "I cannot stand the pests any longer; tar it is!" and hurrying to the tent for the tar bottle I smeared on the antidote pretty freely.

Frere was glad to avail himself also of the tar, and it was only after he had covered all the exposed portions of his skin that he could cast in peace. The sun had sunk below the forest-clad hills in the west, and the shadows on the pool were growing blacker and blacker. Over-

head a few golden and purple clouds were sailing high in the heavens, and their forms, mirrored on the surface of the pool, lent a color and brightness to the picture which was very beautiful.

Frere stood on the rocks on the lower edge of the rapids and cast a long line across the stream into the quick water on the further side. It was a long cast, and one that requires a master hand to give it; for the quick current, and then the eddy below, made a sag in the line that was difficult to lift cleanly so that a high back cast —which was necessitated by the pebbles and stones on the beach behind—could be secured.

Frere, however, handled his line with his usual skill, but after making a score of fruitless casts, he changed his position, wading up into the quick water above, so that his back cast might be up the stream and his line could fall straight into the eddy.

"That's better," I exclaimed, "I don't like to fish across a stream when my line is sure to drift into an eddy."

"Nor I," he replied, putting out a line that reached all over the best of the pool, "it is difficult to strike a fish under such conditions, or if the fish is hooked the tip is almost sure to be smashed."

"It's a mighty neat fly that Mr. Frere puts out,"

said Hiram, who had joined me; "it's not every fisherman who can equal him."

"Right you are," I replied, "Mr. Frere has served his time at casting. By Jove, Frere," I exclaimed, "you just now had a rise."

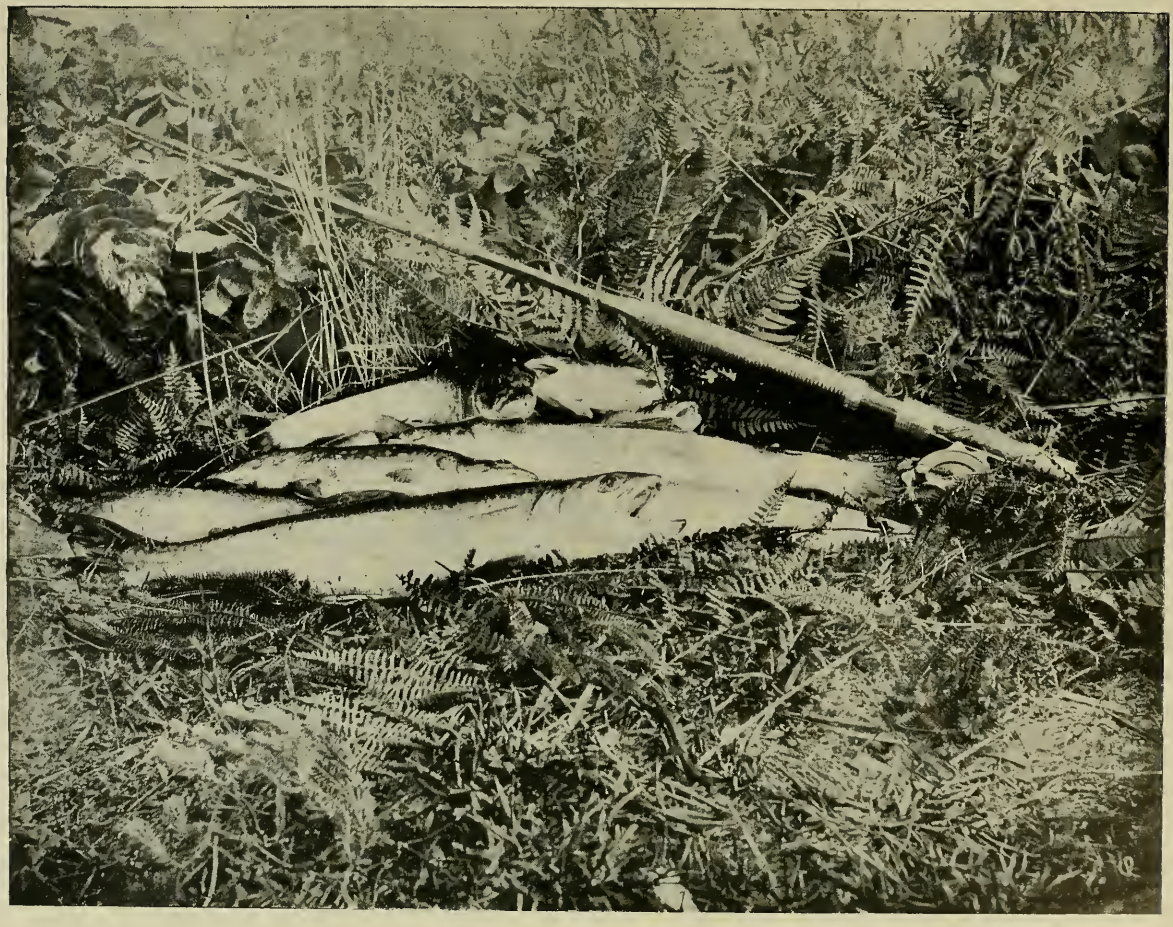
"I thought so," he answered, "but there is so much foam on the water that I could not see at this distance. What was it?"

"A salmon, sir," replied Hiram; "rest him a little, and he'll come again, no trouble."

Frere, with the fingers of his left hand, drew the line in through the rings on the rod, and calmly waited for the fish to settle again.

I cannot explain why it is, but I always have a bit of something akin to buck fever after a salmon has been raised and missed, and the pool is being rested preparatory to another cast. Whether it is from the suspense or the excitement of anticipation that causes it, or perhaps a combination of these feelings with a dread of losing the fish by and by, I know not; but I cannot avoid it, no matter whether I or some one else holds the rod.

After the lapse of a couple of minutes Frere again began putting out his line, and soon the fly was dropping here and there upon the pool. Frere waited until sufficient line was out to enable him to make a clean



Silvery Beauties.

cast over the spot where the salmon had come up before, and then with a grand sweep he dropped the fly in the edge of the eddy exactly where the salmon had missed it. In an instant a swirl in the water, a splash, and then the whir of the reel gave sure token that the fish was hooked.

"Good," I exclaimed; "kill your fish, Frere, and then the honors will be easy again."

"I'll do my best," he replied, packing away on the reel all the line that would come to him, "there's a good hour of light left yet."

"It'll not take that long," said William, with gaff in hand and ready for action; "'tis only a smallish fish, and unless it gets away, Mr. Frere's heavy rod will make quick work of it."

The salmon, as soon as the pressure of the rod was put upon it, gave a tremendous run down the pool, almost to the foot, and then, returning to the middle, instead of jumping, it settled to the bottom. Frere quickly reeled in the line that had been carried out, and soon had it as short and taut as he could wind it; he then tried to lift the fish into action, straining heavily upon the rod, but to no avail.

"What is the fish about?" I asked, "jiggering?"

"No," replied Frere, "it is on the bottom very still,

but I don't believe it will stand the strain of this rod a great while."

In fact, the words had hardly been spoken when the salmon started down the pool again, this time, however, leaping wildly and endeavoring at every jump to free itself. Darting up the pool once more, and back to the foot, jumping at every few yards, it seemed as lively as a grilse, and it required the greatest activity on the part of Frere to keep enough line on the reel to meet the rushes of the silvery prize. Another time the salmon returned to the middle of the pool, and settled to the bottom. Frere reeled in, and again, when the lift of the rod was put on, the fish repeated its fierce leaps and wild runs down and across the pool; but now it was plainly weakening; its runs began to grow shorter and shorter and its leaps less frequent. The heavy rod was evidently too much for it, and at length it rolled over on its side and came to the surface.

Frere, with a strong lift, endeavored to lead the fish toward the guide, who stood with gaff in hand on the beach, a short distance away, but the effort was premature, for the instant that the salmon saw its enemy it recovered its strength, and, darting back, settled at the bottom of the pool again.

"'Tis a little rest the fish wants," shouted Hiram,

who had been watching the fight from the beach near the camp, "give it a little breathing spell, and 'twill be as fresh again as a daisy."

"A rest is something I don't propose to give it now," said Frere, "I can take no chances." And he was right; many a salmon has been lost by dawdling with it, and the fisherman has in despair seen his hook come home to him when he might have saved his prize if he had had the courage and self-denial to force the fight.

The salmon responded again, but this time the rush was a short one and the leaps few and feeble. It began circling about aimlessly, and soon its silvery side was exposed again at the surface.

"Sweep him in this time, Mr. Frere," said William, and I'll gaff him sure."

Frere made no reply, but with a swing of the heavy rod he forced the fish toward the guide, and in an instant the gaff had done its work, and the salmon lay upon the beach.

"Indeed, it came to gaff none too soon," exclaimed William, "the hook dropped out as I touched it."

"Right you are," said Hiram, "it was a close call."

On examination of the salmon's mouth, we found that the hook had torn a long orifice in the lip, and the wonder was that it had held as long as it did.

"A miss is as good as a mile," exclaimed Frere, as he deposited his rod on the proper supports at the camp; "'twas a pretty fish, and I should have felt badly to have lost it."

"Well, Hiram," I exclaimed, "we have four or five nice salmon and more trout than we can use, and we ought to send them away to our friends, who would be glad to get them."

"Yes," added Frere, "you had better make your arrangements to send out the salmon and most of the trout the first thing to-morrow morning."

"All right, gentlemen," said the guide, "I'll go now to the farm for a team to haul them out. "I'll put them in the snow* to-night, and make two boxes and pack and send them off to-morrow bright and early."

"Good," said I, "pack them solidly with snow and swamp moss, and they will go all right."

"Never fear," answered Hiram, "many's the box I've packed for fishermen, and never a one lost yet."

We gave him our tags to affix to our boxes and directions as to how the fish were to be divided, and soon he was being ferried across the river with his heavy load. Landing at the mouth of the brook he put the fish in a large bag, which he anchored in the cold water that came

* Snow, instead of ice, is often stored by Canadians.

tumbling down from the rocks, and started for the team that was necessary to carry them to the farm.

"Next to the pleasure of taking the fish," said Frere, as we again settled down by the fire, "is that of sending a nice box to friends now and then as a present."

"Yes," I replied, "but I am afraid that the recipients do not always appreciate how much trouble and expense we incur in sending our presents to them. In fact, I have sometimes almost vowed that I would never again send away a fish. Not very long ago, at a good deal of trouble, I packed a nice box of trout and sent it to a friend. On meeting him a few weeks after, he thanked me in a civil enough way, but coolly stated that, although the fish were nice and all that, he would rather have a fresh mackerel any time."

"Ha, ha," laughed my friend, "you probably never sent him another box after that."

"No, you may depend on it," I answered, "and in fact I nowadays seldom send away any fish unless I know they are going where they will be fully appreciated; if I get more than my party can eat, I give them away among the settlers around. I never waste a fish anyway."

"No, wicked waste that would be," said Frere.

"I used to see wicked waste at the Rangeley Lakes, in Maine," said I, after a short pause, "awful waste, in-

A Rangeley Giant. Weight 11¼ lbs.

deed. Before the present fish law was enacted, no limit was placed on the size of the catch of anglers, and they could kill at their own sweet will as many trout, large or small, as they wished. I have seen a man come into camp at night with two hundred and fifty trout, some of them so small as to be too insignificant for cooking, and I once saw on the shore of a famous trout brook a pile of over a thousand fingerlings, which had been caught and left to rot. It was outrageous. Fortunately now the law restricts the fisherman in the size of his catch and number of pounds in his possession, and prohibits him from sending them away, although he may carry fifty pounds with him when he leaves, and this provision should satisfy any reasonable sportsman. This law will stay the great destruction that has been going on."

"I should think," said Frere, "judging by the accounts of the fishing at your famous lakes, that the law has come too late; I should imagine the stock might be exhausted."

"On the contrary," I replied, "there is still good fishing there, and the very efficient Maine Commissioners put into the water many, many more fry than there are taken out, and the stock of large fish still holds out. Every year there are taken great numbers of trout running from five to seven pounds, and we occasionally hear of a ten,

The Fish Traps and Operating House at Grand Lake Stream, Maine. (Inst.)

eleven, or even twelve pounder. All these are taken with light, single-handed rods.

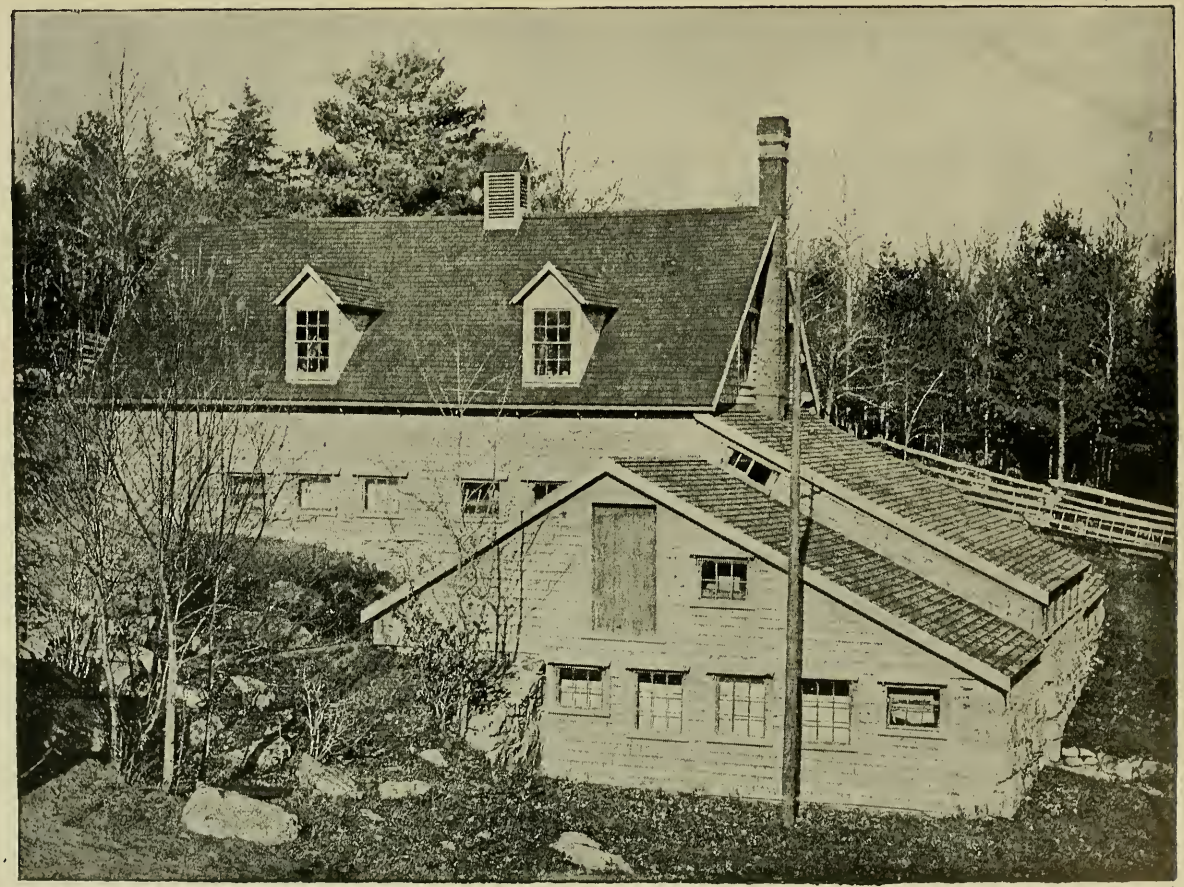
"My friend, Mr. W. H. Fullerton, of Windsor, Vermont, writes me that with some of his heavy fish last season, such as six and three-quarter pounds, he used a four and a half ounce rod! It requires a careful and scientific angler to do such work, but Mr. Fullerton is all of that; in fact, he is the most sportsmanlike and conscientious angler with whom I ever fished."*

* Mr. Fullerton writes me as follows: "Last August and September I went to the Upper Dam [at the Rangeley Lakes] and had fine sport, all conditions being favorable for it. I will give you my record, knowing you will enjoy it:

Aug.	24	..	1,	6	lbs.,	with	6-oz.	rod.	Aug.	30	..	1,	2¼	lbs., with 8-oz. rod.
"	24	..	1,	6½	"	"	"	"	"	30	..	1,	3¾	" " " "
"	24	..	1,	3	"	"	"	"	"	30	..	1,	3¼	" " " "
"	25	..	1,	¾	"	"	8-oz.	"	"	31	..	1,	1½	" " " "
"	25	..	1,	3¼	"	"	"	"	Sept.	3	..	1,	5	" " " "
"	25	..	1,	2¼	"	"	"	"	"	3	..	1,	1¼	" " " "
"	25	..	1,	2	"	"	"	"	"	3	..	1,	7¾	" " " "
"	25	..	1,	5	"	"	"	"	"	4	..	1,	6½	" " " "
"	27	..	1,	3	"	"	"	"	"	4	..	1,	6¾	" " 4½-oz. "
"	28	..	1,	2¼	"	"	"	"	"	4	..	1,	3½	" " " "
"	28	..	1,	1¼	"	"	"	"	"	4	..	1,	6½	" " " "
"	29	..	1,	2¼	"	"	"	"	"	4	..	1,	3½	" " 8-oz. "
"	29	..	1,	1¼	"	"	"	"	"	4	..	1,	3¼	" " " "
"	29	..	1,	6¼	"	"	"	"	"	8	..	1,	3	" " " "
"	29	..	1,	3¼	"	"	"	"	"	11	..	1,	5¾	" " " "
"	29	..	1,	6¾	"	"	"	"	"	14	..	1,	4½	" " .. "

"My twelve largest weighed 73¼ lbs. as you will see by the score. The 6½ and 6¾ caught on 4½-oz. Leonard [Catskill] rod I netted alone in strong water and from a boat, which I call a good test of a rod, in fact I can handle a large trout on it nearly as quickly as I can with my 8-oz. Leonard. Hoping you and I may meet again and 'cast our lines in pleasant places,'

I am very truly yours, WM. H. FULLERTON."



Fish Hatchery at Grand Lake Stream, Maine.

"That must be great sport," said Frere, "killing so large a fish on so small a rod, it is the quintessence of delicate angling."

"Yes," I answered, "and many of my friends are adopting just such light tackle."

"You say that the Maine waters are being restocked artificially," said Frere, "I suppose that the artificial method is a complete success."

"Yes," I replied, "and we put out now annually an immense number of not only trout fry, but also those of other species, particularly the sea salmon and land-locked salmon. You Canadians set us the example, and for a time led us in the good work, but we are now abreast of, even if we are not really outstripping, you."

"Yes, you Yankees always go into everything with a rush," said Frere, laughingly.

"We do," I replied, "and we are rushing the artificial propagation of fish. I have visited a number of the hatcheries, both in the States and your Provinces, and I inspected the operations closely."

"It must be very interesting," said Frere, "I wish you would describe the different manipulations by which the fry are produced. Our hatcheries are very successful, and they turn out millions of fry annually, but I have never seen the actual operation."

Taking the Spawn and Milt Simultaneously at Grand Lake Stream, Me. (Inst.)

"Yes," I replied, "the whole process is intensely interesting and a wonderful scientific triumph. I will describe it as well as I can. Of course the first step to be taken is the erection of a hatchery, and this must be done on scientific principles, no matter how pretentious or otherwise the building may be. It is essential that there shall be an unfailing supply of pure water. Bright sparkling brook water, free from sediment, is the most desirable. The house is placed so that the water can be conducted into it by pipes or sluices, and then it is caused to pass through a series of long tanks or troughs. In these troughs are placed trays containing the eggs, and there they remain in the moving water until the fry are hatched.

"The house erected and everything ready for operating—and this should be accomplished early in the summer, or at any rate before the fish are ready to spawn—a supply of breeding fish should be secured.

"The method of obtaining this supply varies at different hatcheries.* At some, as on the Penobscot River

* In the Canadian Fisheries Report (1886) I find the following: "There are several methods adopted at the present time for obtaining supplies of parent fish to provide the hatcheries with eggs. By far the least expensive one is to entice the salmon on their passage up river into a safely constructed trap-like inclosure, where they can be retained until ripe for spawning, and then set free again. This system is not of easy application, unless the stream is moderately small, and easily controlled. The Dunk River Hatchery, P. Q. E., is provided with this method for

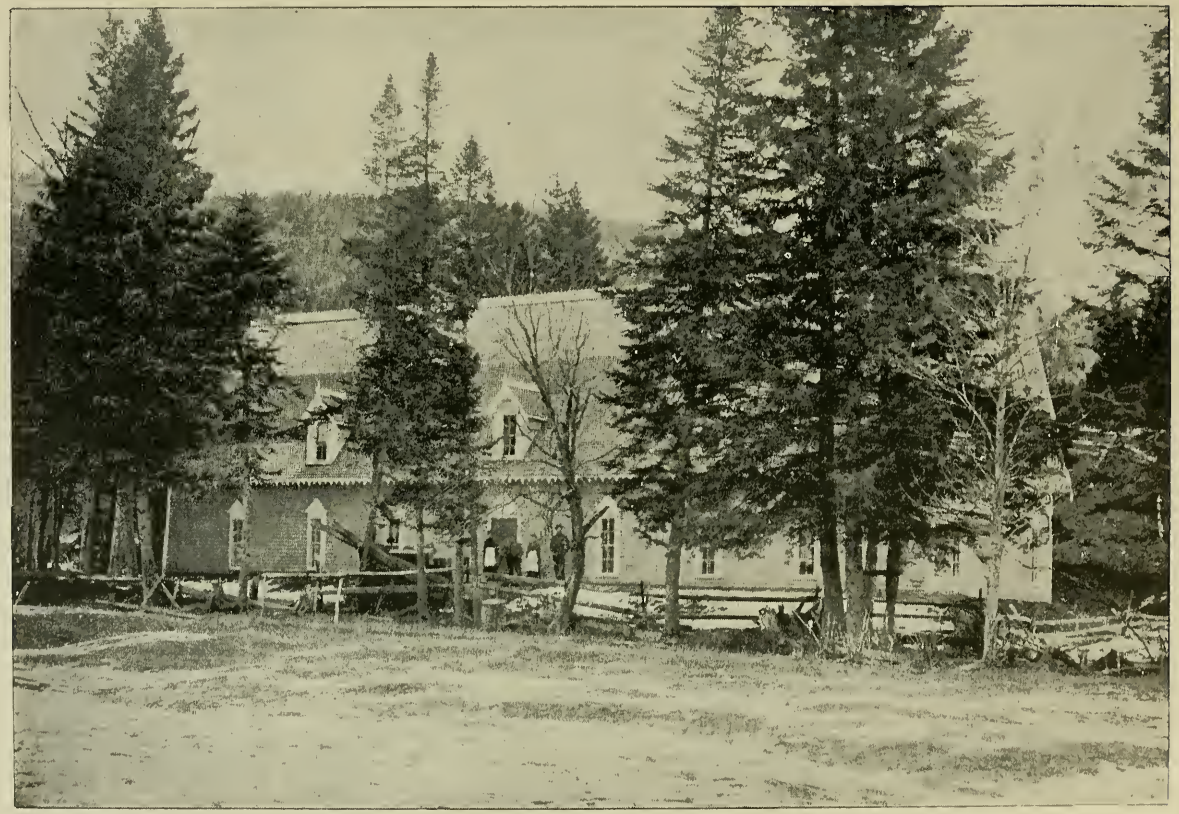
TAKING THE EGGS FROM A SALMON. (Inst.)

in Maine, the weirs are depended upon to procure the supply, and the fish are kept prisoners in small ponds until they are ready to spawn. At the Schoodic hatchery on Grand Lake Stream the fish are caught and detained in yards in the river. This is done very ingeniously, and the fish are kept on their natural spawning grounds until the eggs are ready to come away. The nets are set in the stream so that after the fish enter them at the upper end, the outlet of Grand Lake, and

capturing the parent stock of salmon, and gives the minimum cost of about 45 cents for each fish, with a trifle over 9 cents per thousand for eggs.

"Another method is adopted at the Ristigouche, Gaspé and Tadoussac hatcheries, where the early runs of salmon in June, July and August are netted by employees of the hatcheries, or purchased from fishermen owning stations on the rivers, at current market prices. These fish are carefully handled from the nets, and transported in scows specially made for the purpose, to pens or retaining ponds near by, through which the tide or current of the stream freely runs [pure tidal water of the sea is preferable for their healthy keeping]; here the salmon are kept till spawning time arrives in October and November. After being manipulated they are set at liberty again, without any loss worthy of mention. At these three establishments the cost of each fish, including their guardianship in the pens throughout the seasons, averaged $2.75, and the eggs ranged at about 44 cents per thousand. This system, after several years of practical application, has proved to be the most satisfactory from every point of view in which it may be considered, and ought to be connected with the working of every hatchery in the Dominion where circumstances will fairly admit of its application.

"The system pursued at the Sydney, Bedford, St. John and Miramichi hatcheries to secure parent salmon for breeding purposes, is to take them with nets at the spawning time or just previous to it. While this method proved satisfactory, both as regards the number of fish captured and the quota of eggs obtained for the Sydney and Miramichi hatcheries, the result for the Bedford and St. John River hatcheries was very unsatisfactory."



Restigouche Fish Hatchery at Deerside, P. Q.

pass down to the spawning beds, they cannot pass out. They are as securely encaged as a rat in a wire trap, and there they remain until the spawn is taken.

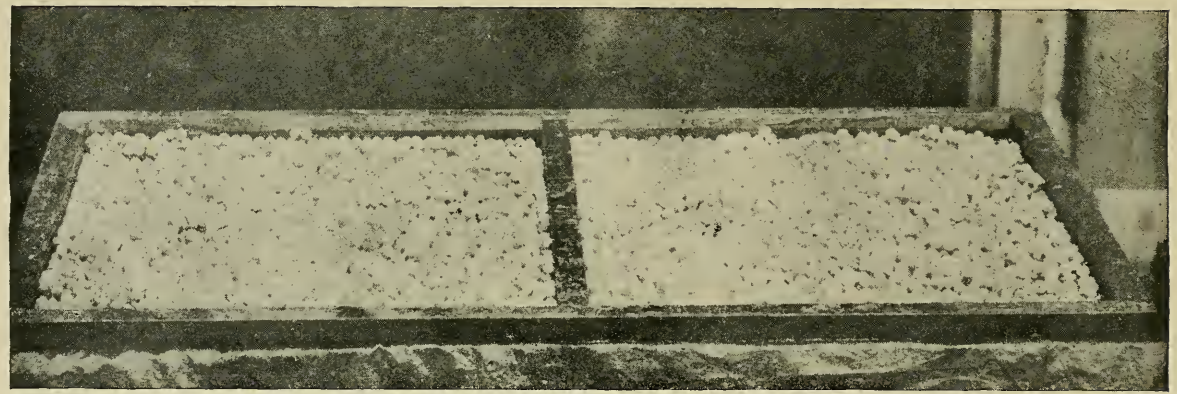
"The Schoodic hatchery is the most favorably located of any I have seen, and the fish are in perfect condition when the eggs are taken.*

* The following interesting account of the operations at the Schoodic hatchery is furnished me by Mr. W. T. Buck, the official who supervised the work when I visited it:

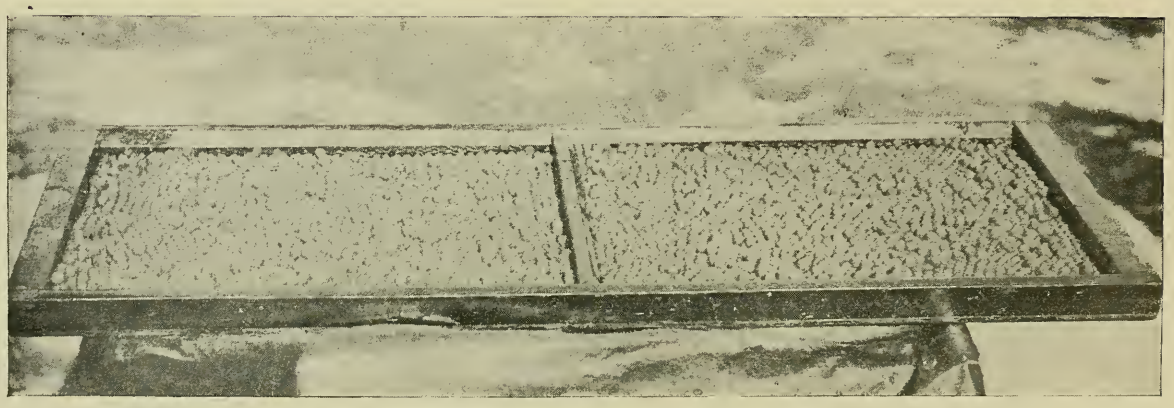
"Schoodic salmon are captured at Grand Lake Stream, Me., in net traps set on the spawning beds. The season during which the females lay their eggs, depending probably on temperature, varies in different years, but may be expected between the 20th of October and the 20th of November. The males come first to the spawning grounds, the proportion of females gradually increasing until they far outnumber the males in the later catches of the season.

"The salmon run into the traps mostly during the night. Each morning those taken are measured and weighed, and when a female is found ripe, as many of her eggs are taken as she will yield on moderate pressure. She is then put in a pound with others of her class to be handled the next day, when she will yield the rest of her eggs. At the first handling a ripe female yields about two-thirds of her eggs, say 1,200 from an average fish. The fish that are found unripe are placed by themselves to be examined a day or two later. Some of the males are put into each pound in order that they may be seined up with each lot of females and at hand for use.

"In the operation of spawning, the eggs and milt are received in a pan without water and mixed by waving the pan in a circle. They are then weighed and washed in changes of water until the water is no longer cloudy. After standing in clear water for about twenty minutes, or until they are swelled and hardened, they are taken to the river hatchery and placed on wire trays about one foot square. The trays are placed one above another in stacks or frames of twenty each, with spaces between for passage of water, but too narrow for passage of eggs, and the stacks carefully lowered into troughs supplied with running water and of such size that the stacks nearly fill the whole width and depth. The flow of water is thus between the trays, and the eggs are supplied both above and below. This arrange-



Infertile Salmon Eggs.



Fertile Salmon Eggs.

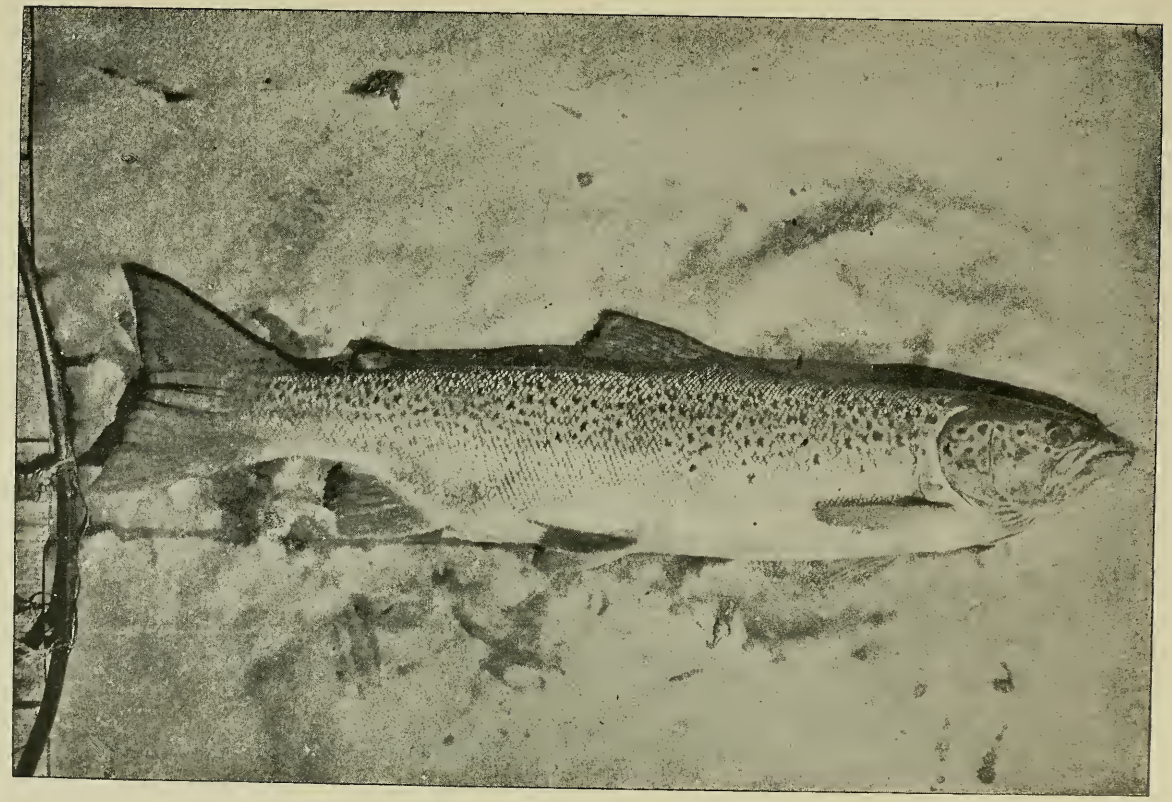
"The method of extracting the eggs and milt is a simple one, yet it must be done by an expert. The fish is held by the operator with his right hand (encased in a woolen mitten) clasping the salmon near the tail. The left hand is then passed with a moderate pressure along the body of the fish, and the eggs exude; an accomplished

ment, which was invented here by Mr. Atkins, has since been largely adopted elsewhere. Twice each week the stacks are lifted from the water and each tray of eggs examined, and any white ones removed, as such eggs are dead and would soon burst and destroy others.

"The water of the river hatchery being very cold, any eggs which are not to be matured early are kept there as long as the condition of the river will admit. The hatchery being in the bed of the river, it is necessary to remove the eggs before the spring freshets, which overflow the troughs to the depth of several feet. All are removed before packing or hatching to the cove hatchery, where the water supply is from springs and is warmer than the river water. By dating the removal from the cold river water, the period of hatching can be regulated to a considerable extent.

"After the appearance of the eye dots the eggs which are to be packed are first jarred by pouring from one pan to another several times, which causes the unfertilized to turn white. These having been picked out, the remainder are placed on mosquito netting and between layers of damp moss in boxes of thin wood. These boxes are about three inches deep and contain four layers of eggs. Covers are then tacked on and the boxes packed one upon another in cases of dry moss. The outer cases are of such size as to allow a layer of moss three inches thick on all sides of the inner boxes.

"Care is taken to secure a temperature but little above freezing in the moss of the inner boxes at the time of placing them in the outer cases. The latter are then stuffed tightly with the dry moss and nailed up. Packed in this way, eggs will bear long exposure to heat or cold and a good deal of rough handling, the moss deadening the force of a jar. They are, however, sent at once to their destination, and every effort is made to secure careful treatment on the way. Eggs packed in this manner have been sent from here to many parts of the United States, and even across the ocean, and have almost always arrived in excellent order. Last



FEMALE SCHOODIC SALMON, AFTER SPAWNING.

operator can tell in an instant if the eggs are advanced enough to be taken, and he will not use any force or unnecessary pressure in removing them. They ought to come away with the exercise of almost the lightest touch of the hand.

"The male salmon is handled in exactly the same way, and his milt is mixed with the eggs in a pan without any water being added. After the spawn and milt are well mixed, they are allowed to stand a few minutes in clear water, and are then placed in trays in the hatchery.

"These trays have bottoms composed of wire netting,

season a slight modification of this packing was made for eggs sent abroad. The cases were so made that ice could be placed on top of the inner egg boxes which were arranged to allow the water from the melting ice to flow over and around but not into them, so that the moss in contact with the eggs might not become too wet. Arrangement was then made with the steward of the steamer on which the eggs crossed the Atlantic, to keep ice in the cases during the voyage. Packed in this way the eggs reached England and Germany in good order.

"Comparison of records shows a gradual increase in size of the Schoodic salmon handled at the spawning season, and a marked increase in the yield of eggs per fish:

Thus	235	males,	weighed	and	measured	in	1877,	averaged	16.8 in.,	1.8 lbs.
"	247	"	"	"	"	"	1886,	"	20.3 "	3.46 "
"	343	females,	"	"	"	"	1877,	"	16.1 "	1.9 "
"	505	"	"	"	"	"	1886,	"	20.1 "	3.58 "

while the average number of eggs per female has advanced from about 900 to about 1,800.

"Attempts at crossing the different varieties of fish taken here, such as Schoodic salmon and brook trout, or togue and Schoodic salmon, have not resulted in vigorous fish, although such hybrids have been hatched, but sea salmon eggs fertilized with milt from Schoodic salmon produce strong fry not to be distinguished from the ordinary Schoodic salmon fry."

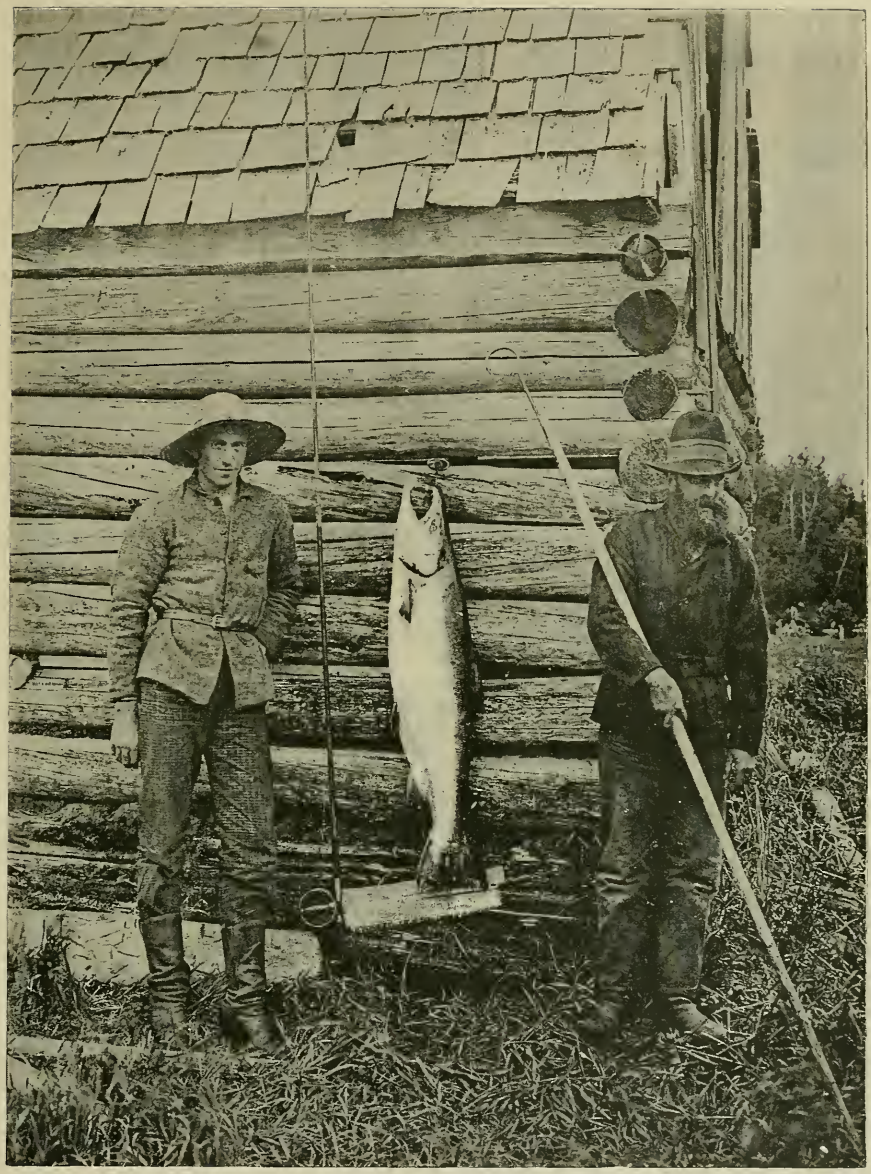
Don't You Wish You Had Been There?

and when placed in the troughs, the running water passes over and around them constantly. Of course, the trays are examined often, and the infertile eggs removed. At one hatchery that I visited last November there was a very large percentage of loss, more than half the eggs in the trays being white and spoiled from frost, I think, but generally the percentage of loss is very small.

"The artificial is a vast improvement on the natural method, the percentage of loss in the former being about the same as the percentage of successful hatching in the latter, for the milt diffused in the water quickly loses its power of impregnating the ova, and this, together with the depredations of trout and other fish, which dart in and seize the eggs almost as fast as they are exuded, makes the percentage absurdly small."

"Yes, the trout bother the salmon some when they are spawning," said William, "but not such a great deal, for the old salmon drives them off; the sheldrake does most mischief."

"Yes," I answered, "and the wonder to me is that there is a salmon left. One thing is pretty certain, and that is that artificial propagation of this fish is in the future to be the main reliance for the continuance of the species; for the demand is now so immense, and the market so great, the natural method could never supply it.



"A Forty-Eight Pounder."

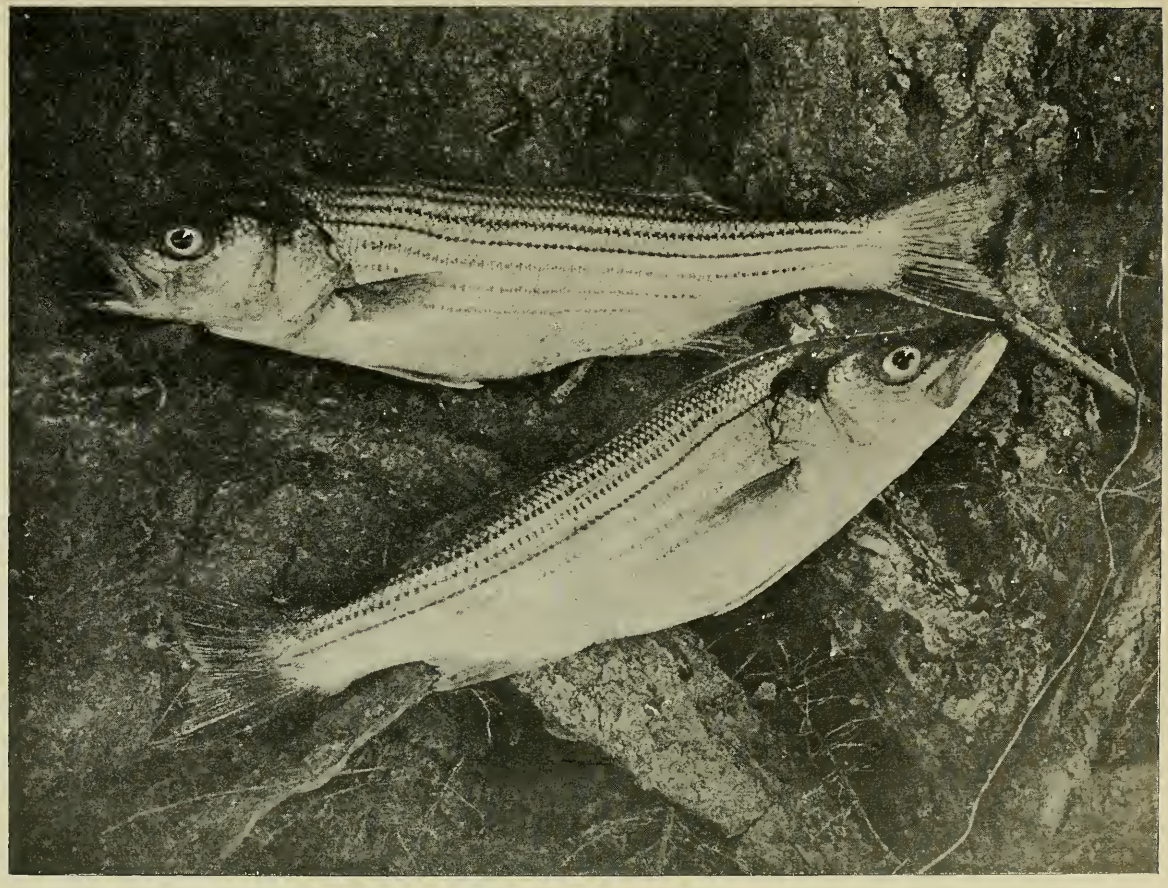
The work that is now being done, therefore, by the Commissioners of the States and Provinces, is of exceeding value, and is deserving of the greatest encouragement and support, not only from sportsmen, but from the whole people. The appropriations by the different governments have been absurdly meagre, when we take into consideration the importance of the work undertaken and its results, and it seems to me that as a money-making investment alone, the various Commissioners should be unstinted in their resources."

"The young fry, just hatched, are devoured by small trout and the little salmon," said William.

"Yes," I replied, "and here also the artificial method is an improvement on the natural; for by it the young fry, instead of being in their helpless condition turned adrift in the midst of enemies, are retained at the hatcheries until they are large enough to take care of themselves, when they are distributed in the various streams to which they are allotted."

"It is very interesting," said Frere, after I had finished. "Who would have thought of breeding salmon like so many chickens thirty years ago; by and by they will breed cod and other sea fish."

"They do now," I replied; "in the States our Commissioners have hatched millions of young cod; shad cul-



Striped Bass.

ture is an old story, and now we are hatching lobsters, scup and striped or sea bass in great numbers."

"Wonderful," said Frere, "the progress of science is something astounding."

"Yes," I replied, "the rivers are being restocked in the most liberal manner, and if the fish are given a fair chance, and not wasted, the prospect is good for a steady improvement in angling."

"I have often," said Frere, "when I had a permanent camp of a week or ten days, in order that my fish might not be wasted, smoked all spare grilse and salmon, and they prove delicious on the winter breakfast table."

"Yes," added William, "and salted sea trout are also very fine in winter. Soak them a few hours and broil them, and they are nice."

"I never tasted any salt trout," I replied, "but have heard that the sea trout is very good after such a pickling; but I should not fancy it; nothing like the fresh-caught fish for me."

"Yes, the sea trout is at its best when just from the water, although it is fairly good when pickled like the mackerel; the spotted or brook trout, however, is worthless when salted."

"It is," said William, "perfectly worthless, tough, hard and without any taste but the salt; but I've been think-

Landing a Sea Trout. (Inst.)

ing about what you said of the work of the fish hatcheries; we pay a good bit of money in the Dominion for fish-breeding now, and the netters on the shore get most of the benefit."

"You are right," I replied, "there is a very good disbursement in the interests of fishculture in Canada, and it is money well invested. I agree with you that the shore netters are getting a big lion's share of the results. In plain simple justice, in addition to the cost of license, which is a mere bagatelle, and the small tax they now pay on the nets, an additional tax should be levied on every salmon taken in weirs, gill-nets, or other traps in tidal waters, either in the Dominion or New England shores. Take for instance the Penobscot River in Maine, and the Margaree in Cape Breton, a few weir owners are reaping a rich harvest from the work done by the Commissioners, and the State pays the bills. It is preposterous that a crop sown by the people of the State should not be harvested in some way by the whole people. I believe that, since they reap the chief portion of the harvest, the weir owners should pay a good liberal share of the expense of planting it, or else their privileges should be greatly curtailed."

"You are right," said Frere, "the netters and weir owners are having an unfair advantage."

A "Lean-to" Camp, Built of Logs.

"Indeed they are," exclaimed Hiram, "some of them are getting rich netting the fish the Government raises, while we poor devils, who have hard work to get a living, hardly see a salmon to call it our own."

"Well," I replied, "you must agitate the matter. See to it that wise and disinterested law-makers are sent to your Parliament, men who will right the thing. Unless something is done salmon will grow scarcer, no matter how many are planted. The fishery officers have already perceived the evil and reported upon it.*

* In the Annual Report of the Department of Fisheries of Canada for 1886, I find the following: "In New Brunswick the improvement in the catch of salmon, which marks last year's return, was not sustained; the figures standing 1,291,255 lbs. in 1886, against 1,437,316 lbs. in 1885. This unsatisfactory result is attributable to excessive netting in the tidal estuaries, which prevents the salmon from reaching their spawning beds in the upper portion of the rivers. There is also a marked falling off in the catch of bass, attributable to the same cause."

W. H. Venning, Esq., says: "The increase in the catch of salmon, which marked last year's returns, has not been sustained. Rejecting theories, and confining myself to the observation of facts, I have for several years expressed my conviction, that under existing circumstances no permanent improvement in our salmon fisheries can reasonably be expected. These facts are, that in 1874 the salmon catch in New Brunswick was 3,214,182 lbs. Since railways have enabled fresh salmon to reach distant markets, the number of fishermen has increased, and improved appliances have been employed, not only along the coast, but from the estuaries to the headwaters of all our rivers to which salmon resort. With this increase in the number of men fishing, and with these improved appliances for catching fish, the catch last year was only 1,407,598 lbs., and this year only 1,268,855 lbs."

Overseer Verge of the River Division says: "The catch made on the New Brunswick side of the Restigouche was less than that of last year. This decrease is attributed to unfavorable winds in the early part of the season and to excessive netting at the mouth of the river."

A String of Trout.

"Every salmon that is netted should bear its fair share of the expense of the artificial propagation of the species, and what that share is can be easily figured, for the percentage and cost of development are well known. If, for instance, five hundred salmon are in one season taken in the nets and weirs about the mouth of a river, there should be a tax levied upon those fish which would pay the expense of planting and maturing at least five hundred others."

"Wouldn't there be a good deal of machinery and red tape needed in such a method?" asked Frere.

"Not necessarily," I replied; "a very simple, plain law could be enacted that would meet all the requirements; perhaps a stated tax on the number of salmon taken in the nets and weirs—the tax being based on the ascertained statistics of cost of production—to be used in developing fishculture would be enough."

"There is no doubt you are right," said Frere, "the remarkable growth of the lobster-canning industry on our shores is an illustration in point. All along our Canadian seaboard lobster trapping has been pushed to such an extent that in many localities where the fish was formerly abundant, it is now almost extinct."

"Yes," I replied, "and trapping and netting will do the same for the salmon. It is for us anglers to check

MENDING THE BIRCH. (Inst.)

the evil all we can, for it is to us that the great work of restocking our rivers is due."

"How is that?" asked Frere.

"Why, the idea originated with that prince of sportsmen, Henry W. Herbert, better known as Frank Forrester, and it was advocated by other sportsmen, and pushed and pushed until the different governments took it up, and it has now attained wonderful proportions.* Yes, it is

* In the Edinburgh *New Philosophical Journal* for July, 1836, there is an account of some experiments made by Mr. Shaw. Commenting on these experiments Mr. Herbert, in his book on "Fish and Fishing," says:

"Mr. Shaw, it seems, caused three ponds to be made, of different sizes, at about fifty yards distant from a salmon river, the Erith, the ponds being supplied by a stream of spring water well furnished with larvæ of insects. The average temperature of the water in the rivulet was rather higher and less variable than of that in the river; otherwise the circumstances of the ova contained in the ponds, and of the young fry produced therefrom, were precisely similar to those of the spawn and fry in the river.

"Observing two salmon, male and female, in the river preparing to deposit their spawn, Mr. Shaw prepared in the shingle by the stream's edge, a small trench through which he directed a stream of water from the river, and at the lower extremity of the trench placed a large earthenware basin to receive the ova.

"This done, by means of a hoop net he secured the two fish which he had observed, and placing the female, while alive, in the trench, forced her by gentle pressure of her body to deposit her ova in the trench. The male fish was then placed in the same position, and a quantity of the milt being pressed from his body, passed down the stream and thoroughly impregnated the ova, which were then transferred to the basin, and thence to the upper stream which fed the upper pond, where they were covered up as usual."

Mr. Herbert does not give the percentage of fry that resulted from this and at that time novel, and which we would now call a crude attempt at fishculture; but that it was a success his language everywhere implies, as he gives the period of incubation in different degrees of temperature of the water, and describes the various

"Flat Lands," Restigouche Valley. "Sugar Loaf" Mountain in Distance. Morning Mists Rising.

due to anglers and their efforts that many of our rivers now teem with fish, which the greedy waste, the senseless butchery by others had rendered barren."

stages of growth of the young fish that were hatched. Now for an application of this method, Mr. Herbert in the record of the efforts he was making for the protection and propagation of the salmon, says:

"I have stated that the true salmon was wont in former years to run up into Seneca, Cayuga, and others of the small lakes of central New York, and expressed a doubt whether it was not now prevented from doing so by the obstructions in the Oswego River. In the course of a visit to that interesting region during the past autumn, I had an opportunity of verifying this doubt; and I found, as indeed I expected, that the true salmon has ceased to exist in those beautiful waters. It is with great pleasure, however, that I lay before my readers an enactment for the preservation of that noble fish, just passed by the Supervisors of the county of Oswego, in conformity with the act of the State Legislature, committing the care of game, and the passing of game laws, to those Boards throughout the county."

This act (entitled "An Act for the Preservation of Salmon in the Salmon River and Lake Ontario contiguous thereto," passed Dec. 12, 1836), Mr. Herbert says, is precisely what it should be, and reflects the highest credit on the liberality, wisdom and energy of the Board which enacted it. "I only regret that its provisions extend only to a single river; but I trust that this defect will be amended and that the Oswego River, and the Seneca, Cayuga and other outlets will receive the same privilege, which would doubtless lead to the speedy re-establishment of the salmon in those lovely and limpid waters."

The act referred to was so lengthy that I will not quote it here, suffice it to say that it was a very strong one in the direction of thorough protection of the salmon from seining, spearing and destruction by methods now considered baleful in the highest degree. Mr. Herbert further on says, and I ask your particular attention to this:

"I earnestly recommend the passage of similar laws to this, by the Legislatures of the various Eastern States, especially by that of Maine, in reference to every river eastward, at least, of the mouth of the Kennebec, as the only method by which the speedily approaching extinction of the salmon can be prevented. I have no doubt, however, that if the same laws were passed by the Legislatures of Connecticut and New York, with regard to the fine river which gives name to that first State, and to the noble Hudson, coupled with an absolute prohibition to take or

A Handsome String of Sea Trout.

"So that we anglers are good for something after all," said Frere.

"Yes," I replied, "and now that we have succeeded

destroy the salmon, for the space of five years, that this, the king of fishes, might be re-introduced into those waters by the adoption of the simple method I have described. And I take this opportunity of stating that I have good hope of making such arrangements as will enable me to procure in this coming spring, such supplies of the salmon fry, in the state which admits of their transportation from Nova Scotia, as will suffice to establish the possibility of the undertaking. It is my intention, should I succeed in obtaining the support or encouragement from the Legislature of New Jersey, to make the experiment in the tributaries of the Passaic; and should it be successful, I can only add that it will give me but too much pleasure to assist any gentleman in procuring the means of re-stocking any waters on which they may reside, with this most game and noblest of fishes."

The earnest efforts of Mr. Herbert bore good fruit, the movement which was first suggested by him and set on foot progressed wonderfully. Other sportsmen became interested in and advocated it in every direction. The good work went on; the subject was more and more discussed, and legislative action more and more earnestly asked for, until finally, as Charles Hallock, another sportsman whose name is respected by anglers everywhere, writes in 1873, after commenting on the almost absolute extinction which had threatened our salmon:

"Nevertheless, pluck and perseverance, combined with fortuitous circumstances, saved our streams from total depopulation. The subject was kept in agitation by gentlemen who were awake to the value of these material interests; it was constantly impressed upon the attention of the authorities of several States. Then, one after another, the States appointed Fish Commissioners, delegated powers to them, and made appropriations. New England took the lead. New York and New Jersey followed, and now we have [I will add in addition to the United States Commission, Commissioners in thirty-seven States and Territories]. Canada also took hold of the matter in sober earnest, and appointed a Fishery Commission which proved wonderfully efficient in working out the most gratifying results. While our States were dallying, or impeded in obtaining means of replenishing our rivers, which they did not possess within themselves, Canada, with superior natural facilities, made rapid progress in the great work of recuperation, and is now in a fair way of restoring to her rivers the salmon in all their former wonderful plenty."

A Three Pound Sea Trout

in getting the authorities at work restocking the depleted rivers, and have also succeeded in getting wise laws for the protection of the fish in the streams, it is for us to see to their enforcement.

"No amount of fly-fishing, or surface-fishing, as it is termed, can deplete a salmon stream, for, as you know, though there may be hundreds of fish lying in the pools, it is only a very, very small proportion that will rise to the fly, no matter how skillful the angler may be, no matter how patiently, how diligently he may labor with them. So well recognized is this fact, that in your Canadian Fisheries Laws, which are carefully and wisely drawn, while the use of nets, spears, and all manner of other devices for the capture of salmon and trout is absolutely forbidden in the streams under heavy penalties, there are no restrictions against fly-fishing during the entire open season. In fact the law specially prescribes 'that it shall be *lawful* to fish for, catch and kill salmon with a rod and line in the manner known as fly surface fishing,' and the angler may get his lease and take all the fish his good luck will bring to gaff, safe in the confidence that he is to be free from all molestation whatever. And it is a wise law; for where he captures with the fly one fish, scores of others escape his efforts, and live to perpetuate their species. How would it be if there were

HEADS OF SEA TROUT.

no laws forbidding the capture of these fish by other methods, unwise and wasteful methods as they have been proven to be? How would it be if such restrictive laws were not enforced? Let me give you a single illustration in reply.

"A river was leased by three or four gentlemen for a term of years. They were enthusiastic, diligent anglers and fly-fishermen, who had taken all the degrees in their art. Their whole season gave a score of only eleven salmon, yet the river showed an abundance of fish in every pool. In one night, after the close season had begun, sixty-five salmon were netted by poachers in one pool, and later, even when the fish were on their spawning beds, the net plied its deadly work, so that unquestionably several hundred of the fish were killed, and the river was almost depleted.

"That river is now so well guarded that poachers cannot do much mischief, but if there were no laws forbidding such shameful waste, how long would it be before the salmon would become extinct?

"The fish *must* visit the fresh-water streams in the breeding season. The spawn can be vivified and the young produced only in the cool living waters of the rivers. If the net and spear and seine were allowed to do their work, if no restrictive laws were made, how many

View of Quebec from Levis.

years would it require for the species to become extinct? But very, very few indeed.

"Now, who among all the people, among all the fishermen, among all those who would take and use the salmon, would be most likely to endeavor to prevent its destruction in the rivers? Assuredly almost no one but the angler, the fly-fisherman. He has studied the habits of the fish, he knows that the race to be perpetuated must visit the rivers, and he knows that cooped up as they are in the narrow limits of the pools, packed together, as they sometimes are, as closely as they can lie, that they would be absolutely at the mercy of the netter. Therefore, to preserve the race, he endeavors to secure the enactment of wise laws for its preservation, and tries to secure their enforcement."

"The poachers are a hard lot," said William, when I had ended, "and many of them would not stop at almost any crime."

"You are right," I replied, "they are a hard lot, and they are becoming more and more defiant. So reckless have they become that wardens and overseers now feel as if their lives are in danger if they try to enforce the laws. In fact murder of wardens has already been done in one of our New England States, and also of a lady, the wife of a visiting sportsman, in your own Province of

View of Quebec from St. Charles River.

New Brunswick,* and your Fisheries Reports imply that matters are growing worse and worse, the lives and property of wardens being constantly in jeopardy if they endeavor to enforce the laws.

"But let's to bed," I continued, arising and entering the tent, "we cannot sit up much longer without making a night of it."

"Yes," answered Frere, "our talk was so engrossing I had no idea it was so late."

It did not require much time for us to get under

* On the Tobique River; commenting upon which I find in the Report of the Maine Commissioners of Fisheries and Game, 1888, the following extract from *Forest and Stream:* "It has come to pass nowadays that to chronicle all events connected with shooting and fishing means to devote space to reports which properly belong in the criminal news of the daily press. It was only the other day that we recorded the murder on the Tobique, and the gross miscarriage of justice, by which the miscreants escaped righteous punishment. But if murderers of women go unhung in New Brunswick, they see to it that the hemp has its own out in Wyoming. That Territory has a law forbidding the killing of game for market. In spite of this, skin hunters and meat hunters have in years past invaded the Territory and plied their trade. This can be done no longer with impunity. Public feeling is on the side of the law." Upon which the Report makes the following comment: "Where interference with game law breakers has resulted in personal violence and crime, the fact has stood clearly revealed that the offenders against the game laws are desperate characters, and when these offenses are regarded with leniency, the tone of the community is abased. It was so with the Maine Shacker incendiaries, the doggers who killed the Maine wardens, the New Brunswick salmon spearers, and the Wyoming skin hunters. Lawlessness, with respect to one class of statutes, here means rebellion against good order and the bonds of society. Desperate miscreants who break the game laws show themselves ready to stand at nothing, not even murder."

Fishing Party on Lake Edward, P. Q. (Inst.)

the blankets, and in a very few minutes the heavy breathing of my companions indicated that they were in the land of dreams. I quickly followed them, and was soon in imagination holding a poacher with one hand and playing a twenty-pound salmon with the other, a feat which in my waking moments I should be loth to undertake.

Outlet of Lake Edward, P. Q. Head of Jeannot River.

CHAPTER VI.

The Last Day in Camp. · Spawning Habits of the Salmon. · Salmon Runs. · The Sea Trout, its Gameness, its Identity. · The Winninish. · Lake Edward. · Lake St. John and its Fishing. · The Peribonca and the Ashuapmouchouan Rivers. · The Land-Locked Salmon.

FOR a week our tent remained as headquarters; up the stream and down we visited the various pools within three or four miles, and we had glorious success, every pool yielding up its tribute to our prowess. Tough and rugged and strong we became, and as brown as gypsies. For ten days we had now lived in the woods, and they were ten days of most intense enjoyment.

The time was rapidly drawing near when we must return again to the civilized world. There had fallen but little rain, and the river was pretty low, so that the prospect for running down the stream in the canoe to the mouth of the river was not of the best; and it was therefore with no little satisfaction that on the morning

On the Jeannot River Near Lake Edward, P. Q.

of the last day in camp we beheld the clouds gathering in heavy masses in the west, and all the indications pointing to a heavy storm.

Early in the afternoon the rain began, and for sixteen solid hours poured as I never before nor since have seen it come down. It fell literally in sheets, and if we had not been well covered we should have had an uncomfortable time of it. But our canvas roof gave us perfect protection, and aside from the discomfort of being obliged to keep confined so closely we passed the time very well.

We "killed time" telling fishing and hunting stories, and from these we naturally drifted into discussing the habits of various fish, particularly the sea trout and salmon. In reply to a question concerning the spawning habits of the salmon, William said:*

"As you know, when they first come into the river they are silvery-bright, and you cannot tell the males from the females unless you examine them very closely. But after a while the male becomes very dark and poor, and his lower jaw grows very long and hooked at the end. Some think that this hook comes so that the males can fight off enemies better, but I believe that it grows out so that he can move the stones with it in the spawn-

* Verbatim from my notes.—E. A. S.

Pioneer Steamer "Peribonca," on Lake St. John, P. Q.

ing beds in the river. He roots them up, good sized ones, too, and it is very curious watching him. The female seems to keep her shape, but the male becomes very poor, and he has a dark, reddish color along his belly. They generally spawn either in the tail of a pool or at the head of it, and generally in from one to three feet of water, although I have seen them spawning in six feet of water."

"Yes," added Hiram, "and it is very interesting to watch them making their nests; they dig out a hole in the stony bottom, rooting out the stones and pebbles all around, and when the hole is a few inches deep the female drops her spawn in it and then the male. I have seen thirty or forty of these nests in one pool."

"I should like very much to see the operation," said Frere; "when is the spawning time on this river?"

"It begins generally about the middle of September," replied Hiram, "and the fish run down to the salt water about the last of October or first of November. Early in October is the best time to watch them; some spawn early and some late."

"The spent salmon we call slinks," said William; "I think that they go to sea and return about the first of September again, for I have at that time seen salmon come up the river fat and plump, and these late salmon

A Pair Worth Weighing.

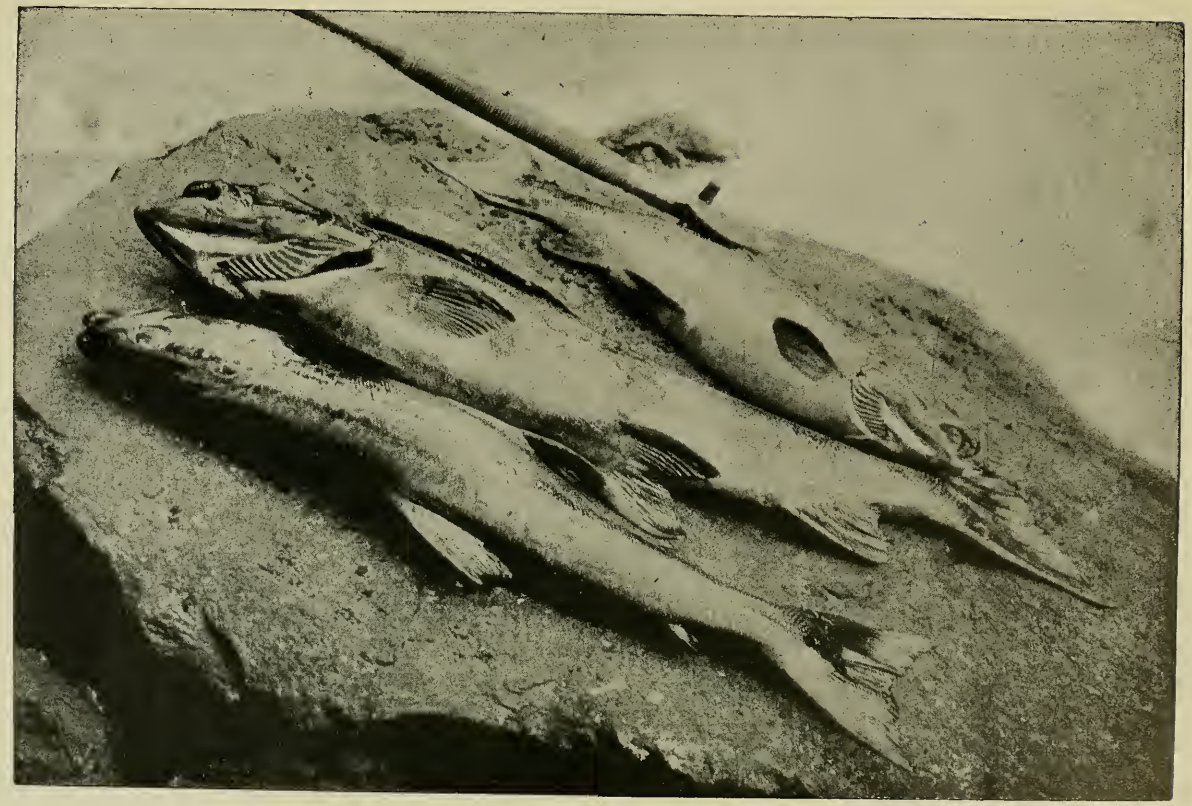
spawn when ice is making later in the fall. We have, even when standing on the ice over them, seen the fish spawning, and they will take bait at that time; I don't say that they will all take bait, but I have known of their being caught with the flesh of trout."

"I think you are mistaken, William," said I, "in believing that the salmon which go down the river in the fall or winter return in September in the next year; I believe that the salmon spawns but once in two years, as the scientists tell us, and therefore the fish that go down to the sea, no matter how early or how late, do not come back until the next second year."

"May be," replied the guide, "I couldn't say certainly."

"There is no doubt about it," I answered. "I have often asked the question of the men who handle the salmon at different hatcheries, and they agree that the fish that leaves the river after shedding its spawn does not return again the next year. In fact it has been proved by affixing metal tags* to the dorsal fin of the fish, and noting when they returned."

* The mode of marking now employed is the attachment of a small aluminum tag, by means of fine platinum wire to the rear margin of the first dorsal fin. Each tag is stamped with a number, which is recorded, together with the sex, length and weight of the fish, the date when liberated, and other facts. When, therefore, one of these fish is caught again, a reference to the record will show the length of time intervening between the liberation and recapture of the fish, its rate of growth meanwhile, and various other facts.—*Harper's Magazine.*



Winninish.

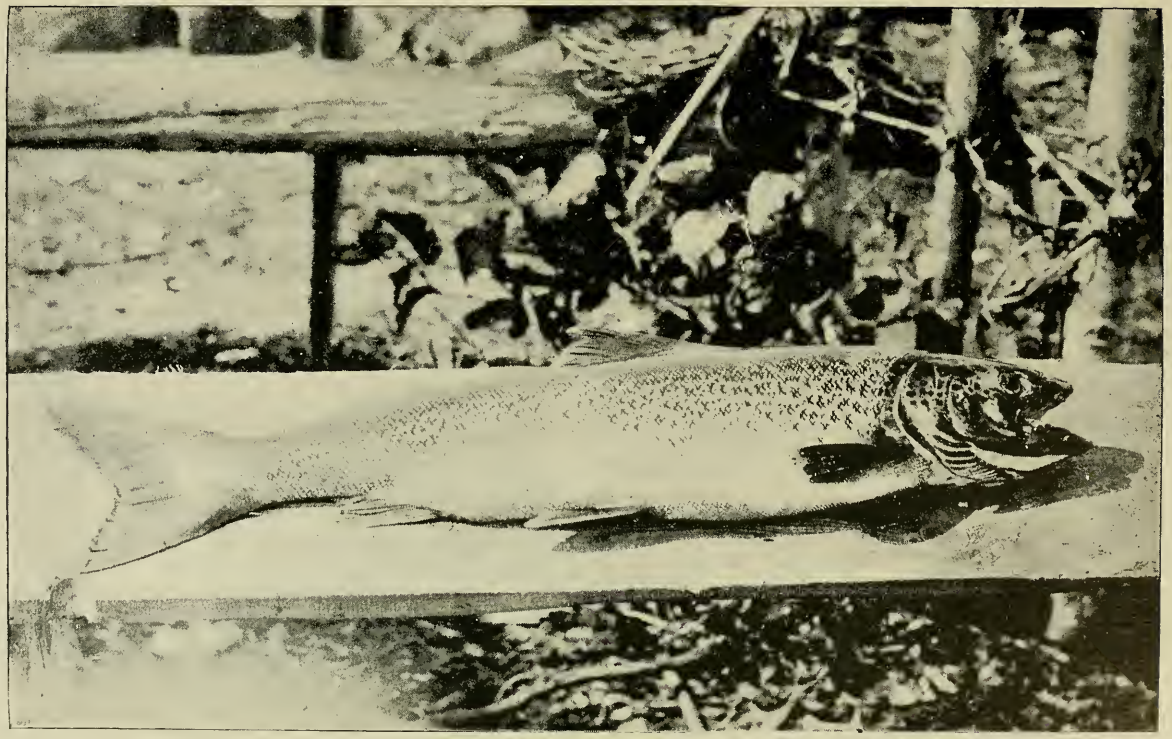
"I have noticed that in some rivers the salmon come in early in the season, while in others not a fish is seen till fall," said Hiram. "How do you account for that, Doctor?"

"It is hard to account for it," I answered, "in fact, impossible. In some rivers there is a spring run and no other, in some there is a fall run only, and in others the salmon come in all through the summer and early fall, and I have heard that in some rivers the salmon run up in every month of the year. Some believe that the fish return to the river to spawn, early or late in the year, according to the greater or less distance it travels in the ocean; but this, I believe, is all pure conjecture, for nothing is known of the salt-water life of the salmon. In some rivers it begins to take the fly very early. For instance, in one or two of the Nova Scotia rivers fresh-run salmon have been killed on the fly in the month of February."

"The idea of fishing in mid-winter seems odd," said Frere.

"Yes," I answered, "but it is the truth; every year a record has been kept of the first fish taken, and it is surprising to note how early they come."

"The influence of the Gulf Stream is plainly seen in this," said Frere.



A Winninish.

"Yes, the Gulf Stream comes very close to the Nova Scotia shore, and no doubt it explains the presence of their early salmon," I replied.

"Some of the sea trout that we get on the Cascapedia," said William, "give almost as good play as a salmon. I have known of six and seven-pounders being taken on the fly, and a seven-pound sea trout will give a man his hands full."

"You are right," I replied, "but, barring accidents, if your sea trout is hooked, you do not have any anxiety about killing him, ultimately, no matter how big he may be, for his mouth is very tough, and he has none of the arts and tricks of which the salmon is such a master."

"No, the sea trout is a bold fighter and a strong one," said Hiram, "but he is not tricky."

"What is your opinion concerning the identity of the sea trout, Doctor?" asked Frere. "A good many believe it is the brook or spotted trout with sea-going habits."

"Now, Frere, I confess you ask me a poser," I answered, "sometimes I feel convinced that the sea trout is a distinct variety, and again I am almost certain it is our old friend, *S. fontinalis*, in disguise. Scientists affirm that this is the case, but most of the experienced fishermen, those who have for years handled these fish, are as positive that the fish are not identical."

Winnipish, Great and Small.

"We guides don't think they are the same fish," exclaimed William.

"Not by a good deal," added Hiram, "it is easy to tell one from the other."

"Yes," said I, "I have thought so, and think so now; it seems to me that in a thousand specimens of the two varieties I could separate the individuals of one from the other, unerringly."

"And so could I," exclaimed both of the guides simultaneously.

"You think you could," I continued, "but you would be puzzled sometimes. I have taken fish that I considered to be sea trout which had been long in the river, almost as dark as the ordinary spotted brook or river trout; this, mind you, in pools away up the river, many miles from the sea, yet in the same pools, and at the same time, I have killed others which were as silvery as if they had just run up.

"Again I have taken undoubted bright-spotted and colored brook trout in great numbers in a branch of a river or 'logan,' and among them there would not be a single silvery fish; but in the river itself, even at or near the mouth of the 'logan,' not ten rods from the spot where I took the others, I caught numbers of the silvery fish and not one of the spotted trout. Again I

THE WINNINISH LANDED. (Inst.)

have taken the undoubted spotted trout in the slack water of the river, in fact at the head of tidewater, which were as highly colored as any I ever saw, and at the same time have taken the silvery-bright fish which had just left the sea. It puzzles me to decide. Scientists insist that the carmine spots which appear on the sides of the sea trout after they have been in the river a long time, together with the same number of rays or spines in the fins, prove their identity, but I have seen many very dark colored sea trout that did not show the carmine spots at all. In all the rivers that I have ever visited the sea trout return to the salt water after they have spawned, but the river or spotted trout remain in the fresh water all winter.

"As an example, I visited the Jacquet River last November for the purpose of obtaining specimens of the sea trout for the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge; but not a single one could I obtain, although I visited pools which had teemed with them in the summer, but the spotted trout were there in numbers; at Campbellton, however, at the mouth of the Restigouche, I had no difficulty in getting all I wanted, and they were all silvery-white!"

"No, the sea trout and spotted trout are two different fish, altogether," exclaimed Hiram, when I had fin-

THE MONTAGNAIS INDIANS, LAKE ST. JOHN, P. Q.

ished; "the spotted trout don't go down to the salt water at all, but live in the river all the time, and they do not change their color very much all the year; but the sea trout become bright as soon as they get into the salt water."

"It's a difficult problem to solve," said Frere, "I confess I have been puzzled a good deal, and I am not satisfied in my own mind now."

"The sea trout has been supposed by some not very acute observers to be a young salmon," said I; "what is your opinion on that point?"

"I don't believe it is the case," replied Frere, "the grilse, which we know to be a young salmon, is entirely different from the trout; I have taken sea trout of seven pounds' weight, but a grilse of that weight would be a salmon. No, the sea trout is either a distinct species or it is the *fontinalis*, with sea-going habits."

"Another fish has also bothered me concerning its identity," said I, "and that is the winninish or land-locked salmon of Lake St. John, P. Q. I made a visit to the lake last year for the purpose of obtaining specimens and establishing its identity, and have now come to the conclusion that it is identical with the land-locked salmon of the Schoodic lakes, and they are both varieties of the sea salmon."

View on Lake St. John, P. Q., from Point aux Trembles.

"Tell me about Lake St. John," said Frere, "I have heard much of it and have long felt a desire to visit it."

"Willingly," I replied, "and if you visit the lake you will not regret it."

"To reach it," said I, "you take cars at Quebec on the Quebec & Lake St. John Railroad. The journey occupies the entire day, the line being about two hundred miles in length, and is largely through long tracts of almost unbroken forest. All along the line are magnificent rivers and lakes, and the region that this road has opened up to the sportsman and tourist is among the finest. The principal of the lakes on the line, and one hundred and thirteen miles from Quebec, is Lake Edward, and if you are inclined to try the trout which abound in this lake you will stop over here for a day or two. You will find it a beautiful sheet of water, twenty-one miles in length, and full of picturesque islands and bounded by romantic shores.

"At the Grand Discharge, at the head of Jeannot River, and down its course, you will find myriads of trout, all *fontinalis*, and the lake swarms with them of all sizes up to five or six pounds' weight. I saw in the ice house in one lot over twenty that would exceed three pounds each. The fish are very highly colored and fairly well flavored, but not so nice as sea trout.

Playing a Winninish on Lake St. John, P. Q. (Inst.)

"Leaving Lake Edward you resume your journey to Lake St. John, the home of the gamy winninish. When I visited the lake the train connected with the pioneer steamer, the Peribonca, and on this boat I had a two or three hours' sail to the Hotel Roberval, one of the most comfortable and best kept hotels in Canada, and the voyage gave me a pretty good idea of the capabilities of the lake in getting up heavy seas, some of them breaking clear over the boat. I do not remember of ever before being out in such rough water in so small a boat, and it almost seemed at times as if we were likely to be swamped. The cars now run to the village of Roberval, and a trip in the steamer is not necessary. It is truly a vast body of water, nearly fifty miles in length, and from twenty to forty in width. Emptying into it are, I believe, eleven large rivers, besides many smaller streams. I had but little time to explore any of these rivers, and visited but three or four. Two of these, the Peribonca and Ashuapmouchouan, are of great size and length.

"The Peribonca has been, I am informed, ascended by Indians and trappers something like six hundred miles. At its mouth it is of about the width and volume of the Connecticut River at Springfield. For quite a distance it is navigable by steamer, and its inflow into the lake is something enormous.

Ouiatchouan Falls, Near Lake St. John, P. Q.

"The Ashuapmouchouan River is also a very large stream. At St. Felicienne, which is, I think, about ten miles above the lake, I found the river to be of about the size of the Merrimac at, say, midway between Lawrence and Haverhill, or about the size of the Restigouche at its junction with the Matapedia, perhaps a little larger. Now with this enormous lake, and with all these rivers emptying into it, there is practically an unlimited water system, which undoubtedly furnishes the best possible conditions for the preservation, growth, and wide and general diffusion of the *Salmonidæ* that here find a home. Establishing this fact at once in my mind, I of course made inquiries of every one who could give me any information, and learned from all sources that the winninish are very abundant in the lake in early June, and even earlier if the ice melts about the shores, and the fish are taken readily with bait, and even with the fly, at that early season. So very abundant are they in fact, that, as I was informed, even boys and girls, as well as older fishermen, might be seen landing the fish with all sorts of tackle, from the most primitive to the most elaborate. As regards the great, the astonishing abundance of the winninish in the early part of the season, the statement made by all informants coincided, so that I have no doubt that at the period I have named, this magnificent game

"A Trophy, This."

fish may be obtained in great numbers. The fish are so abundant, and come to the lure so greedily, that the number one may kill is as great as his selfishness may limit. Later in the season the winninish move into the deep waters of the lake and into the cold streams.

"A favorite haunt of theirs seems to be the Grand Discharge, the outlet of the lake into the head of the Saguenay River, where, in the rushing waters of the rapids and wildest of all whirlpools and eddies, the winninish are taken with the fly until late in September.

"I have called the winninish a land-locked salmon, but it is not debarred from leaving the lake and descending the river Saguenay to the St. Lawrence, and is therefore not land-locked; and, as I said before, I can see no difference whatever between this species and the so-called land-locked salmon of the Schoodic Lakes, called by scientists Schoodic or Sebago salmon, which is also not land-locked. *

* Regarding the Schoodic salmon Mr. George A. Boardman, of Calais, a gentleman well known as a good observer, writes me: "I do not regard the fish a land-locked salmon, for the water must always have had an outlet to the sea, and the fish could go if they choose; and in fact, when I was a boy, sixty years ago, they were abundant in the river even to the salt water."

Per contra, Hon. E. M. Stilwell, Commissioner of Fisheries and Game for the State of Maine, writes me: "There has been an increase in the size of the fish since 1883, according to the record kept by Charles G. Atkins, the Government superintendent of the hatchery at Grand Lake Stream:

R. C. Leonard at N. Y. Tournament, Casting for Distance with Salmon Rod.
Distance 112½ feet. Weight of Rod 37 oz.

"I believe that the winninish and the so-called land-locked salmon recuperate and change exactly like the sea salmon; but instead of doing it in the sea they probably recover their condition and color in the great lakes, where they reside. I say probably, because it is not absolutely proved that they do not visit the salt water, although I am of the firm belief that they do not, and this belief is founded on the great amount of information that I have been able to derive from various sources. Both the win-

In	1883,	289	male	fish	averaged	3.20	lbs.	and measured	20.00	in.
"	"	314	female	"	"	3.00	"	" "	19.10	"
"	1885,	198	male	"	"	3.85	"	" "	21.05	"
"	"	577	female	"	"	3.81	"	" "	20.60	"
"	1886,	247	male	"	"	3.46	"	" "	20.50	"
"	"	503	female	"	"	3.79	"	" "	20.10	"

"An experienced guide gives me 2½ lbs. as the average weight of the fish caught during the fly-fishing season. I have heard of fish of 5 and even 6 lbs. being taken through the ice. At Sebago last year we had at our spawning works one male land-locked salmon of 27 lbs.; several females of 25 lbs. and 20 lbs. down to 5 lbs. I once did not believe in land-locking, I do now. I have never found the land-locked salmon indigenous to any of the waters of Maine without the smelt. I have found the smelt far inland, separated by impassable barriers of rock from the ocean, where it could never have ascended, and which it must have reached before some great convulsion of nature had isolated and land-locked it. I know of several ponds where the smelt exists in abundance. I do not know of one single instance in which the land-locked salmon has been found without the smelt. If the salmon ever was land-locked without the smelt it perished. The salmon in California has been repeatedly land-locked by mining operations, and they survived and bred. The land-locked salmon of Grand Lake is the same species precisely in size, weight, etc., as is to be found in the chain of ponds emptying into the Sebec River. At Reed's Pond, on the Ellsworth Road, about twelve miles from Bangor, you will find the same land-locked salmon that we have at Sebago, attaining to 12 and 20 lbs. The near vicinity of the ocean seems to have effected the size of these fish."

James L. Breese at N. Y. Tournament, Casting for Accuracy with Single-Handed Fly Rod.
Accuracy 94 Points.

ninish and the Schoodic salmon may visit the salt water if they desire, and I am not at all certain but that individuals go up and down the Saguenay River. It is a very important point yet to be solved.*

"While at Hotel Roberval you must not fail to visit the camp or village of the celebrated Montagnais Indians, at the Hudson's Bay Company's station near the hotel, and you will be particularly fortunate if you are present at one of their great annual meetings or councils.

* Prof. Goode, in the report of the U. S. Commissioners, published in 1884, says: "All of the family [*Salmonidæ*] run into very shoal water, and usually to the sources of streams, to deposit their eggs, and all of them seek food and cool temperatures in the largest and deepest bodies of water accessible. I am inclined to the view that the natural habitat of the salmon is in the fresh waters, the more so since there are so many instances — such as that of the Stortmontfield Ponds in England — where it has been confined for years in lakes without apparent detriment. The 'land-locked' salmon, or 'fresh-water' salmon, known also in the Saguenay region as 'winninish,' in the Shubenacadie and other rivers of western Nova Scotia as the 'grayling,' and in different parts of Maine as 'Schoodic trout,' 'Sebago trout,' or 'dwarf salmon,' probably never visit salt water, finding ample food and exercise in the lakes and large rivers. In some regions in Maine and New Brunswick their access to salt water is cut off by dams, and some investigators have claimed that land-locked salmon did not exist until these obstructions were built, some fifty years ago. This hypothesis, however, is not necessary, for in the Saguenay the winninish have easy, unobstructed access to the sea. * * * The habits of successive generations become hereditary traits, and the difference in their life histories seems to justify the claim of the land-locked salmon to be regarded as a variety of *Salmo salar*, though it is hardly to be distinguished except by its lesser size and some slight peculiarities in coloration. It is to be designated at *Salmo salar*, variety *sebago*. Although both originated in the same primitive stock, it is not probable that one changes to the other, except after many generations, under the influence of forced changes in their environment."

W. A. Blackford at N. Y. Tournament. Casting for Distance with Single-Handed Fly Rod.
Distance 85 feet.

"There is in this region an immense variety of scenery, and within a day's ride from Roberval in all directions you will find marvels of the grand and picturesque.

"On some of the rivers which empty into Lake St. John are magnificent views. The Metabetchouan Falls, on the river of the same name, are particularly fine. The Ouiatchouan Falls, on the river of that name, are also grand, and for height are among the foremost, these being of one hundred feet greater altitude than Niagara Falls."

"I declare, Doctor," said Frere, when I had done, "I believe I will try the land-locks next season, and I am undecided which to visit, those at Lake St. John or the Schoodics."

"Try both," I said, "and give me your opinion as to their identity; but," I continued, as I lighted a match and looked at my watch, "we had better go to sleep; it's past eleven o'clock, and we have had talk enough to make us sleep soundly."

"Sleep it is," said Frere, and pulling up our blankets around our shoulders, we were soon accompanying the guides in their nasal serenade.

R. B. Lawrence at N. Y. Tournament, Casting for Distance with Single-Handed Fly Rod.
Distance 89 Feet.

CHAPTER VII.

The Morning of Our Last Day on the River. · A Rise in the River. Long Casts. · Excellence of the Split-Bamboo Rod. · About Fly-Casting Tournaments. · Excitement in Running Rapids. · A Rise. An Exciting Struggle. · A Stubborn Salmon. · Landed in a Novel Manner. · Great Sport. · Charms Attending the Angler's Life. Beautiful Thoughts on Angling by Different Authors. · Retrospective Angling. · At the Third Pool Again. A Narrow Escape from an Accident. · A Souvenir. · Frere Rises a Good Fish. · A Grand Battle. · Triumph. · Give the Guides a Chance. · Hiram Rises a Salmon and Lands it after a Short Struggle. · Notional People are Guides. · William has his Inning Also. · Valedictory.

WE AWOKE at an early hour on the following morning, and found that the rain had ceased, and the clouds which were drifting away to the eastward, were lifting rapidly and breaking into fragments of purple and gold.

"It's to be a fair day, sir," said William, who was busily engaged in splitting up an old pine log for fire wood; "we'll have a good time running to the mouth of the river."

Descending Rapids in a Birch. (Inst.)

"Yes," added Frere, who had now joined us, "it rained very hard all night, and the river must have swollen a good deal."

"The river rose a foot and a half last night," exclaimed Hiram, who had been washing potatoes in the stream and cleaning trout for our breakfast, "and the water is very dark and rily. We'll have a good day's sport going down, sure."

"That's good," I replied, as I toasted myself before the fire, which was now blazing merrily; "our last day on the stream ought to be a good one."

"It will, it will, no trouble," said William, "we will pack as soon as we can after breakfast."

"We'll start it now," I exclaimed, "while we're waiting for breakfast," and Frere and I began at once to get our belongings together for packing.

Our blankets and extra clothes we hung on poles out on the beach, where the breeze, which was blowing down the stream, together with the warmth of the sun whose rays now began to glisten through the trees, could reach them, and all our other traps we stored away in their other receptacles.

As fast as we packed we carried our things down to the beach near the canoe, and in a short time the tent was entirely emptied.

The River Was Very High.

"We had better leave the tent standing until the last moment before we start," said Frere, "it will dry off a good deal, and will thus be lighter in the canoe."

A half hour quickly passed away, when breakfast was announced, and after a hasty toilet we gathered around the table and ate our last breakfast on the river for that outing.

A royal good meal it was, and we partook of it with robust appetites, and when we had done, the remnants that we left would have, as Hiram expressed it, "hardly made a meal for a boy."

As soon as we had finished, Frere and I prepared our tackle for the day's work, while the guides washed the dishes and cooking utensils and packed everything snugly in the canoe. While they were thus engaged Frere began casting below the rapids, but not a rise did he get, for the water poured down over the rocks and shale a raging, foaming torrent.

"By Jove," said he, "I hope we haven't got too much of a good thing, there's a tremendous current, and the water is very dark."

"Never fear," I answered, "we'll slide down stream all the better, and though there may be too much water for the fishing to be good in the very deep pools, we'll have all the sport we want in the others."

Metabetchouan River Below the Falls, P. Q.

"I hope so," he answered, putting out a line that reached almost across the pool; "and, if we get no fish, we'll have the air and exercise, anyhow," he added, with a laugh.

"Yes," I replied, "and you seem to be having a share of the exercise now; how under the sun do you get out such a length of line?" I continued, taking my rod and preparing to cast, "I don't believe I could reach half your distance," and I took a position near him and tried, but without success to reach the distance at which his fly was dropping.

"It would be a wonder if you did," he replied, "for your tackle is not right for it. In the first place, my heavy greenheart is longer than your split-bamboo, and is a much better rod every way for a long cast; while being supple, it is astonishingly even all through, and it sweeps a line tremendously. In the next place, my line is considerably heavier than yours, and that counts. For distance my tackle would beat yours every time, I am very sure, but for delicacy I like your bamboo and light outfit."

"Yes, I like the bamboo," said I, "and, taking it day in and day out, it is a jewel. I don't think it would kill a heavy fish in so short a time as your big greenheart, but it is a darling, all the same."

Metabetchouan Falls, P. Q.

"Yes," he replied, "I like it, and when I get a new rod, shall change for one like yours."

"I'm glad to hear it," I answered, "most of my friends go equipped with split-bamboos, and they seem to give general satisfaction. I visited a fly-casting tournament in New York recently,* and all the competitors used one."

"Ah, a tournament!" he exclaimed, "we have them in England, but I have never seen one on this side of the water. I suppose the competitors did something handsome."

"Well," I replied, "to tell you the truth I cannot say they made remarkable scores, but they had to contend against a strong quartering breeze, which marred their work. Again, they cast for distance principally, while we on the river try more for delicacy than for anything else. The two-handed casting was made by all the competitors with the same rod, a heavy split-bamboo salmon rod, and that was against them. Imagine me going into such a contest with a rod with which I was not acquainted, your greenheart, for instance."

"In one sense it was fair," said Frere.

"Yes," I answered, "it put all the contestants on a level, that is, if neither one of them was familiar with the action of that particular rod; however, the casting was,

* At Central Park, May 23 and 24, 1889.

Navigating Rough Waters in a Dug-Out. (Inst.)

all things considered, very creditable, although it did not beat the record of previous years." *

"All ready, gentlemen," exclaimed William, as he and Hiram stowed away the rolled-up tent on the boxes and bags in the canoe. "I think we had better run right

* The score was as follows:

First Day.

CASTING WITH SINGLE-HANDED FLY-ROD (AMATEURS).

Contestants.	*Length of Rod.* Ft.	In.	*Weight of Rod.* Oz.	*Distance Cast.* Ft.	*Accuracy.*	*Total.*
P. C. Hewitt	10	05	8¾	73	27	100
R. B. Lawrence	11	00	10	54	..	54
W. E. Blackford	11	01	10½	71	10	81
James L. Breeze	10	10	10¼	74	20	94
Gonzalo Poey	11	00	8¼	71	19	90

Second Day.

Contestants.	*Length of Rod.* Ft.	In.	*Weight of Rod.* Oz.	*Dist. Cast.* Ft.
R. T. Mayhew	11	08	11¾	68
P. C. Hewitt	11	00	10¾	96
Archibald Mitchell	10	11	9¾	76
W. E. Blackford	11	00	10½	85
Gonzalo Poey	11	00	8¼	70
R. C. Leonard	10	11	9¾	97½
R. B. Lawrence	11	00	10	89
* James L. Breeze	10	11	10½	90
* T. B. Mills	11	00	10¾	90
Ed. Eggert	11	06	10¼	79

* On the cast-off Breeze scored 96 ft. and Mills 100 ft.

CASTING WITH SINGLE-HANDED FLY-ROD (EXPERTS AND AMATEURS).

Contestants.	*Length of Rod.* Ft.	In.	*Weight of Rod.* Oz.	*Dist. Cast.* Ft.
P. C. Hewitt	11	03	10¾	83
R. C. Leonard	11	05	10¾	82½
Ed. Eggert	11	06	10¼	66
Archibald Mitchell	11	00	10¼	67
Gonzalo Poey	11	00	8¼	64½
T. B. Mills	11	00	10¼	75½

down, and not fish the next two pools; they will be too full, and begin with the Red Ledge Pool."

LIGHT ROD CONTEST.

Second Day.

Contestants.	*Length of Rod.* Ft.	In.	*Weight of Rod.* Oz.	*Dist. Cast.* Ft.
R. B. Lawrence	10	00	5	85
* T. B. Mills	10	00	5	86
* J. L. Breeze	10	00	5	86
R. C. Leonard	9	08	5	90
P. C. Hewitt	10	00	5	85½

* On the cast-off Mills scored 82½ ft. and Breeze 80 ft.

CASTING WITH SALMON ROD.

First Day.

Contestants.	*Length of Rod.* Ft.	In.	*Weight of Rod.* Oz.	*Dist. Cast.* Ft.
R. C. Leonard	18	00	37	112½
T. B. Mills	18	00	37	94
A. Mitchell	18	00	37	97
P. C. Hewitt	18	00	37	105
J. L. Breeze	18	00	37	101
Ed. Eggert	15	09	32	86

Mr. G. Poey, Secretary of the National Rod and Reel Association, has kindly furnished me the following abstract of scores in previous years. He says:

"In former years we have had casters who have passed 70 ft., as follows:

Martin Culhane	1882	76 feet.	Thos. J. Conroy	1884	71 feet.
H. C. Thorne	1883	80 "	W. H. Goodwin	1885	76 "
W. E. Hendrix	1883	78 "	C. G. Levison	1887	83 "
C. A. Rauch	1883	70 "	T. B. Stewart	1887	75½ "
Geo. J. Varney	1883	81 "	G. Johnston	1887	76 "
C. A. Rauch	1884	80 "	C. A. Bryan	1887	70 "
Samuel Polhemus	1884	77½ "	A. F. Dresel	1887	74 "
A. D. Leonard	1884	77½ "	P. J. Silvernail	1887	80 "
M. E. Hawes	1884	80 "	James Rice	1887	75 "

Mr. Poey adds: "From the above you will see that the Association counts some pretty fair casters among its members. A man who can cast 80 ft., when at actual fishing will have perfect control of his line at 60 ft.; and if at any time he wants to extend for a rise at 70 ft. he can do it, while the average angler who considers 50 ft. all needful cannot get there."

Lighting my newly-filled pipe, I took my seat in the birch, and Frere followed me; the guides shoved off, and in a few moments we were in the roar and boil of the first rapids. What is there more gloriously exciting than a run down a series of tumultuous rapids?

The canoe, guided by the powerful arms of a stalwart man in the bow and another in the stern, enters the mass of seething foam, and in an instant darts down the steep incline; sharp rocks and massive boulders, thrusting their heads above the water, or lurking hidden beneath it, threaten the frail craft on every side.

In such a raging current, to strike one of these is almost certain destruction to the canoe, and to its occupant almost certain death; for good fortune alone could save even the stoutest swimmer if thrown into such a resistless stream.

With skilled canoemen to manage the craft—and none others should for a moment be relied on—there is, however, but little danger. The steel-pointed setting pole is handled deftly, now warding the canoe off from a threatening rock on one side, and in an instant, perhaps, from one on the other, and the canoe passes with almost the rapidity of thought through the roar, amid all the dangers seen and unseen, into the smoother water below.

Hiram and William were masters in the art of canoe

Red Ledge Pool.

handling, and we safely passed the two series of rapids in a very few minutes.

"Ah, Doctor," exclaimed Frere, as he stepped out of the canoe upon the beach opposite Red Ledge, "that was a grand run through those rapids. I always enjoy such a spin, even if it is as rough as we had it to-day."

"Yes," I replied, "it is something worth living for to take such a rush as that; but, Hiram," I said, turning to the guide, "I thought we should smash on that big yellow rock in the middle of the current, I saw it before we reached it and clenched my teeth, awaiting the shock."

"No trouble," he replied, as he handed me my rod, "there was good six inches of water over it, though it showed plain enough on account of its color; the river is raised very high."

"Yes," added William, "the rain must have been very heavy up country, for the water is still rising," and he pointed to the beach, which was slowly being submerged.

Frere waded out to a point near the head of a pool and began casting.

I took my position at the lower end of the beach, and covered all the water within my reach; my fly was a large-sized silver doctor, and a bright one at that; for an ordinary fly would have been of little value in such deep, dark water.

View on Lake Edward, P. Q.

Frere was using a large bright fly also, and his position enabled him to place it over all the best spots in the pool. But he failed to obtain a single response to his persistent efforts.

Hiram, who had gone down to the lower end of the pool, after examining the water a few seconds, beckoned to me, and I immediately joined him.

"Be very easy," he said, "but I think if you can get your fly over in the eddy beyant that big rock near the other shore, we'll get a rise; there's salmon there, sure, and I don't believe there are any at the head, the water is too strong there."

I waded in as far as I could, and getting out a long line, soon by good fortune dropped my fly exactly in the spot Hiram had indicated, and in an instant was fast to a large fish.

"Good, by all the powers!" exclaimed the guide, as the salmon darted to the upper end of the pool, taking out fifty yards of line with electric speed, "you've got something to attend to now, sure," and lighting his inevitable pipe he went to the canoe for the gaff.

Frere took in his line at once, and returned to the canoe, and standing his rod against a stump near by, watched for the coming fight.

It began without delay. The salmon, making a mag-

nificent leap, throwing himself at least four feet in the air, started as soon as he struck the water on a series of turns and runs to every corner of the pool; he was silvery-bright and evidently just up from the sea. My big reel sang a merry tune as the fish darted from one side to the other, and I had a busy time recovering the line as rapidly as I could amid the fierce rushes of the salmon.

The pace the fish had gone soon told upon him, the strong current and the strain of my rod brought him to a sober mood, and he settled in the deepest water at the base of the upper rapids, and indicated a desire to rest. It was not my purpose, however, to allow him an opportunity to recover his "wind;" we had before us a long run down to the mouth of the river, and quite a number of good pools to fish, and time must not be wasted. I reeled in my line, therefore, as rapidly as possible, and soon had the rod bearing upon the fish. The water was uncomfortably cold, and I left my position for a dryer one on the beach.

The salmon, when the rod began to lift, became uneasy, and he soon showed himself above the surface, giving several fierce leaps, and then darting about in all directions. Fortunately the pool was clear of drift stuff, and the fight, barring accidents to tackle, promised me

success. After another series of wild runs and plunges at the upper part of the pool, he at length changed his quarters and clung more to the lower end.

I now began to feel anxious; for in the event of his running out of the pool into the rapids below, no tackle could save him, for there was a clear run of a half mile of wild water below us, and our heavily-laden canoe could not follow him safely and successfully to the next lower pool.

Three times did he approach the verge as if to dart down the stream, and as many times did he return to the deeper water again; evidently he had no relish for testing the tumbling, roaring mass of water in the rapids, attached as he was to a clog that could not be shaken off.

At length he moved into the eddy on the opposite side of the stream where he had first risen, and sinking to the bottom, he became as immovable as a rock. No effort of mine could stir him; nothing I could do, no possible strain that I could put on the rod that the casting line would bear could put him in motion again; and for a full quarter of an hour I was obliged to wait upon his royal pleasure. Hiram finally threw several stones into the water above him, and even the disturbance they made did not move him.

I now became nervous, for one can never tell what

mischief a salmon is studying, and finally told the guides they had better go over in the canoe and stir him up with the setting pole, this being always my last resource when all other means fail to move a sulking fish.

In a few seconds the canoe was floating over the eddy, and, standing in the bow, William thrust his pole down its full length into the water. With a wild rush the salmon left his lurking place and darted out to the middle of the pool, where he gave three leaps in as many seconds; then rushing to the head he gave another leap and sank to the bottom again.

There, however, he did not long remain, for the current was too strong for him, and down the pool he came again, leaping and darting about as if but just hooked.

Frere, who was standing beside me, exclaimed, "Upon my word, you have the gamiest fish in the river!"

"You are right," I replied, as I handled the reel with the utmost speed, "he is game all through; it's lucky he's well hooked."

"It is," replied my friend, "but you cannot be too careful; it is nearly half an hour since we struck him, and nine chances out of ten the hook will drop out if he gets a soft slack in the line."

"I know it," I answered, "and I begin to wish the gaff were in him."

The salmon now turned for the rapids at the foot of the pool, as if he were determined to run down the stream, but the canoe was fortunately lying just in the right position to head him off, and the guides seeing him coming, pounded and splashed the water with their poles to turn him back. The tumult they created had the desired effect, and back he went to the head again.

Once more I reeled in my line and put the strain upon the rod. The fish responded at once, and darting down the pool again, ended the fight in a way that was to me most novel, and to the fish most summary; for, as he passed down the pool, leaping four times in succession, he fell in his fourth leap *plump into the canoe!*

As quick as a flash William dropped his setting pole and seized upon the fish, which had fortunately slid beneath one of the cross bars, and at that instant the hook dropped from its hold!

"Doctor, it's against all rules of the river to land a fish in such a manner," exclaimed Frere, laughingly, as the canoe slid upon the beach.

"Ah, ha, Mr. Frere," said Hiram, "I know it's against the rules, but did you ever see the like of that before?"

"No," replied my friend, "all my experience with salmon has shown that they are not at all anxious to get into the canoe."

"Sure, he jumped in none too soon," said William, who had killed the fish and laid it into the canoe, "he parted company with the hook as soon as he got aboard."

It was a handsome fish of full sixteen pounds' weight, and was as bright as burnished silver.

"Well, gentlemen," said Hiram, after the salmon had been weighed and then placed in the bow of the canoe under some green leaves and brakes, "what shall it be, try here for another, or move down to the next pool?"

"What do you say, Frere?" I asked, filling my pipe for a fly smudge.

"Perhaps we had better move down," he replied, "we have a number of good pools ahead, and the commotion we have kicked up here will spoil this for an hour, at least."

"All right," I answered, stepping into the canoe. "Hiram, we will fish all the good water down to the third pool, where we will take dinner and cast for a couple of hours, and then run down to the mouth so as to get to the hotel before dark."

Frere, followed by the guides, joined me in the birch, and soon we were again in the rapids, rushing down the steep incline with almost the speed of the salmon. Before us for a good half mile the river, in nearly a straight direction, presented the appearance of a hillside covered

more or less with ice and snow, and it would have taken but a slight stretch of the imagination to fancy we were tobogganing. Rocks and trees on the shore seemed to approach and then pass us with the speed of thought, and in a very brief time we descried the ledge and bend in the river, which marked the position of the next pool. Just before reaching it Frere pointed to a cove above the pool, into which the canoe was guided, and we stepped out upon the rocks and prepared for casting.

The water was very high, and it covered points which were, when we ascended the river, high and dry; but the pool was very wide, and consequently there were many shoal places, and, casting across these to their further edges, we soon found there were a good many fish lying in the yellow water; for Frere at his third cast hooked a small eight-pound salmon, and I, at almost the same moment, struck a grilse. After a short fight both our fish were saved, and in a very brief time five more grilse fell to our rods, three of them being taken by Frere. In addition to these we took a large number of fresh-run sea trout, the handsomest we had seen, and for an hour at least had the liveliest sport we had found on the river. At length the fish ceased rising, and packing our catch in the canoe we re-embarked, and sped on our way down to the third pool, fishing all the intervening good water with

Captain Burchell's Treasures. (Inst.)

varying success, and sliding down the rapids with the zest and enjoyment of school boys out on a coasting frolic.

Fishing would to me lose its principal attractions, its sweetest aroma—if such an expression may be used—if it were divested of the accompaniments of such experiences and surroundings as I find on the streams and lakes of the wilderness.

I cannot conceive of enjoyment being found by the fly-fisherman away from the forest, the glorious mountains, the roar of falls and rapids, the freedom of camp life, and the various other concomitants of the angler's outings. I agree with my good friend A. N. Cheney that there would be nothing attractive in it, "if it were all of fishing to fish; if fish were only to be obtained in pools in a desert waste that never reflected leaf or twig; from walled-in reservoirs, where fish are fattened like a bullock for the shambles; from sluggish, muddy streams within the hearing of great towns, redolent of odors that are bred and disseminated where humanity is massed between walls of brick and mortar, or even from a perfect fish preserve, where everything is artificial except the water."

No, under such conditions the gentle art would have no followers save the butchers and market fishermen, and all the charm, all the poetry of angling would be effaced.

How beautifully Dr. Henshall says:* "The charms of fly-fishing have been sung in song and story from time immemorial by the poetically gifted devotees of the gentle art, who have embalmed the memory of its æsthetic features in the living green of graceful ferns, in the sweet-scented flowers of dell and dingle, and in the liquid music of purling streams. The fly-fisher is a lover of Nature pure and simple, and has a true and just appreciation of her poetic side, though he may lack the artist's skill to limn her beauties, or the poet's genius to describe them. To him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible form, she speaks a various language."

And what delightful converse she holds with the fly-fisher, as with rod and reel he follows the banks of the meandering stream, or wades its pellucid waters, casting ever and anon the gossamer leader and feathery lure into the shadowy nooks, below sunny rapids, over foam-flecked eddies and on silent pools. She speaks to him through the rustling leaves, murmurs to him from the flowing stream, and sighs to him in the summer breeze. She is vocal in a myriad of voices, and manifest in innumerable ways. The fly-fisher, with quickened senses, has an ear for every sound, an eye for every object, and is

* In "Fishing with the Fly."

alive to every motion. He hears the hum of the bee, the chirp of the cricket, the twitter of the sparrow, the dip of the swallow; he sees the gay butterfly in its uncertain flight, the shadow of the drifting cloud, the mossy rock, the modest violet, the open-eyed daisy; he is conscious of the passing breeze, of the mellow sunlight, of the odors of the flowers, of the fragrance of the fields; nothing escapes his keen notice as he casts his flies hither and yon, in the eager expectation of a rise. Yes, to the true angler before all others—

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture by the lonely shore."

Listen to this poetic gem from our genial friend Cheney. He says:*

"To an angler the pleasures of the rod and reel are far-reaching, and have no boundary save when the mind ceases to anticipate and the brain to remember. I have had the grandest sport on a midwinter's night with the snow piled high outside and the north wind roaring down the chimney while I sat with my feet to the blaze on the hearth, holding in my hand an old fly-book.

"The smoke from my lighted pipe, aided by imagination, contained rod, fish, creel, odorous balsam, droop-

* In "Fishing with the Fly."

ing hemlock and purling brook or ruffled lake. I seemed to hear the twittering birds, leaves rustled by the wind, and the music of running water, while the incense of wild flowers saluted my nostrils. The heat of the fire was but the warm rays of the sun, and the crackle of the burning wood the noise of the forest. Thus streams that I have fished once or twice have been fished a score of times.

"I had nothing to show for the later fishing, but I could feel that God was good and my memory unimpaired. The fish in the pipe smoke has been as active as was the fish in the water, and afforded as fine play. My reel clicked as merrily, and my rod bent to the play of the fish in the half-dream as they did in the long ago."

Yes, there is no recreation that ministers to the poetic in our nature as does the art of angling with the fly-rod, and there is nothing that, to me, gives such pure, innocent and healthful enjoyment.

It is over thirty years since I killed my first large fish on the fly. During the period that has elapsed since then, angling has been my chief recreation, yet I have never regretted one moment of the time I have devoted to it.

Is there any other pastime that could have given me

such unalloyed satisfaction? Assuredly not; and I repeat, there is absolutely nothing that can afford such complete and perfect pleasure as can the fly-rod. Not necessarily from the large number of fish that are taken. Your true sportsman never kills more than can be used to good advantage for human food.

Dr. Henshall well says of this trait: "The true fly-fisher, who practices his art *con amore*, does not delight in big catches, nor revel in undue and cruel slaughter. He is ever satisfied with a moderate creel, and is content with the scientific and skillful capture of a few good fish. The beauties of nature, as revealed in his surroundings—the sparkling water, the shadow and sunshine, the rustling leaves, the song of birds and hum of insects, the health-giving breeze—make up to him a measure of true enjoyment and peace and thankfulness, that is totally unknown to the slaughterer of the innocents, whose sole ambition is to fill his creel and record his captures by the score."

Forgive my digression, it is almost an unpardonable one; but the memory of the forest and stream opened the flood gates so widely that I could not repress the stream.

On reaching the third pool, we landed on the point of beach above the rapids at the head of the pool, and,

Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John, P. Q.

while the guides busied themselves in preparing dinner, Frere and I began casting. The water was very high, and the beach was reduced to a narrow strip, but some of the best casting stands were uncovered, and our flies reached all the choice water of the pool. Our success was small, however, a single grilse and a few sea trout only rewarding our efforts. Undoubtedly there were many fish in the basin, but we could not persuade them to come to our lures, and the announcement "dinner is ready" from Hiram met from us with a quick and glad response.

The guides had lavished special effort upon it, and, although it was marred somewhat by the recollection that a year, at least, must elapse before we could enjoy another such repast, we did full justice to the viands before us.

After the dinner came our customary smoke, and then the rod was resumed; but alas, our success was measured by only a few small trout, which we returned to the water without delay, and after a fruitless hour had been spent, we entered the canoe for our final spin down the river. The water was so deep now that sunken rocks had no terrors for us, and we passed down the rough places with a dash which under other circumstances would have been reckless. On one occasion, however, we came very near having a serious accident.

The canoe had been for a distance of twenty rods or more close to the shore, in order that the deepest water might be availed of, and a number of jagged, uncomfortable-looking rocks and boulders which lay in the middle of the river might be avoided. As we swept rapidly under a dead cedar, which hung over the stream, my line, which had got loose in some inexplicable way, caught in the limbs of the tree, and at that instant the fly, leaping backward, fastened itself in the collar of Hiram's flannel shirt, within a half inch of his throat; fortunately the hook did not touch his skin, but the line went out at a fearful speed, the reel shrieking discordantly.

Of course the canoe could not be stopped in such a current, and I expected to see the rod smashed to pieces. I was powerless, but Hiram, standing firmly in the stern of the canoe, cool and collected as if nothing had happened, holding the darting birch in her course in the swift and treacherous water, seized the casting line with his teeth, and bit it through as easily as if it had been a cotton thread. The line thus released soon came back to me, and I put it on the reel again without any loss of time.

"That was a close call, Hiram," said I; "if you had lost your balance we should have been smashed on the rocks."

"No trouble," he replied, laughing, "William could have kept her right. I'll give you your fly when we reach the pool below."

"No," I answered, "keep it as a souvenir of our last day on the river."

"And a remembrance, also," added Frere, "of a close shave to a bad accident."

"All right!" said Hiram, as he guided the canoe to the rocks at the head of the first pool, "I'll keep it choice till next season."

"And now for a salmon!" exclaimed William, as Frere put out his line and began casting, "this is the last chance."

"Yes, it's your last chance, Frere," said I, taking a seat upon a rock and watching him, "I will be 'a looker-on in Vienna.'"

Frere handled his rod with consummate skill, and sent his fly away down the pool to the quiet water until it was almost lost to sight; but no response was received, and it was not until he changed for a larger and brighter fly that a rise came. At the second cast a salmon accepted the lure, and Frere's reel soon gave such music as the angler loves to hear.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed William, as he seized the gaff, "I thought the big yellow fly would stir him."

"Yes," said Hiram, "in such heavy and dark water the biggest and the brightest flies are the best."

Frere stood upon a flat rock at the head of the pool, its crown not two inches above the rushing water. His position was a perfect one, for he could control the line all over the pool, and the fish must always be below him and headed toward him, and it could not pass above him. It was an ideal stand from which to fight a salmon.

The fish sank to the bottom in the middle of the pool, and remained quiet for a short time, but soon feeling the restraint of the hook (and I have come to the belief that the fish resent the restraint they feel, but do not suffer from the prick of the hook) it gave two or three short runs, and then settled quietly to the bottom again.

Frere, when he had recovered all the line that he could get in, raised the rod and endeavored to lift the fish into action, but for a time it refused to budge. At length, however, the strain from the powerful greenheart proved too much for its patience, and with a couple of wild leaps high in the air, it darted down the pool as if about to return to the ocean.

"Cree-e-e!" how the big reel sang as the line spun out with the speed of electricity.

When the lower part of the pool was reached, however, the salmon gave another wild leap, flashing in the

air like a patch of silver, and then returned to its first position.

Frere recovered his line again and then gave the strain of the rod to the fish. The salmon repeated its previous performance, and yet once more, then it changed its tactics and began jiggering — that most hateful of all performances. Even the lift of Frere's long rod proved ineffectual for a while in restraining this movement, and it was only after we pelted the water above it with huge stones that it moved again. A heavy rock falling with a crash above it at length turned the salmon, and then began one of the most exciting struggles that I had ever witnessed.

The fish seemed to be in a half dozen places at once, and in the air almost as much as in the water. Darting to the foot of the pool it gave a wild leap, and then returning to the head, dashed the water in our faces as it leaped close to us as we stood upon the rocks. Now it was burrowing in the shale and sand at the bar in the outlet of the pool, and seemingly in an instant was working a devious passage among the rocks on the further side.

Frere was cool and undemonstrative, handling his long and heavy rod and manipulating his reel with all the skill of which he was a master. For nearly a half

an hour did the struggle continue before the fish showed any signs of exhaustion, and then it "broke up all at once," as William afterward said, and in less than a minute after it had shown the first symptoms of weariness, the gaff was in it and the salmon was killed. It is rarely that so large a salmon will "force the pace" as this had done, and it was a vigorous fish indeed to carry such a struggle so long in such heavy water.

"What is the weight?" I asked, as Frere fastened the scales to the fish.

"Twenty-two pounds," he replied.

"Good," I exclaimed; "for so large a fish it was the most lively specimen I ever saw; it seemed almost tireless, and it was all over the pool like a huge grilse."

"Won't you have a cast for one?" asked Hiram, as he handed me my rod. "Try for the last one."

"No, Hiram," I replied, selecting a fly and attaching it to my leader, "I have had my full share of fishing this trip, thanks largely to your efforts, but I want you to have another chance, and now you can take it."

"Thank you, sir," replied the guide, "I will rest the pool a bit and then see what I can do."

"Yes, and here is my rod, William," said Frere, "you have worked hard also, and I want you to have one more chance before we say good-by."

"Thanks," answered the guide, "it's not always that we see two gentlemen who are willing to give their guides a little sport on their last day, hey, Hiram?"

"Right you are," replied his brother, "we'll have a few casts anyway; who'll fish first, you or I?"

"You take your first chance," said William, "then I will try my luck."

"All right," responded the other, and as a preliminary move he lighted his pipe, after which he soon prepared to cast.

Beautifully he laid out a long line all over the pool. Not a splash indicated the fall of the fly, but it dropped like a feather, here and there, wherever the guide sent it. At length a swirl was seen, and Hiram, turning his wrist, was in an instant fast to a fish. The salmon dashed down the pool, endeavoring to escape from the incumbrance that was fastened to him.

"Bravo," I exclaimed, "kill him if you can and take him home for to-morrow's dinner."

"Thanks, sir," replied the guide, "I'll do my best."

It is not my purpose to describe the struggle that ensued, for a further repetition of such details will make a wearisome ending to my story. Suffice it to say that the fight was fought, and the fish, a twelve-pound female, was finally landed.

"Now, William, it's your turn; show your mettle," exclaimed Frere.

"All right, sir," said the guide, "we'll rest the pool a while, and then I'll try a few casts from the other side, we have made too much disturbance here."

In a short time William stepped into the canoe with Hiram, and crossing the river above the rapids climbed along the edge of the ledge for a few rods, and then descending to the river, stood upon a rock that jutted out into the pool. It gave him barely a resting place for his feet, and the trees and bushes behind him interfered sadly with his back cast. But with care and patience he was at length able to put his fly in a little nook behind two rocks that rose above the water, which we, from our position, could not possibly have reached.

Notional people are guides, both Indians and white men. Often have I seen them go to a great deal of trouble to get a line into a particular spot; but the joke of it is, they usually "get there," and prove that they get there for a prize worth having.

William had made no mistake, for at his third cast a salmon took his lure, and right merrily the reel sang out the guide's triumph. His position was a bad one, the point of rock upon which he was standing offering hardly a square foot of surface, and I shouted to Hiram

to go down with the canoe and take his brother off. This was done, and William now had a fair chance for work.

It was a large but active fish, fresh run, and he kept in motion with almost untiring energy. The canoe was brought over to the ledge upon which we were standing, and the guides at once stepped ashore.

"Here, sir, take the rod," said William, offering it to Frere, "and kill the salmon."

"Certainly not," replied my friend, "it's your fish, and save him if you can."

"All right, sir," said the guide, "I'll save him."

The fish was larger than Hiram's, but the struggle was a short one, and in a few minutes the gaff was used and the salmon was killed.

"And now for the hotel!" I exclaimed, stepping into the canoe. "Our outing is ended; we'll put by our rods for another season, and don the habiliments of civilized life."

"Yes," said Frere, "we have had a royal good time, have worked hard, yet have rested ourselves, and we are stronger and better able to take up our labors again than we have been for many a month."

* * * *

Reader, my story is told. I have endeavored to describe to you the charms of an angler's life. I have succeeded poorly, I am certain, but I have shown how and where you may enjoy them.

To appreciate them in the highest degree you must go to them.

Do so; take fly-rod and camera, camp outfit and canoe, and seek the beautiful, the graceful, the gamy denizens of the rivers and lakes; follow them in their wildest haunts, and my word for it, you will never, never regret it.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 299 771 5